

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

DECEMBER 4, 1948

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In this issue

Sex In Our High Schools

A problem
for parents



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Motoring's new celebrity in low-cost mileage!

ALL THE WAY across America from Hollywood to Holyoke, this Studebaker Land Cruiser is effecting savings that heighten the thrill of its styling.

Land Cruiser owners will tell you they're forever looking with wide-eyed wonder at this dream car's gas gauge. They say they never saw an indicator take so long to travel from F to E.

There's actually nothing mysterious about this Land Cruiser's wizardry with gasoline. It excels in low-cost mileage because it's free

from power-wasting weight drag. Those flight-streamed Studebaker contours are unburdened by needless excess bulk.

Stop in, at your first opportunity, for a leisurely check-up of the extra value in this special extra-long-wheelbase Studebaker.

See all the other fabulously fine new Studebakers, too—the far-advanced Champion and Commandersedans, coupes and convertibles.

The low-swung new look that Studebaker originated is the new goal of automobile design today—and it's revolutionizing motoring!

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SPEAKING OF GIRLS . . . We'd like to recommend this one. She's calm. She's courteous. She's competent. Her job is to get your call through, quickly and accurately, wherever you want it to go. She's one of 250,000 girls who help to give you good service, day and night, seven days a week. She's your telephone operator . . . **Bell Telephone System.**



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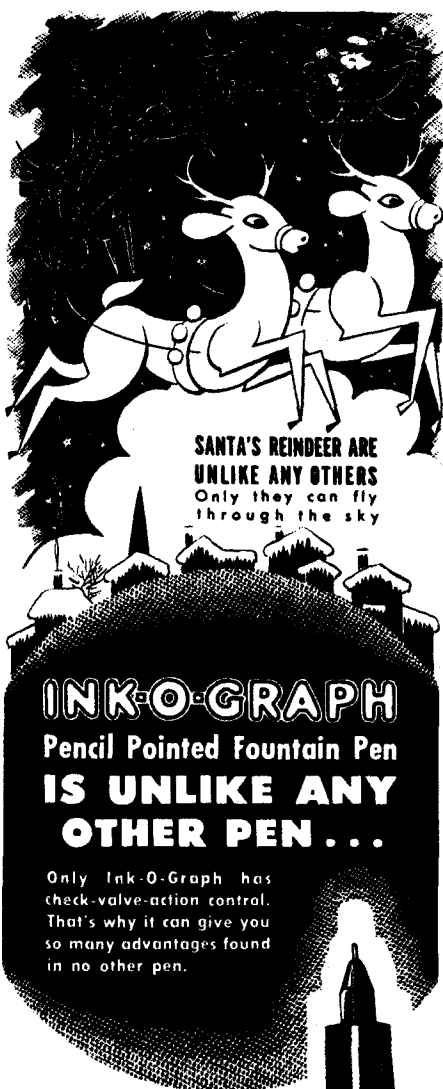
Men's Fashions

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Women's Fashions

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The Week's Mail

DEATH IN THE CLASSROOM

On October 2d and 9th, Collier's published *Death in the Classroom*, two hard-hitting articles by Amy Porter exposing a national scandal—the school firetrap. The response was overwhelming. Mayors, fire chiefs, schoolteachers and parents wrote us in universal condemnation of the menace. Of the hundreds of letters we have received, we regret we can publish only a cross section.—Editor.

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: I have found the American people prone to wait until a tragedy occurs before becoming aroused. In Atlanta we were willing for the hotels to be firetraps until the Winecoff Hotel fire. Then everybody became aroused and very much enthused over fire prevention.

May I congratulate Collier's upon starting such a needed fight before the tragedy occurs. MRS. TOM. A. GREGORY, JR., Putnam County Board of Education, Eatonton, Ga.

... A very cursory examination of any school will find gasoline stored in bottles for cleaning, carelessness in storing of chemicals, etc., many rooms have only one exit—making rooms firetraps, water pressure below normal, lack of fire extinguishers, or many needing new chemicals. HARRY N. RATH, Principal, Ponce de Leon High School, Coral Gables, Fla.

... If you save only one life, I feel that you have done a very valuable service. CYRIL C. SARVER, Hampton Township School District, Allison Park, Pa.

... My wife and I recently made a motor trip through the northwestern part of the (Continued on page 34)

COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY Vol. 122, No. 23.
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"Dad, I'm... at the police station"

"It was an accident... the car skidded. Oh, I'm all right. But, Dad, the police say I have to put up \$11,000—in cash or security—to prove I can pay damages. If I don't—I can't ever drive again!"

Bud is learning the hard way about the new financial responsibility law, now in effect in most states. This law says that any driver who has an accident must prove he can pay for personal injury or property damage done with his car—or forfeit his right to drive.

But Bud is lucky. His father carries auto insurance—accepted as proof of financial responsibility. Bud's father—or *anyone* driving the car with his permission, is automatically protected.

Insurance is your cheapest protection!
The new laws are complicated... change from

year to year... and requirements vary from state to state. The average driver can't hope to be familiar with all of them. But—all these states will accept adequate automobile insurance as proof that you are financially responsible.

In *every* state you can, of course, be sued for damages, which might mean the loss of your home, property, savings. The most practical and economical way to comply with requirements of the law and protect yourself against shattering losses is to carry the right insurance.

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5. *7,500 representatives* at your service, coast to coast, in the U. S. and Canada.

Get the details from your State Farm Agent today. If you are a responsible driver, you can qualify for membership in State Farm Mutual.



The states are cracking down!

The 40 states, and the District of Columbia (shaded on map), have financial responsibility laws requiring you, under certain circumstances, to prove you can pay for injury to people or damage to property you do with your car. A similar law has been passed by Pennsylvania, but is not yet in effect.



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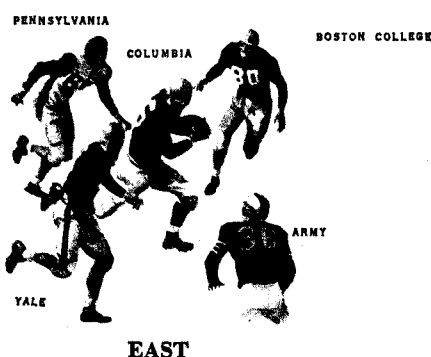
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Inside Sports

Collier's
SPORTS

By BILL FAY

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE FIFTY-NINE YEAR HISTORY OF COLLIER'S ALL-AMERICA, FIVE SECTIONAL TEAMS HAVE BEEN CHOSEN: FIFTY-FIVE SEMIFINALISTS. HERE IS A SNEAK PREVIEW OF THIS YEAR'S ALL-AMERICA



EAST

HERE is the next to last step in the selection of Collier's 59th All-America football team. Here are the official sectional teams picked exclusively for Collier's by the American Football Coaches Association. Here are the great stars of the 1948 season—an honor squad of 55 players. Next week, after Collier's selection board of eight outstanding coaches evaluates the motion-picture record of the 55 sectional candidates, Collier's will publish the 1948 All-America team.

Here is the statement of Harvey Harman, head coach at Rutgers University and president of the American Football Coaches Association:

"Our association—whose membership includes every college football coach—is proud to assist in the selection of Collier's All-America.

"Collier's originated the All-America in 1888. Many of our members have been honored on past Collier's teams and we feel that we are a part of Collier's All-America tradition.

"As coaches, we appreciate the accuracy of Collier's selections. They are the only selections based on motion-picture studies of players in competitive action. Coaches know that film evidence is the only conclusive proof of a player's ability. We study films after every game to analyze the strength and weakness of our own players.

"Consequently, the American Football Coaches Association endorses Collier's sectional honor teams with pride and confidence."

Beginning September 25th, the coaches reported to Collier's each week. They did not attempt to pick an All-America team. Instead, they concentrated on uncovering the best players in their own



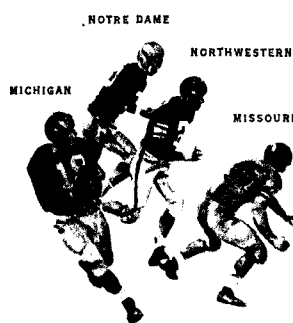
SOUTHWEST

sections—the only players they could evaluate honestly from personal observation, motion-picture studies and scouting reports.

The selection of the 11 All-America players from the honor squad of 55 candidates will be made by Collier's board of outstanding coaches: Matty Bell, Southern Methodist; Bernie Bierman, Minnesota; Wally Butts, Georgia; Jeff Cravath, Southern California; Harvey Harman, Rutgers; Frank Leahy, Notre Dame; Lou Little, Columbia; and Tuss McLaughry, Dartmouth.

Collier's distinguished coaches—representing each major football section—are analyzing the motion-picture records of the 55 players nominated for the All-America. The board is comparing All-East tackle against All-Southwest tackle, All-South center against All-Middle West center, All-Far West quarterback against All-East quarterback.

It marks the first time in the history of All-America selections that the best players from one section have been compared with the best players from another section. Only Collier's compares, because only Collier's has exclusive access to official



MIDDLE WEST

motion pictures of every college game. In addition to official college films, Collier's documents its selections with excerpts from Warner Pathe newsreels—a reference library of more than 110,000 feet of film on this year's outstanding games.

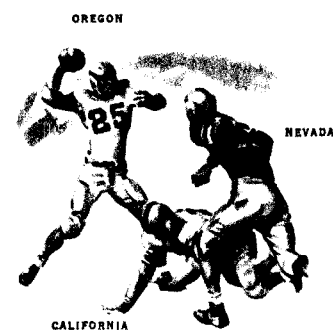
Fifty-five screen tests to select 11 leading men!

All-East

ENDS: Berrang, Villanova; Tamburo, Penn State.
TACKLES: Norton, Penn State; Stautner, Boston College.
GUARDS: Henry, Army; Tokarczyk, Penn.
CENTER: Bednarik, Pennsylvania.
QUARTERBACK: Burns, Rutgers.
HALFBACKS: Jackson, Yale; Walthall, W. Va.
FULLBACK: Kusserow, Columbia.

All-Middle West

ENDS: Martin, Notre Dame; Sheehan, Missouri.
TACKLES: Nomellini, Minnesota; Wistert, Michigan.
GUARDS: Fischer, Wendell, Notre Dame.
CENTER: Sarkisian, Northwestern.
QUARTERBACK: Elliott, Michigan.
HALFBACKS: Taliaferro, Indiana; Murakowski, Northwestern.
FULLBACK: Whisler, Ohio State.



FAR WEST

All-South

ENDS: Brodnax, Georgia Tech.; B. Poole, Miss.
TACKLES: Szafaryn, N. C.; Gain, Kentucky.
GUARDS: Richeson, Ala.; Healey, Georgia Tech.
CENTER: Thompson, William and Mary.
QUARTERBACK: Rauch, Georgia.
HALFBACKS: Justice, N. C.; McWilliams, Mississippi State.
FULLBACK: Cloud, William and Mary.

All-Southwest

ENDS: Williams, Rice; Kemplin, North Texas.
TACKLES: Tinsley, Baylor; Hamberger, S.M.U.
GUARDS: Burris, Oklahoma; Watson, Rice.*
CENTER: Harris, Texas.
QUARTERBACK: Walker, Southern Methodist.
HALFBACKS: Berry, Texas Christian; Davis, Hardin-Simmons.
FULLBACK: Scott, Arkansas.

All-Far West

ENDS: Cunningham, Cal.; Garza, Oregon.
TACKLES: Turner, Cal.; Niemi, Washington State.
GUARDS: Franz, Cal.; Hemstad, Washington.
CENTER: McLaughlin, UCLA.
QUARTERBACK: Van Brocklin, Oregon.
HALFBACKS: Heath, Kalmanir, Nevada.
FULLBACK: Jensen, California.

*Offensive center, rated slightly behind Harris, but so outstanding on defense was voted guard position in absence of comparable candidates.



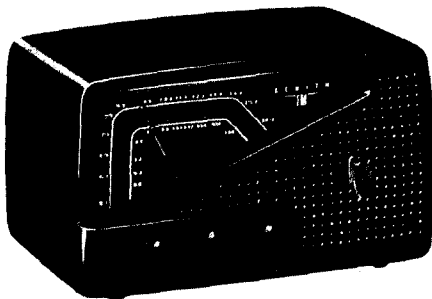
SOUTH

DRAWINGS BY JOHN CULLEN MURPHY



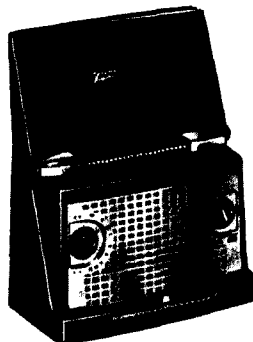
Hearts Beat Faster when you *Give a Zenith*

New Zenith "Chippendale"—Luxurious console radio-phonograph in rich mahogany veneers. Automatic push-button tuning. 12-inch Concert Grand Speaker. Cobra Tone Arm. Silent-Speed *Intermix* Record Changer. Storage space for 100 records. Genuine Zenith-Armstrong FM. Standard Broadcast. International Short Wave. Radiorgan Tone Control. Exclusive Zenith Wavemagnet.



New Zenith "Triumph" FM-AM Radio—Most sensational FM-AM value ever known in radio. Genuine Zenith-Armstrong static-free FM, plus famous Zenith long-range AM. Wavemagnet. Swirl walnut plastic cabinet. (Or white plastic at slightly higher price.) Plays on AC or DC.

New "Zenette"*... exquisite, tiny 3-way personal radio with powerful volume, rich tone. Plays on self-contained battery and AC or DC current. Raise lid—set turns on. Close lid—set turns off. Built-in Wavemagnet. Weighs only 5½ pounds. Makes smart table model, too. Maroon, black, or white plastic case.



Yes, only a Zenith* can give your family these most-wanted features that add so much to the pleasure of listening, for years without end. They are features you will not find in *any* other radio in the world—at any price! See and hear them, in a thrilling demonstration that makes shopping a delightful adventure. Please remember that Zeniths go fast—they're America's Number One Choice for Christmas giving. So visit your Zenith dealer at once—and reserve the model of *your* choice.

Only Zenith gives you The COBRA* TONE ARM. Amazing new way to play records! The Cobra reveals tone beauty never heard from records before! Keeps records sounding like new for over 2,000 plays!

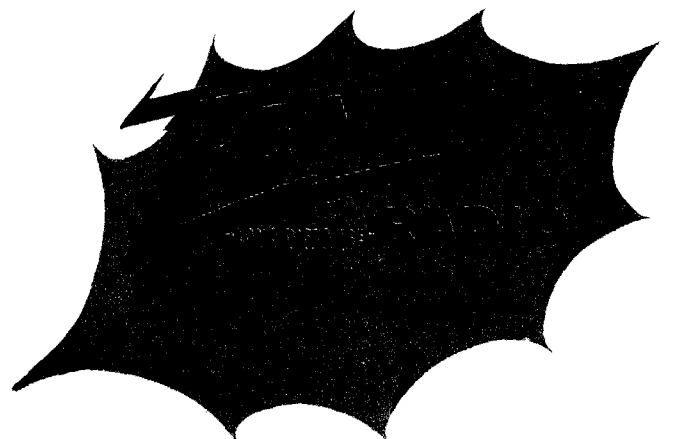
Only Zenith gives you genuine ZENITH-ARMSTRONG FM: Combines the genuine Armstrong FM circuits with Zenith's patented "power-line" antenna. Just plug in and play! Enjoy glorious new fidelity—static-free—with quality and sharp tuning not possible with imitation FM sets!

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Your choice of 22 stunning new Zenith models—console combinations, table model combinations, chairside combinations, table model radios, portable radios.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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*Hair looks better...
scalp feels better...
when you check Dry Scalp*



IT'S A GREAT FEELING to know you look well-groomed, and you *can*—with just a few drops a day of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. It makes a big difference in your hair's appearance. Checks loose dandruff, too. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients... is just the thing with massage before every shampoo. It's double care... both scalp and hair... and more economical than other hair tonics, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

TRADE MARK ®

Look for the new green and white package—out now!

★ KEEP UP ★ With the World

BY FRELING FOSTER



MOST INGENUOUS of the some 125 different methods of fishing used by the Chinese, is that done with a rowboat which carries a white-painted board along one side. The board slopes from the gunwale to the surface of the water at an angle of about 45 degrees. For some unknown reason, upon seeing this board gleaming in the moonlight, the fish cannot resist the temptation to try to leap over it and, therefore, into the boat.

THE BODY of a girl about twenty-two, discovered shot to death on a road near Kansas City, Kansas, on October 6, 1934, was the subject of the greatest series of mistaken identifications ever made in the U.S. By her red hair, blue eyes, freckled face and a peculiar scar on each ankle, she was "positively" identified as 26 different young women by nearly 150 persons (ranging from two to 18 per identification) who claimed she had been their wife, sister, daughter, friend, etc. All 26 girls were found to be alive so, after seven months, "Miss X" was buried—*unidentified*.



UP TO 1939, at least 100,000 tourists a year visited Verona, Italy, the locale of the play Romeo and Juliet, to see the places supposedly associated with the fictional lovers. Among these sights are the altar where they were married, Romeo's bedroom and Juliet's balcony and tomb. Another is a mailbox in which ladies drop letters to Juliet hopefully seeking her advice and help in their love affairs.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission.

NO MOTORCAR ever had such an unfortunate career as the one in which Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his wife were riding when they were assassinated in Sarajevo, Bosnia, on June 28, 1914, the tragedy that precipitated the first World War. In the following 12 years, the car changed hands about 15 times and was involved in six major accidents killing 13 individuals and injuring a score of others. The last collision in 1926 smashed it so badly that it was never again put in running condition.



DURING A CEREMONY held in the Florida Exhibit Building at the New York World's Fair in 1939, the public saw for the first time "canned" sunlight released from a container. It had been absorbed by luminescent powder, rendered inert by being frozen in liquid air and flown from Jacksonville for the occasion.

OF THE MANY marriages of inanimate objects that have taken place in Japan, few have equaled in splendor the one which united two kimonos in Kyoto in 1934. In this wedding, which was celebrated with an elaborate banquet, the bride was a renowned 232-year-old silk garment and the groom a distinguished 110-year-old cotton robe. Incidentally, the invitations were so highly prized that they have virtually become museum pieces.



DRAWINGS BY JACK BETTS

How to select Christmas Gifts!

BEAUTY?
UTILITY?
INDIVIDUALITY?
SUPERIOR QUALITY?
PRIDE OF POSSESSION?
DESIRABILITY?
VALUE?

SHEAFFER'S

Yes No

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✓

✓

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SHEAFFER'S SCORE 100% THE PERFECT GIFT

It is no problem to choose the *right* Christmas gift! The chart above proves that Sheaffer's fills every gift requirement. Handsomely styled, all Sheaffer writing instruments are cherished gifts. There's pride in giving — pride in owning a genuine Sheaffer — the world's finest writing instrument. This Christmas be sure to please — give Sheaffer's!

W. A. Sheaffer Pen Company
 Fort Madison, Iowa and Malton, Ontario, Canada

CREST DELUXE THREESOME
 Pen, \$17.50 — Pencil, \$6.00
 Stratowriter, \$12.50
 Complete Set, \$36.00; plus fed. tax

SENTINEL TUCKAWAY THREESOME
 Pen, \$15.00 — Pencil, \$5.00
 Stratowriter, \$10.00
 Complete Set, \$30.00; no fed. tax

STATESMAN ENSEMBLE
 Pen, \$10.00 — Pencil, \$4.00
 Complete Set, \$14.00; no fed. tax

ADMIRAL THREESOME
 Pen, \$5.00 — Pencil, \$3.00
 Stratowriter, \$5.00
 Complete Set, \$13.00; no fed. tax

STRATOWRITER; retractable tip
 (gold filled) \$15.00; tax incl.
 STRATOWRITER TUCKAWAY
 (gold filled) \$15.00; tax incl.

VALIANT ENSEMBLE
 Pen, \$12.50 — Pencil, \$5.00
 Complete Set, \$17.50; no fed. tax

WHITE DOT SAFEGUARD
 Desk Set, \$12.50
 Others from \$5.00

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 Desk Set, \$40.00
 Other Sheaffer Desk Sets:
 \$10.00 to \$108.00

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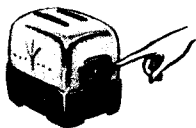


See the General Electric Automatic Toaster at your dealer's—\$21.50

Wonderful!...**TOAST "POPS UP"**

OR "STAYS WARM" INSIDE!

Toast when you want it!



If you're ready when your toast is... fine! The new General Electric Automatic Toaster will pop it up! If you're not—set the control knob, and a special built-in device will keep your toast warm.

Toast as you want it!



Again G.E. leaves it up to you. Have your toast your way... light, medium or dark. Just set the control knob and this G-E wonder does the rest... *uniformly*... from the first slice to the very last!

A "snap" to clean!

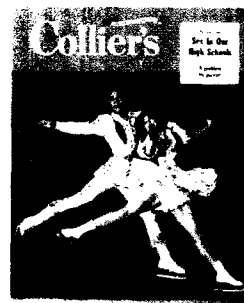


The Snap-in Crumb Tray whisks in and out. No more turning upside down to *empty* crumbs! Cleans in a speedy 10 seconds! No trouble at all! General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

Toast to your taste—every time!

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

The Week's Work



This week's cover: Good Skates. Crack champions Donna Atwood and Bobby Specht of the Ice Capades Company execute an ice-coated flying leap for Photographer Bradley Smith. Donna does the best split jump in the business; Bobby can do a ballet on ice that is Art with a big A. (See p. 20.)

HAMBLA BAUER, who profiles that One-Woman Glamor Factory—Madame Helena Rubinstein (Beauty Tycoon, p. 16), hasn't always had to work for a living. After two years at Radcliffe, Hambla took a \$3,500 legacy left by her grandfather, and went into the horse-racing business. She accumulated a one-horse stable named Veruzza. The first \$300 she bet on this lady horse saw Veruzza (a sure thing that day) come in last.

From there on, it was a breeze. Deciding to do her own training, in 1935 Hambla got herself a trainer's license (the second ever issued to a girl in America). She owned and schooled 11 horses in all. One called Platinum Blonde copped \$5,000 for Hambla in 1935, and in 1937 in 16 starts a nag named Loloma won four times, placed four times, showed four times and ran fourth four times for her handsome mistress.

"Things went so well for me for seven years, I quit the track in '39 and entered the Columbia School of Journalism with the proceeds of my last horse—a filly named The Trout," says Hambla. "Typewriters break down, but eat less than horses."

RICHARD MEALAND, who gets the Star Award this week for his sensitive, dramatic story, The Eyes of the World (p. 18), started as a leg man on the Toledo Blade, and progressed through various city rooms into magazine editing. After five years on Nash's Pall Mall Magazine in London, he returned to America to be chief fiction tester for Good Housekeeping. In time he joined the Gold Rush to Hollywood.

Two years ago Mr. Mealand decided he'd had enough and retired to Connecticut to be his own boss. "I wrote a book called Let Me Do the Talking, and Doubleday lost money on it," he reveals. "So I just wrote and wrote. I don't know if I'm a good writer or a hack. But I do know that I can always pack up and go someplace whenever the mood calls."

MR. RIXIE HUNTER'S Girls Will Fool You (p. 61) is wrong from what they carelessly call City Room Sexperience. A twenty-six-year-old No'th Carolinian from Westfield, and of the Class of '43, Guilford College, he started as an obit writer on the Winston-Salem Journal.

"Life began," he says. "First my boss pointed out when I went to work that a fundamental object of newspaper writing was brevity. I was to make each sentence so crisp, it would curl up and smile at the reader. The result: I turned out smiling obits and tearful birth announcements."

As newspaper life wore on and the

glamor wore off, Mr. Hunter reports that he began fretting about salary scales and working hours. Then there were little ups and downs involving Betty Lou, Katherine, Madge and Bessie—fictitious in name only. All this added up to the necessary frustrations for writing a novel.

"I wrote 30,000 words and shelved them," says Mr. Hunter. "I was even with the world I had so brutally exposed—but there still were Betty Lou, Katherine, etc."



Rixie Hunter concocts an obit

So Mr. Hunter took a leave of absence, enrolled at the U. of N.C., wrote his first short story, read it in Phillips Russell's class, rewrote it, and mailed it to Collier's. "It was my first sale," he says. "Anyway, I'm now a member of the junior chamber of commerce, and still writing obituaries." ...

TED SHANE

A Correction

In the issue of August 7, 1948, Collier's published an article, Philadelphia: Corrupt and Not Contented.

On page 64, as part of the article, there appeared the following:

Among the more odious local rackets was one involving the solicitation of advertising for the convention program of a so-called firemen's organization. It was a smooth deal, engineered by a notorious promoter. ... He collected \$34,292 in a year for a program never published. ...

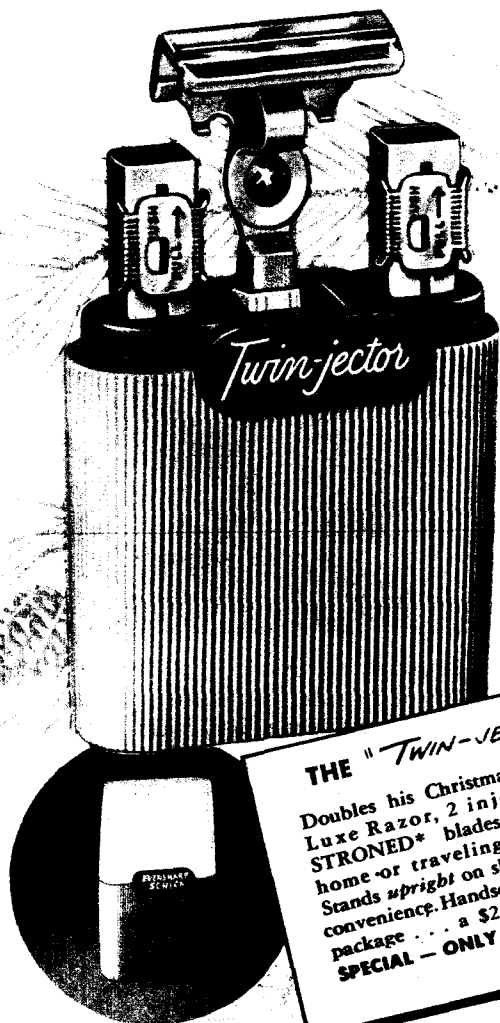
Collier's has learned that John McCaffery, 1334 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, supervised the publication of the convention program for the Firemen's Association of the State of Pennsylvania, a Pennsylvania Fraternal Corporation, and that the convention programs for the years 1945, 1946 and 1947 were printed and delivered by Mr. McCaffery to the association.

Collier's regrets any reflection upon his honesty in this matter.

This Christmas—

EVERSHARP-SCHICK PRESENTS...

5 Gifts that "Click"!

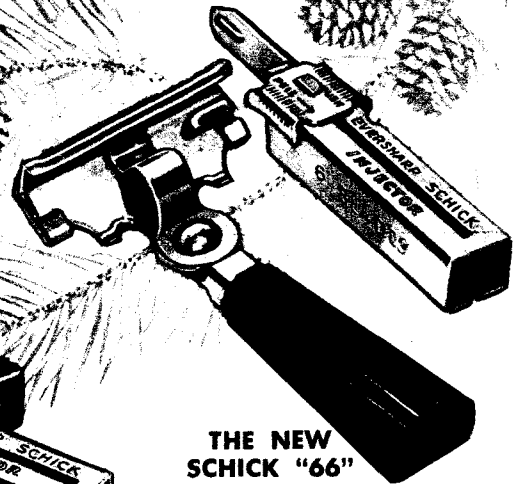


THE "TWIN-JECTOR"
Doubles his Christmas joy! De Luxe Razor, 2 injectors, 40 STRONED* blades! In smart home-or traveling container. Stands upright on shelf for extra convenience. Handsome Christmas package ... a \$2.50 value ... SPECIAL — ONLY ... **\$1.95**



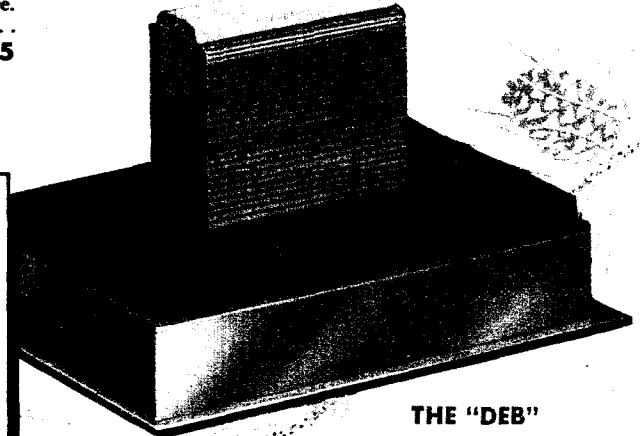
DE LUXE SET

In colorful Christmas package. With 20 STRONED* blades ... a \$1.75 value ... only ... **\$1.25**



THE NEW SCHICK "66"

A wonderful, inexpensive stocking-stuffer. Same fine shaving action as higher priced models. With 6 STRONED* blades—only ... **66¢**



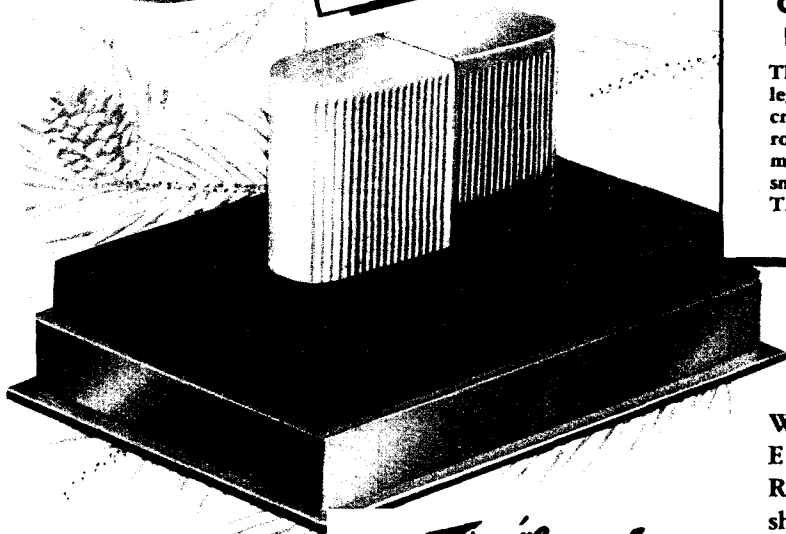
THE "DEB"

Smart, modern plastic, in choice of high-fashion colors: powder blue and white, lipstick red and white. With 10 STRONED* blades ... **\$2.49**

-and for Her!

ONLY RAZORS EVER CREATED TO MAKE LEGS LOOK MORE BEAUTIFUL

They slick away unwanted hair on legs and underarms—even without cream or lather. No scraping, no roughened skin. Positively does not make hair grow coarser. Only razors smart enough for her dressing table. Truly superb gifts!



FASHION RAZOR

Richly designed in the colors of gold and white ... with 10 STRONED* blades ... **\$3.95**

They're STRONED!

*Not just honed like ordinary blades ... but both stropped and honed—stropped on 30 feet of leather! Sharper, faster, smoother—because they're STRONED!

WORLD'S ONLY RAZORS WITH AUTOMATIC BLADE CHANGER

Whether you give the ladies' or men's EVERSHARP-SCHICK INJECTOR RAZORS, you give the ultimate in shaving comfort and convenience. They banish forever your four biggest shaving nuisances. Think of it! No blades to unwrap. Fingers never touch the blade ... so you can't cut fingers. Just push-pull-

click-click ... change blades that quick! Out goes the old blade ... in goes the new! Nothing to take apart or put together. To clean—simply rinse, shake and put away. And EVERSHARP-SCHICK gives the world's fastest, safest, cleanest shaves.

Buy an EVERSHARP-SCHICK—as a Christmas gift for him or her—today!

EVERSHARP-SCHICK

INJECTOR RAZORS

Want to hear what you'll be saying soon?



NORMA HALVERSON, business woman, Salt Lake City, Utah: "My new car came equipped with Super-Cushions—and they're wonderful! Steering shock has been eliminated almost completely, and bumps—Super-Cushions just glide over them. These tires make your car stop so much quicker . . . And their big size adds a lot to the appearance of a car."



EMILE SCHURMACHER, writer, N. Salem, N. Y.: "Since I got Super-Cushions in January, I've covered thousands of miles in the Southwest and all over the country. How these tires smooth out the roughest roads! Never have I had such driving comfort—or such a feeling of safety. These tires really grab hold on *any* road . . . hairpin turn, wet concrete, or sandy desert."



HAROLD A. HENSELL, farmer, Mill Creek, Ind.: "Super-Cushions make my car seem to float along—even on our washboard country roads. And I get better traction in wet weather. No slips or sidesway, and much faster stops."

Conventional Tire



Ordinary ride

Super-Cushion



New softer ride

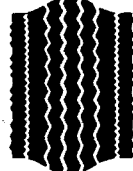
Softer Ride! The Super-Cushion is bigger and softer. It runs on 24 pounds of air! It soaks up road shocks, jolts, jars, and vibrations. This means you get a smoother, *softer* ride. It means less wear on your car, fewer rattles, fewer repair bills!

Conventional Tire



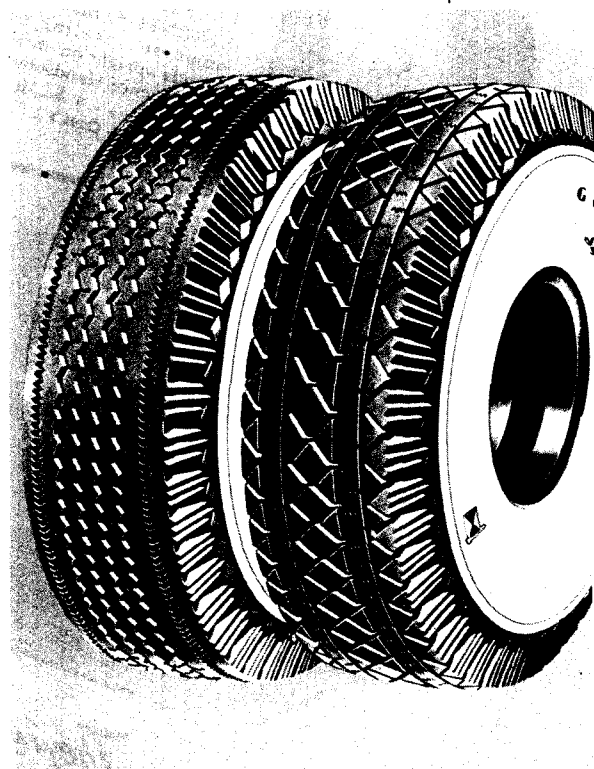
Regular-size "footprint"—ordinary traction

Super-Cushion



Bigger "footprint"—New greater traction

Remarkable Safety! The Super-Cushion has larger contact area with the road. You get a new ease and stability in car handling. Your car seems to *hug* the road, to *flow* through traffic, to *float* around curves. And you get quicker, safer stops!



MODERNIZE the riding comfort, ease of handling, and safety of *your* car! Super-Cushions will fit its wheels—so see your Goodyear dealer today!



MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

The new *Super-Cushion* by **GOOD YEAR**

We think you'll like "THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD"—every Sunday—ABC Network

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
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Super-Cushion T. M.—The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

Sex in our High Schools



Fifty thousand high-school girls bear illegitimate children every year. Parents who read this should consider it their own personal problem—for from lack of love or learning, the calamity can strike any family. No one is immune

By AMY PORTER

ELIZABETH, fifteen years old, struggled through the crowds in New York's Grand Central Station to a row of telephone booths. Her hands trembled as she took a slip of paper from her purse, spread it out on the stand holding the telephone books and looked for her number.

She stepped into a booth, dialed, waited tensely for the answer, and then said into the phone, "You don't know me, but you must help me. . . . I have to have help . . . right now. . . ."

Elizabeth, a high-school sophomore from a small town some 200 miles away, had come to this completely strange city alone. She was pregnant, and not married. Her hope for help was the name written on her slip of paper—Community Service Society.

Elizabeth got the help she so desperately needed. She got protection and sympathetic care through her pregnancy, aid in finding a job for the extra money she had to have, guidance through the painful business of giving up her newborn son for adoption, and skilled advice on her plans for the future.

But tens of thousands of high-school girls in the same predicament get no intelligent help at all.

Jane, fourteen, was desperately determined to spare her family the disgrace of her predicament. She left her home town the moment she was out of school in June, on a pretext of spending the summer with a friend in a near-by city. A tight girdle had

concealed her condition until then; she hoped to have the baby in September, place it for adoption, and return home in time for school, with her parents and friends none the wiser.

But when she applied to the only maternity home in the city, she learned, to her despair, that its rules would require her to stay in residence there for six months after the birth, and to nurse and care for her baby.

She refused the home's aid. As she was leaving the place a stranger accosted her. "I see you are in trouble," he said, and offered to pay all her expenses in return for getting possession of the baby. He promised to give it a good home. Jane accepted.

Two years later the public welfare department learned what had happened when the adoptive parents of that baby wanted to (Continued on page 78)



de Moon

The Lovely for Instance

By RUSSELL BEGGS

When she found out that Winthrop was a cowboy actor she thought it was the most horrible thing she had ever heard. He thought it was, too—but he saddled up his horse, and went a-ridin' after her



HAD my guitar in hand, just about to practice when I saw the blonde in the green bathing suit walk onto the beach in front of my house. There was something about this particular blonde that was more than usually attractive. I don't know whether it was the bathing suit or the wonderful tan she had, but whatever it was made me drop the guitar like it was a live hand grenade.

When I came out of the house (like somebody being shot out of a cannon) she was sitting in the sand putting sun-tan oil on her lovely legs.

"Can I do that for you?" I asked, skidding to a stop.

She looked at me as if I were something the sea had just washed up. "I'm doing all right myself."

I sat, and looked at her. She had a breath-taking figure, I decided, and the sun oil was unnecessary because her skin was already tanned to a honey color.

"Green," I said, "is your best color."

No answer.

"If I were you," I went on (there was a possibility she hadn't heard me), "I'd never leave the house in anything but green."

"And if I were you," she replied, "I'd never leave the house."

She had heard me.

"Well," I said with a forced laugh, "nothing ventured, nothing gained."

"That must be the story of your life." . . .

As a matter of fact that almost is the story of my life. My name is John Winthrop, which will mean nothing to you unless you are a rabid fan of Western movies. If you are, then you may recall "John Winthrop and his amazing horse Thor." I am Winthrop, the one on top.

This all started when I was a starving actor in New York. I ran into Harry Carson, an agent, who talked me into signing a contract with him. He promised me big things in California so I went out West to do my starving. After a year or so of doing nothing, it seemed obvious that I wasn't going to replace Cary Grant right away, so at my agent's suggestion, I took a job in a Western.

This was supposed to be a stopgap until I could get into a light comedy with Myrna Loy. It turned out to be the longest stopgap in history. In two years I did seventeen Western films and still no light comedy. Of course I got to be a star, but being a star at Cactus Studios where I worked was like being headwaiter at a small drive-in.

Being a cowboy actor also didn't help with women. Just a week before I saw the blonde on the beach, a brunette named Anita had sent me on my way because she found out my occupation. She was an up-and-coming young starlet and decided it wouldn't be good for her to be seen with me. Fortunately I hadn't been serious about Anita. She couldn't compare, for instance, with the lovely blonde sitting beside me on the beach.

I decided to speak to the lovely for instance again.

"How can you hate me," I went on, "when you don't even know me?"

"It's a gift."

"Who knows? Maybe we were meant for each other."

"Life couldn't be that cruel."

Well, it was better than practicing on the guitar. For a moment I thought of going back into the house, but there was a funny feeling in my stomach. It was the girl, of course. But what good was it to have that feeling when she wouldn't even look at me? Maybe it wasn't love. Maybe it was hunger.

I drove to Michael's Malibu Market and bought two steaks and enough other groceries to last a month. When I was about to leave, I saw one avocado left on the fruit counter. There are people who will give their right arm for an avocado. I am one of these. The clerk didn't want my right arm so I gave him thirty cents. There was something odd going on in the store because he gave me back twenty dollars change for a one-dollar bill. Then I noticed a certain preoccupation in his eyes and, following them, I solved the mystery. The girl in the green bathing suit had entered the store.

"Do you have any avocados?" she asked the clerk.

"This man took the last one," he said, pointing at me. The girl saw me for the first time and glared.

"You can have it," I said quickly.

"Certainly not," she snapped.

"But, please, I—"

"Keep it," she said; "keep it!"

By this time the other customers in the store had the idea that I had taken the avocado away from her by force and the clerk somehow thought that if he took it away from me and gave it to her it might change the course of his life, so I left all the money and fled.

Back in my kitchen, I started fixing supper. I chopped some onion, mixed it with cottage cheese, and then put the mixture in the hollow of the two avocado halves. Some avocado lovers would con-

sider it vulgar to add anything to the delicacy, but not me. It was a very tasty dish this way.

I walked onto the patio to fix a place for myself there on the little table. As I did, I saw the blonde sitting on the patio next door. She was reading a newspaper.

"Sure you wouldn't like some avocado?" I called.

No answer. Just the rattle of her newspaper.

"Nothing like good avocado fixed with cottage cheese and a little onion."

"Fixed with what?" she asked.

"Cottage cheese and onion."

"Some way to ruin an avocado!"

"It's good; you should try it."

No answer. The paper rattled again. It was a shorter rattle. I went inside and put the two steaks on the broiler.

WHEN I came out again, she was standing by the table looking at the avocado. "I happen to be insane about avocado," she said, "so I'd like to buy one half from you."

"You can't buy it, but I'll give it to you."

"I don't want any favors. I'm willing to pay—"

"Sorry, I can't sell it—haven't got a license."

She walked back to her patio.

Back in the house, I put the steaks on two plates and brought them out to the table.

"Nothing like good avocado and steak," I said, sitting down. "Ooooooh, that avocado!" I exclaimed as I began to eat.

Her newspaper fell to the ground. She got up from her chair and walked from her patio to mine. Without a word she sat down across from me and began to eat.

"Salt?" I asked.

"Don't do me any favors," she said.

She was silent until she finished eating. Then she didn't look mad any more, just embarrassed. "That was a fine meal," she said.

"The way to a woman's heart," I replied, "is through an avocado."

She laughed. "I'm sorry I was so nasty."

"I wasn't exactly a charm boy myself."

"You were fine." She smiled. "It's just that I have a temper when strange men speak to me."

"You must have to use it a lot."

"You're very kind."

"Green"—I grinned—"is a good color for you."

"I'll never leave the house without it."

We went for a ride up the beach road. Her name was Stella, she said, and she (Continued on page 42)

She was putting oil on her lovely legs. "Can I do that for you?" I asked. She looked at me as if I were something the sea had washed up

ILLUSTRATED BY AL MOORE

Beauty

Starting with one jar of cold cream, Helena Rubinstein has made more than \$25,000,000 selling beauty to women who know that it pays to be beautiful

MADAME HELENA RUBINSTEIN, the cosmetician, has been called the most successful businesswoman in the world, a John D. Rockefeller in petticoated miniature, a small-scale William Randolph Hearst, and a big-league Hetty Green. She is all of these things. From a single jar of cold cream she has built a world-wide beauty business which last year grossed between fifty and sixty million dollars. In the words of a Rubinstein executive, "Madame is a complete treatment. She has a preparation for everything."

It has been estimated that she has netted \$25,000,000 in less than 50 years. Rubinstein says she has netted much more. But she won't say how much. "I wouldn't be frightened to go anywhere and open up a business," she declares, although according to statisticians there are more failures per company capita in cosmetics than in any other business. "I'm sure that even in India I would make money," she says. "They have so many bad skins there and I'd have something special for the aristocracy."

Helena Rubinstein is barely four feet, ten inches tall. She never discusses her age, but she must be in the late sixties. During working hours she is "Madame," to everyone, even the numerous relatives she employs. Socially she becomes "Princess," a title she acquired ten years ago when she married Prince Artchil Gourielli-Tchkonina from Georgia, the prince-breeding province of Old Russia.

Her black hair is drawn severely off her face and gathered into a bun at the back of her neck. In repose her eyes, partly hidden by half-closed lids, appear black, narrow and somewhat slanted. When she is interested her eyelids go up, revealing large, round eyes of a dark topaz color which sparkle like jewels as they dart back and forth. If something strikes her particularly, she squints one eye and raises the eyebrow of the other. When she is angry she scowls, and it almost seems as if a great black cloud were hanging ominously about her head.

She is not a talker. "One of the reasons I like to play bridge," Madame says, "is because you don't have to talk." What she has to say comes out in monosyllabic phrases or short sentences in a Polish accent.

Madame has a terrible time living up to the principles of beauty which she sells. Her mascara is usually dripping, and she is far too plump for glamor. This she apologizes for by explaining, "When you work hard you have to eat." As for the nightly beauty ritual which she advises for women the world over, Madame declares, "I tell you, I am a worker. I have no time for it."

She moves in a short-strided run, up and down halls, back and forth behind the enormous Spanish Gothic table she uses for a desk in her office. Aware perhaps that the table somewhat overshadows her, Madame seldom sits during business hours.

Rubinstein expects everyone around her to work as hard as she does. If anyone stays home sick she says in a puzzled voice, "I've been sick the last few days, but I haven't stayed home. I can't understand these people."

An employee explains, "Madame thinks staying home sick indicates a lack of will power."

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S
BY ARNOLD NEWMAN

Tycoon

By HAMBLA BAUER

17

Madame is always complaining, "It's not the competition, it's the people—they are so hard to cope with. No one wants to work any more."

She is a perfectionist about her products, a big factor in her success, but one which creates a great deal of friction between Madame and her chemists. "Madame gets an idea for a new product and she wants it fast. Madame is very quick," her nephew, Oscar Kolin, explains. "But, if it isn't just right she sends it back. Chemists are obstinate, and Madame sticks to her ideas from beginning to end. Once three chemists came and went during the development of a product, but Madame got just what she wanted."

Unbiased experts say that the chief difference among the better cosmetic lines is in the packaging, in which Elizabeth Arden is tops. Rubinstein executives are wont to observe caustically, "Madame cares more about what goes inside the jar than the jar."

But Madame struggles diligently over her packaging. She looks at dozens of samples for boxes, bottles and containers. After much thought she



Madame seldom takes it easy, even in her home

picks those that express her own personality. Then Madame, who is said to drive the hardest bargain in the business, proceeds to argue for hours over the prices.

Her taste runs from ultrasophisticated simplicity to heavy baroque fussiness and Byzantine color schemes. She is passionately fond of large showy pieces of jewelry and she has a fantastic collection—enormous emerald earrings, ropes of rubies, pearls, emeralds, bracelets and rings of assorted stones. None, however, is so valuable as to bring upon Madame visitations from the Purple Gang.

"That ring," she will say, pointing to a huge stone streaked with red, "that's a ruby. That would be worth \$100,000 if it were perfect. If jewels are perfect you have to have too heavy insurance. I like to wear them, not leave them in the bank." The jewelry she does not wear she carries about with her in a roomy Noah's bag which she hides away in desk drawers, and forgets where she hid it, leaves in taxis and misplaces generally.

Rubinstein's New York salon at 655 Fifth Avenue partakes of all of Madame's personality. It is lavishly decorated with objects of art. Despite the obvious swank, the feeling of the place is workmanlike. On the upper floors where women are redone, a strong medical atmosphere prevails.

Madame is a great admirer of "lady doctors." She has one on duty at all times to make sure the clients can stand the strain of rejuvenation and that they're not bringing into her place any skin ailments of a contagious nature.

The big feature of the salon is the "Helena Rubinstein Five Day Wonder School." There the ladies are told which Rubinstein preparations are needed to create the bloom of beauty. They are taught how

to make up, given a diet, exercises, and even told how to walk and what to wear. On the final day their hair is restyled by Michel.

Michel is one of Madame's prizes. Women daily parade in and out of the salon for his haircuts only.

Madame will try anything. She is always buying formulas and discarding them. "Nineteen out of twenty," she says, "are no good."

Often Rubinstein whips up her "herbal treatments" herself in the laboratory of her Long Island factory, clad in a white Mother Hubbard. "Madame," her employees repeat frequently, "has a chemical and medical background." They admit, however, that her education along these lines has been informal.

But the scientific approach to beauty holds a great appeal for her. She played it heavily in the days when she was building up her empire, at a time when science was new and mysterious and most of her competitors were overlooking its sales potential.

Helena Rubinstein was born in Cracow, Poland, the eldest of eight daughters of Horace and Augusta Silberfeld Rubinstein. Most of her mother's family migrated to Australia where they went into sheep ranching. By the time Helena was eighteen the Silberfelds were prospering and sending back to the female-infested Rubinstein home glowing accounts of the multitude of wealthy and wifeless young men dwelling in Australia.

"I had a beau," Madame says, "but my father refused him." Whereupon it was decided, partly at Helena's insistence, that she go to Australia to mend her broken heart and at the same time find a husband who met everyone's qualifications.

"The young man I forgot very quickly, but I didn't like the country," Madame relates. Neither did she care for the prospective husbands her relatives trotted out for her. "I used to go to bed with swollen eyes every night. I was very unhappy there," she says. "No matter what I did, my relatives weren't pleased. 'Mercy,' I thought, 'what can I do without getting married?'"

On the boat Helena had met some "very nice English people" connected with the government in Queensland. When she couldn't stand the sheep ranch another minute, she wrote these people offering her services as a governess. "They sent me the fare and I went there. They had two little boys and I taught them French, German and Polish."

In Queensland the night cream Helena used faithfully—"It was made by a Hungarian doctor and my mother used it"—created a great stir. So she sent for more and the ladies of Queensland bought it eagerly. Soon she found herself in business in a small way.

"I studied the whole time," she says. "I read myself sick. Every penny I got I saved and sent for more cream."

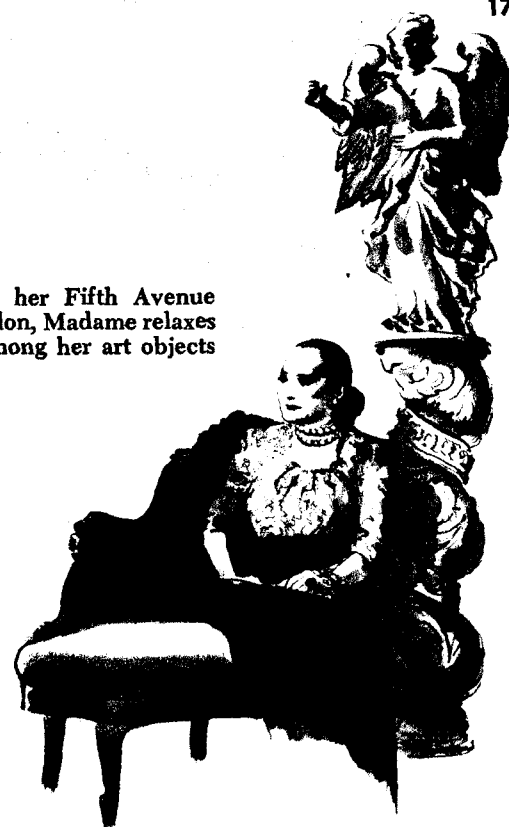
She opened her first establishment in Melbourne in 1902. It consisted of one room.

"I paid 30 shillings a month in a nice part of



A huge morning's mail doesn't perturb Madame

In her Fifth Avenue salon, Madame relaxes among her art objects



DRAWINGS BY MIRIAM TROOP

town. I had a struggle for a while. I made my own clothes, little white dresses, every day a clean one, and I lived very simply."

She studied the doings of her competitors. One—a very expensive American firm—did clever advertising. Soon it dawned on Helena that offering advice on skin problems furthered the sale of cream. She divided her one room into three.

"I put people into groups, the oily skins here, the dry skins there. Then I talked to each group differently."

Her little advertisements drew letters asking for advice and ordering cream, which she sold at a dollar a jar. In a few years she'd outgrown her room. She opened a second place with five rooms. And she acquired a beau, Edward Titus, an American newspaperman working in Australia.

"He'd been everywhere," says Madame, "and he was a wonderful talker."

When she had to take a secretary and an assistant, Rubinstein began to wonder if there were not larger fields to conquer. All she needed was a lump sum of cash.

"A newspaper girl wrote up my cream," Madame relates. "I got 15,000 orders, and everybody sent the money! I didn't have cream enough to go around. I wrote all these women that I would fill their orders in a few weeks, if they would be patient and wait. Only one asked for the money back! I had \$15,000!"

The English had been "very kind." London seemed the logical place for her next establishment. Rubinstein ordered the cream, left "three little girls" to carry on her business, and sailed for England a month after Titus. They were married in London in 1908.

Rubinstein knew exactly what she wanted to do. She would be a skin specialist, an ultraexclusive one, for in those days only the rich went in for beauty treatments. She rented the twenty-room house of Lord Salisbury in fashionable Mayfair for the terrifying sum of 2,000 pounds (\$10,000) a year. She hurried to the Continent and returned with a "lot of Viennese treatments that were new to the English, and a Viennese lady doctor" to train a staff of girls.

Titus worked on the advertising. "He was clever at that," Madame says; "he was literary."

The new *Maison de Beauté* was profitable. "We had only the very rich," Madame says. "It was nothing to get two or three hundred pounds (\$1,000 to \$1,500) for a series of treatments."

Profits piled up fast, and every month money would come from Australia. In 1912 she heard of "a Russian woman doctor in Paris who took a few clients at fabulous prices." Madame bought her business. "We got some of her clients, terribly wealthy people. I didn't get so much money from them as she did because I wouldn't have them living in my house; they came (Continued on page 45)

WINNER OF THIS WEEK'S
\$1,000 FICTION AWARD

Collier's
★
STAR
STORY

I am not afraid any more.
The girl is not afraid. All the
eyes in the world can be
on us and we do not care

The eyes of the world

By RICHARD MEALAND

He didn't know his nationality, or even his own name—he knew only that he had been on the run too long, and that he was the only man who could help this girl

THE girl was utterly fearless. When she had finished her story, I looked at the chief and saw him studying her. He leaned across the desk and waggled his pencil at her.

"You are an American citizen—"

"Yes."

"—and you are not Jewish?"

"No."

"Then why are you mixed up in this?"

She bowed her head. Her fair hair, which needed brushing, glistened in the light. I had to listen carefully to add her words to my stenographic report.

"I told you," she said. "I was not afraid any more after—after what we went through. I wanted to help him."

She looked up squarely from her large gray-blue eyes. Her eyes, in fact, were the dominant feature of her almost childish face; they gave her beauty and depth and character which would last her all her life.

The chief sat back. "All right. Bring in the boy friend." He said to her, "You wait outside."

She made a gesture of appeal as she stood up. "He's a good man. He got into this because he wanted to help—he wanted to belong, to somebody, somewhere. If he can't go to Palestine, he would like to stay here and become an American—" She didn't finish the sentence. She knew her companion would be deported, probably back to Tangier, since there was no place else for him to go. She also knew that the smuggling of arms was illegal.

The chief had no comment. The girl went out to the anteroom; the man in the case was brought in from the corridor.

He was a bewildered fellow, of medium height, with weather-burned skin and black-olive eyes that were quick to appraise everything in the room. The boyishness of his face was masked by suffering and bitterness. His nationality could not be guessed. His clothes were a mixture—an American Army jacket, a faded blue shirt, black trousers which had taken much bending at the knees, heavy military shoes that might have been French.

Both he and the girl had been picked up on the Hoboken dock just before the ship with its cargo of "machinery" had been about to sail. How they'd got into the country four days earlier was a mystery; someone had helped them. Both had passports, which were forged, although the girl was a citizen. Anyway, they had entered somehow, negotiated the purchase of the arms in New Jersey, had the crates trucked to Hoboken and loaded, and would have got away with the whole deal if one of the boxes hadn't dropped and broken open in the hold.

The fellow stood before the desk while the chief studied the report. When he finally spoke in answer

to the questioning, I had a hard time getting it all down. The French, Spanish and Moorish phrases I simply left out. The English was in the queerest British accent I had ever heard, but I was able to obtain a fair transcription for the bureau files. Here it is, with the accent and the chief's questions left out:

Jacob Einstein.

No, I am no relative of Mister Alfred. He is a very great man.

Jack Winston? I was called that in Tangier. It was as good as any other name. Some ignorant people thought it connected me to Mister Churchill, which did no harm. In Fez I was known as Ki-yu, C-A-I-L-L-O-U. It means pebble or stone. I had to think fast one day and that is the name I thought of.

Fez is in French Morocco, but Tangier belongs to no country. I do not belong to any country. Perhaps that is why I went to Tangier after London.

No, sir, I do not know my parents. Born? I do not know where. No, sir, perhaps I am twenty-eight, thirty, thirty-two, who knows?

Einstein? It is the name of the Polish couple in Belfort, near the Swiss border in France. They took me in when I was a small boy. But the woman died and the old man went back to Poland. So I went to Paris and worked in a café. The proprietor liked me. After I was older he helped me get to London where I worked in a French restaurant in Greek Street.

This time in London was very good but it was also very bad. I learned English and read many books. I have always read books.

BUT there were men who came to this restaurant. They would sit at a table and whisper and argue. They were not English. One day they looked at me and asked me my name and where I came from. They said I looked like an Englishman. They asked me if I liked girls and if I would like to marry a beautiful girl. I said yes, but I could not afford to marry anyone. They said do not worry, they would pay the expenses.

So they forged a paper for me, saying I was a British subject, and gave me an English name and told me what to say to the authorities, that I wished to marry a Frenchwoman who was in Paris.

They showed me a picture of this Frenchwoman and she was very beautiful, but when she came to London I did not like her. The man from the café said I did not have to like her, all I had to do was marry her. So we were married and I did not see her again for several days. Then one day I saw her standing on a corner of Piccadilly, waiting for men.

This is the way I learned about smuggling. After everything was explained to me, I was given money for being married. Then these men told me that if

I did not marry another Frenchwoman, they would turn me over to the police. So I had to marry again. I had to marry many Frenchwomen.

Each time I was given a new name and new papers, and each of the women came to London and went on the streets. But I never comported with these women. If I saw one of them in Piccadilly I would turn away. A good woman does not do this, no matter how much she suffers. But what could I do? I did not want to be turned over to the police.

Perhaps I was married to twenty-five women. I have forgotten. That is why I had a bad time in London. Oh, it was very bad.

FINALLY I said I would not be married any more. I was disgusted with myself. The men were making fun of me because I would not comport with these women, or any woman. I was disgusted with everybody. I was very young.

Sir, these men were dangerous. When I refused to marry again, they turned against me. They were ugly. I told them if they did not stop threatening me, I would report them to the government. But that was a mistake. Because then they decided to kill me. I had to get out of the country.

These men were afraid of me because I said I would report them. The women were afraid of me, too. They watched me with their hard eyes. I moved many times but they always found me and told the men where I was hiding. I did not know where to turn. That is why I had to get out of the country. Because I became afraid, too.

And then I was not a boy any more. Never again, I said to myself, would I do what people told me to do. Never again would I trust anybody. Never again would I be weak. But I was still afraid. Jews are like that. Brave, but always afraid.

Certainly I am a Jew. Certainly.

I do not know how I know, but I know. I feel it.

Yes, sir. During the war I lived in Tangier, in the medina, the old city. The Spaniards were running everything, because of the (Continued on page 56)

ILLUSTRATED BY
KARL MILROY



Alan Conrad, 18-year-old expert (above), gets more elevation than any other ice skater in the business. Before being raised to stardom, he was an Ice Cadet. The girl doing a hip-swinging, high-jumping Hawaiian number is Donna Atwood, great Ice Capades star. The leaping lad below is the world's foremost exponent of ice ballet: Bobby Specht



Wings on Their Feet

The craze to see expert skaters dance and leap to the accompaniment of music has spread, and Ice Capades, biggest of the ice shows, is scheduled to play in 22 cities in this country and Canada

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRADLEY SMITH

Collier's for December 4, 1948



ICE shows originated in Switzerland, and their phenomenal growth in the United States started about ten years ago. Today the biggest of the shows in this country is Ice Capades which, like the circus, is a complete unit operating its own train from coast to coast, constructing its own unique props in its own prop shop in Beverly Hills, and designing and producing the half-million dollars' worth of costumes used in each new edition.

There are 176 members of the company. The girls are called Ice Ca-Pets; the boys, Ice Cadets. Hundreds of girls are auditioned before one is chosen. The girl who makes the grade is given about a thousand dollars' worth of instruction. After she joins the show, she is a costly item: Minimum salary for ballet girls, \$3,750; costumes, \$1,500; ballet training, \$500.

By the time a girl has been skating a year, she must have advanced enough to be classed as a grade "B" skater, the average grade. By the time she has advanced to the double "A" rating, she represents an investment of \$25,000.

Even the stars of Ice Capades take a considerable number of tumbles each year. Donna Atwood (right) carries a \$100,000 insurance policy on her legs. This year's featured production number is Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, and Miss Atwood plays Snow White. □ □ □

Collier's for December 4, 1948





If a Parisian wants a dose of penicillin, instruction in television, or just a plaster replica of Venus, he dials SVP, the miracle agency which supplies service and information to 30,000 clients at a dollar per month



Many of the 8,000 questions SVP answers daily involve sports. An agent checks with boxing trainer Roger Oquinarenne to get authentic information

The French Have A Phrase For It

By GEORGE KENT

Are you concerned about the bust measurement of the Venus de Milo? Do you want to park a canoe in Paris? Perhaps you need a baby sitter? If you're in Paris, do as the Parisians do and dial SVP—the information service that answers every kind of query

ONE of these days the old lady in Dubuque or her granddaughter in Detroit will be able to pick up a telephone, dial a number, and order French perfume in Paris, British shoes in London, Dutch cheese in Amsterdam—and have them all delivered within a week.

By a twist of the dial, they'll be able to get whatever they want out of Europe: facts, services and the good things in its stores and factories. They can do it because of a new idea, developed in France, that seems to be headed across the Atlantic. When it arrives, this is going to be a smaller, cozier world to have fun in.

The next time you're in Paris, you can try it. It's been in operation there since 1933. And it works like a dream.

Dial three letters, S, V and P—the initials of *s'il vous plait*, French for "please"—and you rub Aladdin's lamp. No jinni comes out of the phone but something equally good happens. At the SVP organization's office, a 12-girl switchboard mobilizes over 1,000 experts who go to work answering your questions, doing what you command. Before you can say Jacques Robinson, they've gratified your whim, attended to your practical needs, solved your stickiest problems.

Magic? *Maybe*. Actually, it is a simple, efficient method for helping the hurried, harried, lazy or merely curious residents of a big city. One phone call to one number—and you have your wish. SVP serves you as a ticket agency, a railroad information center, a newspaper, a clock, an employment bureau, a renting agency, a secretarial service, a garage, a hospital, Dun & Bradstreet, Kiplinger—all rolled into one.

The basic cost is a dollar a month. And the system is making money, spreading to other countries. One day, it is certain to arrive here.

To give you an idea of how SVP works, here are a few of the requests that pour into its offices, from eight in the morning to midnight: *I have thrips on my delphinium. What do I do? . . . My little girl just spilled ink on the lace bedspread Grandma Mathilde left us when she died. Please tell me how to get it out? . . . What is the bust measurement of the Venus de Milo? . . . Where can I get 1,000 tons of vanadium steel? . . . What is the duty on Chilean nitrate? . . . Can you get me a sleeper on the train to Monte Carlo and a room when I get there? . . . I am interested in television—where can I learn it? . . . The baby won't eat his porridge—how can I persuade him? . . . What is the recipe for bouillabaisse? . . . Please, I would like a sitter. She must be here by eight . . .*

Collier's for December 4, 1948



Paris' wonder personal-service agency, handling 1,200 calls an hour, can supply stranded hostesses with a fourth at bridge



Motion-picture companies, wanting costume data for their historical films, go to Mme. Edmonds de Galea, SVP's period expert



An SVP researcher received a request from a lawyer to look up the time the sun rose on March 12, 1942. The fate of the lawyer's client, on trial for murder, hung on the reply

SVP never says *no*—never says, “*We don’t know*.” If the specialists are stumped they call Cabinet ministers, use the transatlantic telephone, send out research safaris. It may take months to get the answer. Usually you have to wait only a few minutes while you hang on. If it looks like a longish assignment your number is taken and you get called back.

There is the classic story of a horse that had been led up to a platform high above the stage in a Paris theater and then refused to come down. The actors huffed and puffed and hauled—but the horse stood firm. The audience loved it, literally rolled in the aisles. The management was close to tears when someone out front yelled, presumably in jest, “Call SVP!”

SVP knew. The voice on the phone said calmly, “The horse is undoubtedly scared. Something frightens it. We suggest you bandage its eyes and back it down.” The horse came down.

More serious, a baby is sick, he’s getting blue and the family doctor does not answer. None of the doctors in the neighborhood answers. It’s Sunday and the drugstores are closed. The mother dials SVP. A reassuring voice answers—and soon a doctor arrives! One ailing child was about to die in

Paris for lack of penicillin. With supplies still short, the doctor on the case did not know where to look. SVP knew. It had every grain of it marked on a map, and the map on a wall where the operators could see it. The baby lived.

Once an American got off at the Gare des Invalides, the Paris air terminal, with a canoe. Where do you park a canoe in a big town? Hotels don’t like them. Taxis can’t carry them. But finally a porter suggested SVP.

Canoeist Got Beaucoup Service

At the terminal an English-speaking representative of SVP assists foreign arrivals without cost. So the Yank tried the three letters on the dial and this is what he received: the name of a boat club inside the city, a letter of introduction to the club secretary, a reservation at a hotel near by, and, two days later, canoe itineraries covering the canals and rivers of Europe. (For the growing number of visitors, SVP has worked out a short-term subscription covering their stay in Paris.)

Of stories like this there is apparently no end. The secret is a skillfully trained and carefully selected organization, centering in a switchboard

which can handle 1,200 calls an hour. The girls who work the board, all graduates of a three-week training course, will give you unhesitatingly the time, the weather, sports and election results, all so-called *spot news*, and, in addition, handle emergencies. For other questions they connect you with one of their full-time experts.

These experts are young and old, male and female—many of them well known—ex-bankers, doctors, lawyers, engineers, technicians of every stripe, including men who know who knocked out Joe Louis and the world’s record for the 100-meter sprint. Each is supreme in one or another branch of human knowledge. They sit in high-ceilinged rooms, walled in by bookcases and filing cabinets. When they give up on a problem, a large central research bureau takes over. Available also, on the outside, in their homes or offices, are many other specialists who can handle a wide assortment of jobs, from giving a charity bazaar to a private showing of a film.

The erudite gentry who are SVP’s permanent staff make no pretense of knowing everything but they do know where to get the fact they need. They are asked, let us say, the price of Georgia cotton. On file is the phone number of (Continued on page 48)



ILLUSTRATED BY
ROBERT PATTERSON

Teacher's Fest Date

By WILLIAM PORTER

She was the kind of schoolteacher who had a lot of trouble with the boys—both in and out of the classroom

MISS EMMETT, his teacher, would have considered John Andrew Finnegan a lout, if he had been a little bigger. She liked the sound of the word, but in Miss Emmett's mind a lout was something six feet tall.

Miss Emmett looked at him and sighed. There was a swelling growing around his left eye.

"It's all a mistake," he said, before she could open her mouth. "Just a friendly little argument. Somebody said fighting. Who's fighting?"

"What was it this time?" Miss Emmett said wearily. "Gene Autry versus Roy Rogers?"

"Cowboys are kid stuff." He looked hurt. "It was just a little game of kitten ball. I was safe at third, only the guy playing third didn't think so. We kind of talked it over."

"Well," Marjorie Emmett said, after a pause, "the Iron Maiden is illegal in this state. Do you suppose it would help if you promised never to do it again? I doubt it. Go home, John."

He was reluctant to leave. He made a couple of false starts for the door. "I don't suppose it's a very good time to ask," he said finally, "but—how'm I doing in Civics?"

Miss Emmett looked at him with honest pity. "Don't you know? It's too bad, but if you'll buckle down you can probably pass."

"That won't quite do it," John Andrew Finnegan said. "What I mean is, I was sort of planning to go out for the baseball team. To be eligible, you got to have a C average. And Mr. Hooker in math—he's coming up with a D sure. If I'm lucky. Well, I was sort of wondering about a B."

"Ha!" Miss Emmett said.

"It makes no special difference to me," he said. "I'm just thinking about a good baseball team, that's all. You like to see Ralph Waldo Emerson up there on top, don't you?"

"There are other factors involved besides—what's that?"

She knew what it was, as a matter of fact. It was a small snake, and it was drooling from John Andrew Finnegan's pants pocket.

"A reptile," he said. "I'm taking it home—"

"Good heavens, put it down!"

"All right," he said, and put it down on the floor. It promptly headed for the desk.

"Not here!" Marge Emmett said frantically. "Take it outside."

He captured the snake, wrapped it around his hand and put his hand in his pocket. He started for the door.

"Women confuse me," he said.

It was almost five before she was ready to go

home. The faculty women's room, with its row of lockers, was next to the principal's office on the first floor. Mr. Oppenheim was waiting for her when she came out. Mr. Oppenheim was the principal.

"You'll excuse me, Miss Emmett, but didn't you have a telephone conversation earlier this afternoon? With a Mr. Hamilton?"

"I did," Marge said sharply. "Some preposterous business about wanting me to come to see him. At his apartment. We're not acquainted—I suppose he was a salesman. Or worse."

"You misunderstood it completely," Mr. Oppenheim said. He was greatly agitated. "Mr. Hamilton was calling on official business. I've just heard from him, and he's in something of a hurry. It's the Empire Apartments, number 3-C."

"What's official about Mr. Hamilton?"

"Please," Mr. Oppenheim said. "Please. And do hurry."

THE Empire was strictly chi-chi. The walls, the floor, and the ceiling of the lobby were covered with fabric in various shades of maroon. The elevator was automatic, and it was padded in apple green.

Marge let herself out on the third floor and found herself facing the door of 3-C. The card said Elwood Hamilton, and there was a silver knocker in the form of a young woman without clothes.

The man who came to the door did not fit his surroundings; he was not a sophisticated dresser. He wore no coat, and his vest was unbuttoned, his tie was hanging, and he was in his stocking feet. He looked at her appreciatively.

"You," he said, "can call me Woody."

"Mr. Oppenheim said it was official. What's official about it?"

He waved her inside and pointed to a chair. There was a shirt over the back of the chair which he had indicated, and he went over and retrieved it.

"I hate housekeepers," he said.

She sat down with her hands in her lap. "What's official about it?"

Mr. Hamilton dropped heavily on the end of the couch and swung his feet up. He yawned. "Miss Emmett, I work for the city. I'm kind of a special assistant to the mayor."

"Oh," she said. "One of Stitcher's little boys."

"You don't like our mayor?" he grinned.

"He is a corrupt, mechanized crook of long standing."

"Wild applause," Mr. Hamilton said lan-

guidly. "Look, honey, they tell me that you are the adviser, in school, of a kid named John Andrew Finnegan. What kind of kid is he?"

"He is a hooligan. He is boisterous, disobedient, and irresponsible—and he is sending me to an early grave."

"Sounds like a fine, normal American boy," Mr. Hamilton said. "I mean has he ever been in trouble? Like maybe hot cars?"

"Good heavens, no!"

"Good," the young man said, "I guess he'll do." He sat up and lighted a cigarette. "Finnegan is being singled out for a rare honor. You know about the swimming pool being opened the first of May? The longest, newest, shiniest municipal pool anywhere, with the greenest water. All arranged and built by our farseeing city administration, which is always zealous for the public welfare."

"Ha!" Miss Emmett snorted.

"On the first of May there will be a ceremony at the poolside, including the Transit System band, free ice cream and Boy Scouts who will tie and untie knots. Mayor Stitcher will present to John A. Finnegan, as a representative of the city's youth, a season pass to the pool."

She shook her head in bewilderment. "But why Finnegan?"

Mr. Hamilton smiled pityingly at her. "If you got a minute, I will tell you about the facts of life, politically speaking."

"Suppose you tell me on the way out," she said.

"Look, John Andrew Finnegan's father is a small businessman. He's got a little grocery store in the third ward. The third ward is tough this time; it's full of Irishmen, and the opposition candidate is a popular cookie named Shaughnessy. If our candidate goes anywhere at all, we got to have a lot of the Irish." He shrugged. "Well, we do nice things for a kid named Finnegan, whose old man is very popular, whose old man is known throughout the ward and sees lots of people in his grocery store, telling them what a nice man the mayor is—and they're proud of a third-ward boy getting such a distinction anyhow—"

"That's dishonest," Marge said.

"That's what we call democracy in action," Mr. Hamilton said. He shook his head and grinned. "You ought to hear how we come by some of our solid support."

"Don't tell me," she said, "I have a delicate stomach." She looked him up and down. If he stood straight, he'd be six feet tall. "You know what you look like?" she said.

"What?" he said. (Continued on page 74)

His Honor had been listening with the air of a man who's been hit with a club, but now he went into action



When the tree-cutting season ends, the school children of Eureka sing carols around a Christmas tree. It's the town's way of celebrating its Yuletide

Christmas Tree Capital

By RAFE GIBBS

There are only about 1,400 residents of Eureka, Montana. Most of them have been busy for months, cutting, tying and shipping Christmas trees

LIKE Marley's ghost in Dickens's A Christmas Carol, the Rocky Mountain ghost town of Eureka, Montana, returns to life with Christmas. In 1924, Eureka became a skeleton in the forest when the town's sawmill—the biggest in Montana—closed during a strike, never to open again. But today, through the sale of Christmas trees, it has been reincarnated into the "Christmas Tree Capital of the Nation."

The title is honestly come by, for Eureka, with a population of only 1,400, annually ships to virtually every state in the Union more trees than any other town—about 300 freight carloads, totaling 1,800,000 trees. Not only that, but mackinaw-stretching Eureka trees will tell you that because of their trees' closely and evenly spaced branches and unusually thick foliage they are the finest grown in the world.

King of this vast fairyland of trees is smiling, cigar-rolling, seventy-three-year-old Willard Albee. There are a dozen other buyers in town, but in many

years Albee has bought more than all the others put together.

When word goes up and down Main Street on a frosty October morning that "Albee is buying," the Christmas-tree season is officially launched. And for the next two months, from "can see to can't see," there is a mad scramble over the mountains.

"The day Albee starts buying trees is the day I start tying the apron strings of my waitresses to chairs," chuckled George Davis, restaurant owner. "They all want to go Christmas treeing."

"I start making beds myself," said Ed La Franc, manager of the Montana Hotel. "Can't get help to take care of the overflow of guests who bulge out of the windows."

And the restaurant and hotel employees are not the only ones who get Christmas-tree fever. Just try in Eureka during October, November and early December to get the valves of your car ground, a new furnace installed or the roof of your house fixed. The know-how fellows are all in the woods. There's gold in them thar mountains, and it grows on trees.

"A good cutter can make \$30 to \$40 a day," said Albee, talking around his cigar. "It's a poor cutter who doesn't make \$10. Usually it's a fifty-fifty deal. The man who owns the land gets fifty per cent of the tree output, the cutter fifty per cent."

Albee told of a Eureka man and his wife who cut for 14 days one year and made \$1,200. They took the money and bought themselves a new car (prewar price) as a Christmas present.

It pays to have a big family at Christmas time in Eureka. Take one farmer, for instance. He has 11 sons and daughters, and they are all expert cutters. His wife also wields a mean ax, and the family take per day buys a lot of groceries even in these times.

Anybody who owns a truck can make a killing hauling trees. But expect the truck to take a terrific beating snorting up canyon-clinging roads.

Getting the trees to the roads is the toughest part of Christmas treeing. Most trees are snaked out on log skids by tractors. But where tractors can't go, horses must.

An Indian is credited with speeding up the haul-

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOE DEARING

ing process in the more rugged terrain. Some years ago this sagacious red man was sent up a steep mountain trail with a pack horse to start bringing down 200 trees. He was spotted the next day loafing around camp, and the boss cutter asked him, "How come?"

"Trees all here," explained the Indian.

He had simply constructed a travois used by his ancestors for many centuries to haul tepees and trappings. All 200 trees had been brought down the mountain in one trip on this travois, which consisted of nothing more than two trailing poles, serving as a shaft for the horse, and having a platform for the load. The ancient travois is now a favored piece of equipment in the rough country.

Two thirds of the trees shipped out of Eureka are produced by farmers. The other third come from nonresident landowners and from national forests. Cutting rights for supervised thinning of the national forests may be obtained by a private individual, with about one third of the tree revenue going to the government.

Cutting on privately owned lands is not supervised, but there are few who are inclined to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. By proper thinning, trees that would ordinarily remain dwarfs all their lives are given light and growing room, and a timber patch that was gone over one year looks about as thick come next frost.

It Pays to Trim Stump Branches

Lately, Albee has been encouraging timber owners to practice tree farming. The two- to four-foot stump left by cutting off a Christmas tree can be made to grow three new Christmas trees candle-brush fashion in about five years if the remaining branches on the stump are properly trimmed.

Albee finds it much easier to get Christmas trees today than eight years ago when he started in the business. Principal reason: The flame of life in and around Eureka was then burning pretty low.

After the mill closed, Eureka's peak population of 2,000 dropped to 600, grass grew in the streets, houses stood empty in rows. Many of those who stayed in Eureka and didn't like their old home simply moved into a better one. There was nobody to collect the rent. One housewife had a bad habit

of dumping coffee grounds down the sink drain, and whenever the plumbing got stopped up, she and her husband simply moved to another empty house. It was easier than cleaning out the pipes.

Albee himself was caught in the Eureka bust. He ran a general store and went broke.

He stuck with the town, however, buying and selling farm produce and, eventually, lumber when little independent mills sprouted on the mountainsides. Then Albee and other Eurekaans discovered that they "had something" in the young firs that were as thick on the mountains as huckleberry bushes.

Because of their quality, dealers in Seattle, Chicago and Miami cried for more when the first Eureka trees dribbled onto the market. Eurekaans began to shake off their lethargy—with prodding.

Chief prodger was Albee, who stalked the mountains day after day.

He'd stop at a farm with a timber lot and say, "Joe, how about you and the kids cutting some Christmas trees for me this year?"

"At five cents a tree?"

"You'd be surprised how you can multiply five cents. There's been many a new tractor bought with Christmas-tree money. Your neighbor across the valley paid off his mortgage."

And Albee would sign up Joe for a couple thousand trees. Today it is easy to get Joe to sign, especially with trees bringing the producer about 18 cents each. That is big money in Eureka, even though it may seem like a small fraction of the \$1 to \$4 you must plunk down for a tree on the corner lot in your town. But there is a lot of handling of trees between mountain and market.

There is, for instance, the matter of tying the trees in bundles for shipment. Biggest tying yard in Eureka is Albee's. There 50 to 60 persons, mostly women, work in the open, snow or shine, tying four to six bulky trees into a compact bundle.

Housewives who ordinarily don't do work outside their own homes tie trees. They feel it's almost a civic duty. Albee is mighty proud of that fact, because "it gives the yard class" he says.

"See that woman over there in the blue sweater?" he asked. "Wife of a schoolteacher. And that one over there? Wife of a mail carrier."

The tiers don't mind bad weather, because it means higher pay. Ordinarily the pay for tying is

four cents a bundle, but in stormy weather it has climbed as high as 15 cents.

One of the questions Albee always asks a woman when he hires her for tying bundles—and he is old enough to ask the question—is: "Have you got any long-handled underwear?"

If she blushing says no, Albee advises her to make a purchase.

Tying 300 bundles is considered a full day's work, if, as expert tier Howard Hanson put it, "you do a good job."

A Right Smart Job of Tying

The unofficial record for tying in Eureka is held by Ivan Ingram, a big Lincoln County farmer. He established the record one day several Christmas seasons ago by starting at sunrise and working into the moonlight. He stopped only for meals. When he flipped his last bundle of the long day on his private mountain of trees, he had tied 620 bundles, and had handled more than 3,000 trees. No one has since approached that record, not even Ingram.

The last tree of the season is usually stowed away in a freight car or on an open gondola about December 10th. Two years ago catastrophe hovered over the heads of the Eurekaans, with the federal embargo for freight shipments during the coal crisis set for December 5th. Truckers and tiers worked round the clock to beat the deadline, and did beat it on all but three carloads. The embargo was lifted a few days later, however, and these trees, too, rolled to market.

The night the last tree starts its ride out of Eureka the whole town holds an unofficial celebration. But the real celebration comes on Christmas Eve.

On that night, a 30-foot-high tree, the finest from the forest, sparkles with necklaces of varicolored lights in the center of Christmas Tree Town. It is one special tree, surrounded by millions. The school band plays, and choruses sing Silent Night, Holy Night and God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen.

Then students read prize-winning essays on Christmas. There are two favorite subjects. One is the story of the Christmas tree. The other? It's the story of a little ghost town in Montana that hitched its rusted wagon to the star of a Christmas tree. □□□



Basil Buckmaster, veteran Christmas-tree cutter, goes to work on a tree that may wind up as a bit of Christmas cheer almost anywhere in America Collier's for December 4, 1948



Nearly every citizen of Eureka takes a hand in the tree-cutting. Here is a real old-timer, Justice of the Peace C. H. Belmont, at work between cases

To prove the potency of U.S. aviation to a skeptical Europe in 1930, Doolittle arrived in Sofia, Bulgaria, and was greeted by Prince Cyril



Through Hell and High Brass

The Story of Jimmy Doolittle

Cold wars are old stuff to Doolittle. He fought one for the U.S. against a climbing Hitler in the thirties. His daredevil flying in two hemispheres impressed and cheered people who feared Nazi air power. Detecting Goering's plans early in the game he warned of a hot war soon to come

By W.B. COURTNEY

Synopsis: Whether Jimmy Doolittle, as an instructor in World War I, was startling his students by standing on his head on the wing during a landing, or reporting to his C.O. barebottomed after a crash, he was always advancing the science of aeronautics. The previous installment flashed back to the 'thirties when Doolittle's hazardous testing, racing and demonstrating in experimental planes made him a national hero. Largely due to him, American aviation took gigantic strides. But abroad, the big powers, greedy for commercial plane contracts with smaller countries, did their best to disparage it. Doolittle picked up the challenge and with his famous grin, gusto and fearless skill won the hearts of the people in Europe and turned the tables on those who tried to belittle us.

PART 4 OF A SIX-PART ARTICLE*

I WOULD do little to belittle Doolittle," wrote the British ambassador to the American minister in Hungary in 1930, in the corny opening sentence of a letter that went on to belabor Doolittle. It was His Excellency's stern opinion that the skylarking of this air fellow over, through and under central Europe's most enchanting capital snarled traffic, endangered priceless monuments, shook buildings and jeopardized citizens.

"What's eating him?" Jim innocently asked the American minister, J. Butler Wright. "I did the same things in Athens, Belgrade, Sofia, Bucharest and Constantinople and nobody complained—except the police, of course."

It was quite plain, moreover, that the delighted Budapesters did not share the anxiety of His Britannic Majesty's spokesman. In the famous cafés along Franz Josef Quai, gypsy orchestras dropped their zithers and violins, and patrons upset their chairs; in the casino on Margaret's Island, midstream in the wide yellow flood of the Danube, players deserted their card tables—all in a mad stampede to watch and cheer every time the Yankee daredevil flew under, then looped and rolled above the great bridges that make craggy Buda and flat Pest one city.

Scores of other thousands took to the rooftops, jammed balconies or dangled from windows to look down as he scudded through (Continued on page 85)

*Since the author started work on this article, so much more vitally interesting material has developed that the editors have decided to extend the series from five to six parts.

Collier's for December 4, 1948

The Human Female

By COREY FORD

This goes to show that women and money
shouldn't be mixed—but proves they are

IT IS impossible to understand the human female without a complete knowledge of her finance system. On the other hand, it is impossible to understand her finance system without a complete knowledge of the human female. This goes to show you what our Survey is up against.

Continuing our dogged efforts to investigate the Social Behavior of the Human Female, however, our staff of editors recently interviewed a number of married males, or husbands, and asked them how their wives managed the problem of spending money. Most of them felt that, with their wives, spending money was no problem.

"The way we work it at our house," explained a typical husband, Mr. Q— of Fall River, Massachusetts, "I give my wife an allowance each month. Then she goes out and charges everything to me. At the end of the month I borrow back her allowance to pay the bills, so then she goes out and buys some more things with the money I owe her."

On the question of charge accounts, our investigators found, husbands are divided into two camps.



Spending money was no problem

to our staff investigator, "and I told her we couldn't afford it. She said it wouldn't cost any more than a trip to Miami, and I told her we couldn't afford a trip to Miami, either. So she said all right, instead of a trip to Miami we could stay home and do over the dining room, and when I asked her where she'd get the money to do the dining room over, she said by not going to Miami, and so if we didn't do over the dining room, we could use the money we saved on the Miami trip to buy the coat instead. It looks very well on her, too."

The reason for all this confusion, most of the husbands we interviewed agreed, is that women employ an entirely different mathematical system from men, in which there are virtually no decimal points, and the more you add things the less they are. ("Whenever my wife sees something that is marked down to half price," Mr. K— of Terre Haute, explained, "she always buys a second one, because that way she figures she gets the first one for nothing.")

In addition, due to generations of figuring things at \$4.98 instead of \$5, women are constitutionally unable to think in terms of round numbers any



It's impossible to understand her finance system

The first camp, Camp Idlewild, holds that the best way is to let the wife open an account at some good department store and buy whatever she wants. The second camp, which is located on the opposite side of the question with a much better bathing beach, claims that it is cheaper just to buy her the department store.

Case No. 94, a Mr. K— of Terre Haute, Indiana, is typical of this school of thought. "My wife's got two charge accounts," Mr. K— complained, "one at Turnbuckle's and one at Finkel's. Let's say she goes to Turnbuckle's and buys a dress for \$49.98. A few days later I get a letter from the management that we haven't paid last month's bill yet, so my wife takes the dress back, and with the money she is credited at Turnbuckle's, she buys the same dress at Finkel's. That way it doesn't cost me a cent."

"My wife saves money like that, too," agreed Case No. 27, a Mr. Van P— of Tulsa, Oklahoma. "Last week, for instance, I gave her \$20 to buy a new hat. Well, she went into this store and she saw this hat that was just what she wanted and it was only \$17, so she saved \$3 right there. Now, I want you to follow this carefully. While she was buying the hat, she saw this coat to go with it that was

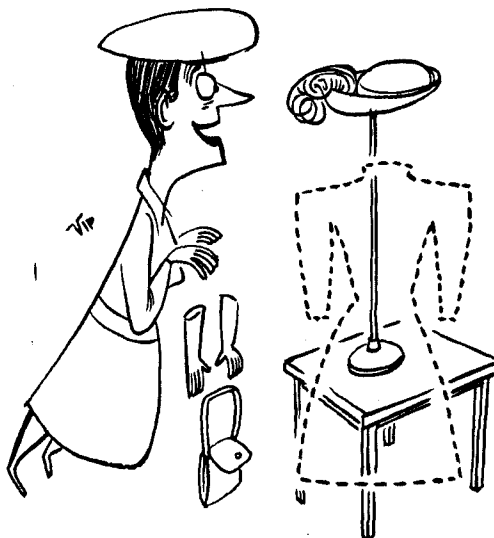
priced down from \$40 to \$23—get it?—so with the \$3 she saved me on the hat, and the \$17 she saved me on the coat," Mr. Van P— sighed, "I owe her another \$20."

Most husbands we talked to seemed to feel that the best plan is to open a separate account, in the wife's name, and let her handle all household expenses. These expenditures are entered carefully in a ruled ledger, and at the end of the month the budget will be found balanced, usually on the top shelf of the hall closet. A sample monthly accounting follows:

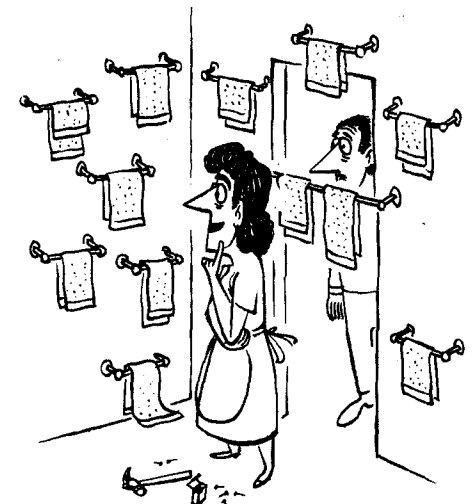
Cleaning brush	\$0.08
Soap (three cakes)	.17
Three-cent stamp	.03
Miscellaneous	467.21

Another baffling aspect of the female finance system is the way a woman can justify spending money for something she really wants. A husband who seeks to understand his wife's monetary logic may profit by the experience of Mr. T— of East Orange, New Jersey.

"My wife wanted a mink coat," Mr. T reported



While she was buying the hat, she saw this coat



They were only ten dollars a dozen

more, and any amount over two figures is automatically billed to their husbands.

In order to illustrate this unique system, we offer several sample problems from the Female Mathematics Primer. If the reader can solve the following questions without looking at the answers, it proves that he is a married male himself. What's more, it won't do him a particle of good:

Q.: Mrs. Brown buys 6 yards of dress material @ \$1.49 per yd. What is the cost of the dress?

A.: Dress material, \$8.94; new shoes to go with dress, \$16.50; stockings (6 prs.), \$14.32; purse, \$20; gloves, \$9.75; coat, \$87.50; manicure and hair wave, \$6.50; tea at Sherry's with Edith and Louise, \$4.90; taxi home, \$.75. Total cost, \$169.16.

Q.: Mrs. Smith needs two bath towels at \$1 each. How much does she spend?

A.: Ten dollars. ("They were only ten dollars a dozen, George, it seemed a shame not to save the money, etc.")

Q.: Mr. Jones gives Mrs. Jones \$5. She purchases three bunches of celery at \$.17 each, and two oranges and an apple at \$.35 per pound. How much change does she give back to Mr. Jones?

A.: Are you kidding?

DRAWINGS BY VIRGIL PARTCH

Oh what Fun it is to ride — *♪*

...on a New York Central train!



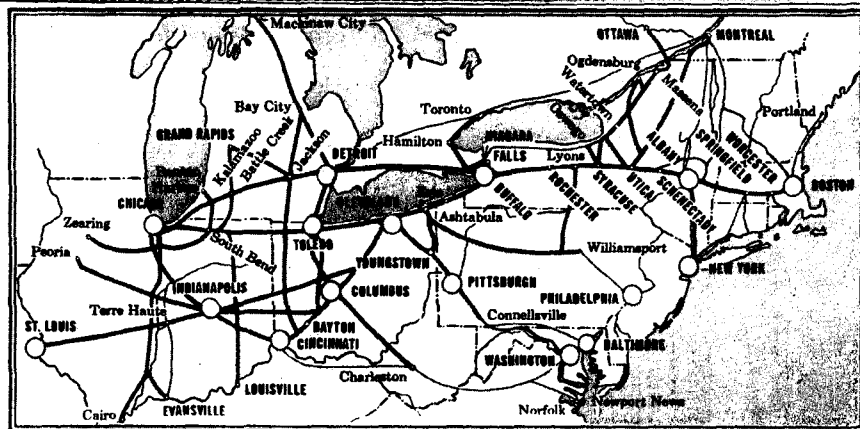
It's Fun to join in the holiday good fellowship on New York Central's luxurious new observation or lounge cars . . . many of them for coach passengers, too.

It's Fun to order yourself a piping hot meal in New York Central's new streamlined dining cars . . . and enjoy every course with a big helping of scenery on the side!

It's Fun to snuggle down for a winter's nap in Central's comfortable sleeping car berths or private rooms . . . with never a care for the weather out there, as you sleep the miles away!

It's Fun to relax in a lean-back seat on Central's new fleet of cozily air-conditioned coaches . . . and watch the winter world roll past your wide, sightseeing window.

THIS IS THE WEATHER MAP!

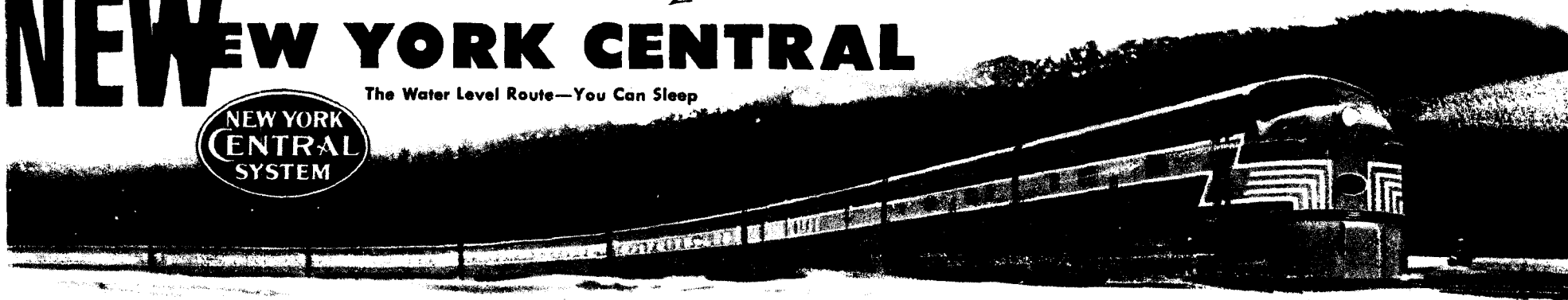


Winter or summer, storm or fair, New York Central's new daylight streamliners and overnight "Dreamliners" get you there in comfort . . . via this dependable 11,000-mile network.

Yes, it's fun to enjoy the NEW in

NEW YORK CENTRAL

The Water Level Route—You Can Sleep





At last!
real he-man comfort!



"Fancy meeting you doing the rhumba," says my pal Ed. "And on a public street corner, too!"

2

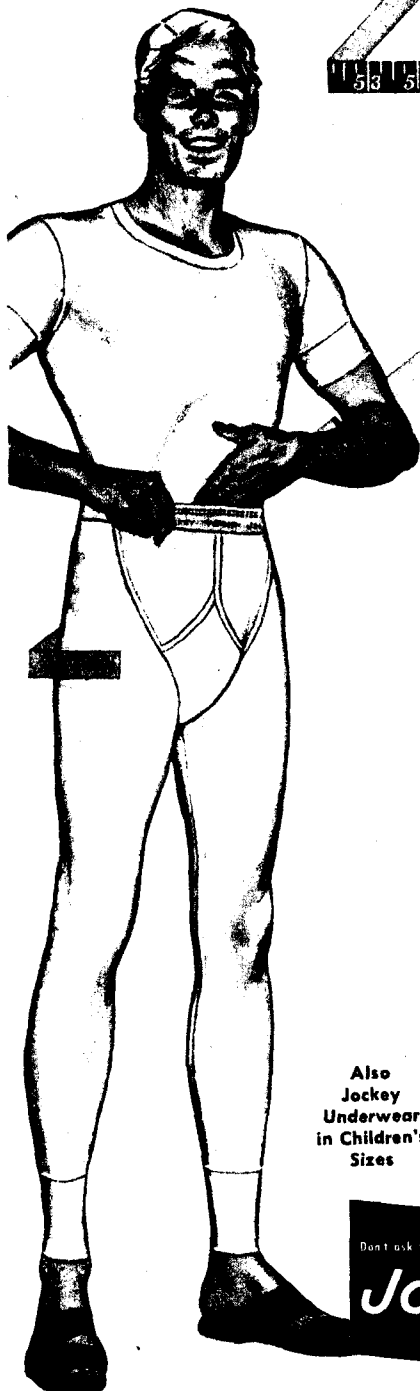
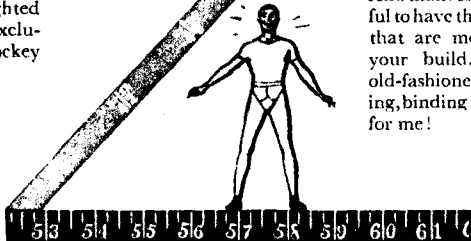
"Quiet," I says, "I'm straightening my underwear." "How quaint," says Ed and gives me an earful that sends me running—



—to the nearest store for Jockeys. And there they measure me with Coopers' copyrighted "Hip-Tape," an exclusive service for Jockey customers.

4

And man! Is it wonderful to have these Jockeys that are measured to your build. No more old-fashioned bunching, binding underwear for me!



Yessir!
Jockey gives you
COMFORT SO PERFECT
IT'S PATENTED!

Sure, you want underwear comfort around your waist, but why not have it at the crotch, too! That's where most discomfort occurs. And that's why millions of men demand Jockeys. For Jockey has comfort so perfect it's patented.

Jockey's "Hip-Tape" measuring method, developed and copyrighted by Coopers, assures "snug as your skin" fit *everywhere*. And only Jockey has the patented cradle pouch, the Y-Front with no-gap opening, the smooth-seamed freedom from binding and chafing. See your Jockey dealer right now—get measured—get Jockeys! And get Jockey Contoured Shirts to match, sleeveless or short sleeves.

Also
Jockey
Underwear
in Children's
Sizes



Licenses: Canada, Moodies; British Isles, Lyle and Scott; Australia, Speedo Knitting Mills; New Zealand, Lane-Walker-Rudkin; Switzerland, Vollmoeller; Colombia, Ego Ltda.

Telephone Lines

By MARSHALL GOODMAN



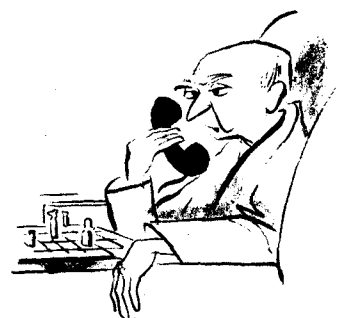
"Hello? Is this Miss Sweet's apartment? You don't know me, but I'm a friend of Bill Sugarman. He said if I ever came to New York I should look . . ."



"Hello, Johnny boy! Johnny, this is old Bill! Was thinking of old Johnny and said must call my old pal from the Coast. How are . . ."



"This is the Electric Light Company. Would you please go outside and see if your street light is . . ."



"Hello, Pudgie baby! . . . Oh, sorry—wrong number . . ."



"Do have luncheon with me sometime, darling—"

"Love to, dear. Please call me—we've simply got . . ."

Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper
*Enjoying a Holiday at Trail Creek Cabin
 Sun Valley, Idaho*

VACATION for GARY COOPER . . . and You!

WHETHER you slip away to Sun Valley for a Holiday-on-Skis—like Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper—or enjoy winter sports at home—you'll find Pabst Blue Ribbon is always a pleasant, friendly companion.

That ever-faithful, *real beer flavor* you enjoy in Pabst Blue Ribbon

was achieved by 104 years of pioneering in the *Art of Brewing*... and the *Science of Blending*.

By tasting, by comparing, you will understand why millions the world over have settled down to the real beer enjoyment that comes only with blended, splendid Pabst Blue Ribbon.

Pabst
Blue Ribbon

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER

Pabst, Blue Ribbon, and the representation of a blue ribbon, are the registered trade-marks of Pabst Brewing Company. Copr. 1948, Pabst Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin



Give your home a New kind of heating with **TRANE** Convector-radiators

Heating that Hides in the Wall

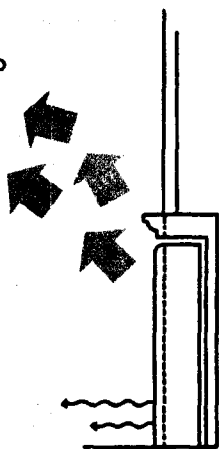
This wonderful new kind of heating literally *hides* in the wall, blending almost unseen into your home. Decorate as you please, arrange furniture as you like . . . you can forget that heating is there.

Heating that Is Clean and Gentle

Soft currents of air gently warmed fill your rooms with June. A sunny touch of radiant warmth adds a perfect note. This delightful *natural* heating is as clean as your home. The touch of your finger controls it.

Heating that Saves You Money

You'll find that this new marvel in heating costs *less* to install than any other steam or hot water system. Fuel costs are less, too. To see in full color how Trane Convector-radiators blend into beautiful rooms, mail the coupon right away.



TRANE

HEATING and AIR CONDITIONING

the world's most complete line **Systems**

THE TRANE COMPANY
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Please send me your free booklet, "How to Live in June All Winter".

Name.....

Address.....City.....State.....

(C2)

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

state and some of the schools we saw were nothing but deathtraps for school children. Another very serious thing we noticed was boarding homes and nursery schools for children built with no thought given for the protection of the children in case of fire.

D. J. LAVENBARG, Chief Engineer, South Pasadena Fire Dept., South Pasadena, Cal.

. . . It is just what this country needs, calling a spade a spade. I feel the need for such articles, especially in this great state of Texas even with our so-called "fireproof" school buildings. Natural gas is so abundant that it is used extensively for heating. It can also be an explosive and a panic creator. I cite you the explosion in the New London, Texas, school on March 18, 1937. Two hundred and ninety-four children were killed and many others injured. Incidentally, this school was rebuilt and is one of the most modern in the country. . . . JOE H. BOONE, Chief, Fire Dept., El Paso, Texas

. . . You may be interested in the following rather startling facts which were uncovered in a recent state-wide survey and presented in my testimony before the Massachusetts Legislature this past spring. Forty-one buildings have been condemned by the Department of Public Safety but are still in use. Three hundred and ninety-three buildings have been given 90 days in which to make essential repairs or they too will be condemned. One hundred and forty-one buildings were considered to be fire hazards by the superintendents of schools. . . .

OWEN B. KIERNAN, Superintendent, Wayland Public Schools, Wayland, Mass.

. . . Because of the vital nature of the fire safety articles, we are recommending them to the more than 1,200 school safety teachers in Indiana. . . . J. L. LINGO, Director, Purdue Univ., Lafayette, Ind.

. . . It may be recalled that about forty years ago there occurred the horrible catastrophe at one of the Collinwood elementary schools in which over 60 lives were sacrificed in a fire. Since that time the village of Collinwood has been incorporated into the City of Cleveland and the city school district but the entire community and neighboring cities doubtless have been affected in the alertness to fire hazards by that tragic incident.

F. L. SIMMONS, Principal, Collinwood High School, Cleveland, Ohio

. . . Even though many of our buildings are very inadequate, our state is on the alert. A very serious fire some years ago in a school building in our state that cost the lives of several people is probably responsible for the fact that our state has been most conscious of fire hazards.

JESSE T. ANDERSON, State Superintendent of Education, Columbia, S. C.

. . . This is my first year in office and I am appalled by the plight of our city, and of the other cities in the eastern part of the country. We have outdated streets, schools, buildings of all kinds, and there is no way short of a miracle to find a solution. . . .

HORACE S. GRAHAM, Mayor, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

. . . We have a situation in Rhinebeck, New York, which is very bad and cannot seem to get anything done about it. The school burned down about ten years ago; we still have no new school but each class is housed in a separate building. The kindergarten, first and second grades are in the Methodist church chapel and old grange hall. Third, fourth, fifth and sixth are in an old inn building directly in back of a garage. Seventh and eighth in another church chapel. High school in wing of old school which was saved from fire. Plus art, music, etc., in several other wood buildings. The fire situation in all these buildings is

very bad. I check each building every month and only last week had a fire in roof of one building which was saved and repaired. Would appreciate very much if Collier's can wake this village up to the fact that something will happen someday when it is too late. I have done everything possible as chief of fire department.

CHIEF GEORGE A. CROWLEY, Rhinebeck, N. Y.

. . . As mayor of San Francisco I am most aware of the hazard created by firetraps. Much of this awareness rests in the historical background of San Francisco, which in 1906 lay a smoking ruins because of fire. This has done much toward keeping San Francisco schools somewhat more safe, perhaps, than others throughout the country. But through the years of depression and war, San Francisco has been forced to allow a great portion of its school properties to deteriorate. Certain fire hazards have sprung up. A multimillion-dollar construction program has been devised to eliminate outdated school properties, and to provide room for a huge increase in population which San Francisco has experienced since the war. This program will be placed before the voters this fall in the form of a \$48,000,000 bond issue. Allow me to congratulate Collier's. . . . ELMER E. ROBINSON, Mayor, San Francisco, Cal.

. . . We have two elementary schools in our community that are firetraps (central stairways which made an excellent chimney flue, old oil-soaked floors, etc.) and I shudder to think what the result would be in the case of fire.

Of course, the answer is new buildings, but the cost in many cases is prohibitive. . . .

C. ARCHIE HOPKINS, Supervising Principal, Public Schools, Fort Edward, N. Y.

. . . Our public-school situation here in Denver is, I believe, as serious as any in the country. Fortunately our excellent school board and our fire department have long recognized the seriousness of our problem and have entered into a co-operative plan to make alterations to our school buildings, which has appreciably reduced the fire hazard. . . .

QUIGG NEWTON, Mayor, Denver, Colo.

. . . A few years ago in our school, McKinley, Olympia, Washington, a group of mothers was quite worried over fire in our school. We have a two-story building and the furnace sets directly under the hall into which all doors of classrooms emptied. By the way, *these were the only doors or means of exit!* The floors were very well saturated with oil from the sweeping compound. There was no protection between the floors and the furnace so we started out on a crusade.

Sure it cost them money, but they now have a water supply in case of fire, and there is a fire hydrant in front of the school! The city has no excuse now for not responding to our fire alarm!

Don't just chew your nails and worry, delve into the subject and find the facts and if they don't suit you—DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT! It is your tax dollar that pays the bill. Get your money's worth!

MRS. CARL ISAACSON, Olympia, Wash.

. . . What we need is state and/or federal aid in school-building construction. . . .

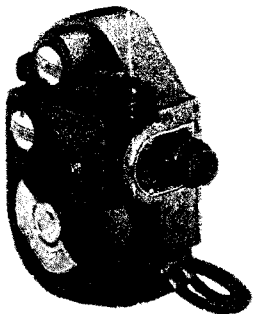
EDWIN A. COX, Superintendent of Schools, Erving School Union, New Salem, Mass.

. . . There is no such thing as perfect fire protection and Collier's attempt to prevent us from having to learn that fact the hard way is a definite service to the nation. The campaign—to end fires in our schools—must never end.

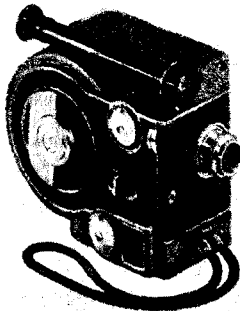
DONALD DIKE, Principal, Athol High School, Athol, Mass.

Collier's for December 4, 1948

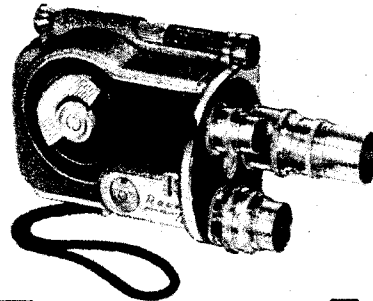
Revere "88" 8mm Camera
—Easy threading. Five
speeds. F 2.5 lens.
Including tax \$77.50



Revere "70" 8mm Maga-
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—no threading. Five
speeds. F 2.8 lens.
Including tax \$127.50

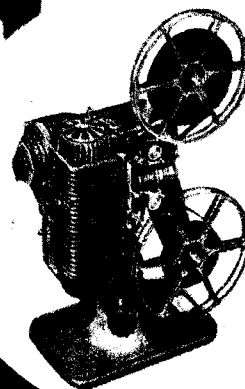


Revere "26" 16mm Mag-
azine Turret Camera—
3-lens turret—Adjustable
view-finder. F 2.5 lens.
Including tax \$152.50

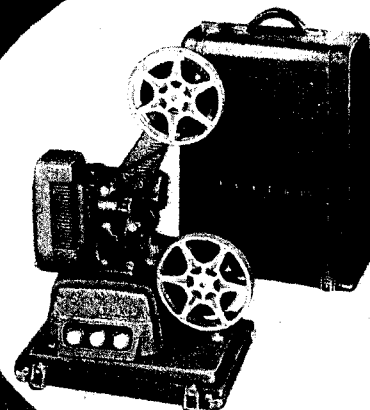


Revere "85" 8mm Projector—
500 watt. F 1.6 lens.
\$120.00

Revere "48" 16mm Silent
Projector—750 watt.
(Not Illustrated) \$120.00



Revere "16" 16mm
Sound Projector—Thea-
tre-tone. Simple opera-
tion. AC-DC. \$287.50



This year give Revere...

for a Christmas they'll never forget!

Home movies are becoming a Christmas tradition. When dinner's over, everybody adjourns to the living room for the "big show". Taking movies, too, is part of the Christmas picture.

You'll want glorious full-color movies of all the joyous events—the busy preparations...

the glittering, laden tree... exciting opening of gifts... outdoor fun...

and those many other priceless scenes the whole family will enjoy re-living

again and again. So make this a Christmas they'll never forget—give a Revere!

Remember, if you can take snapshots, you can take good movies... it's that easy

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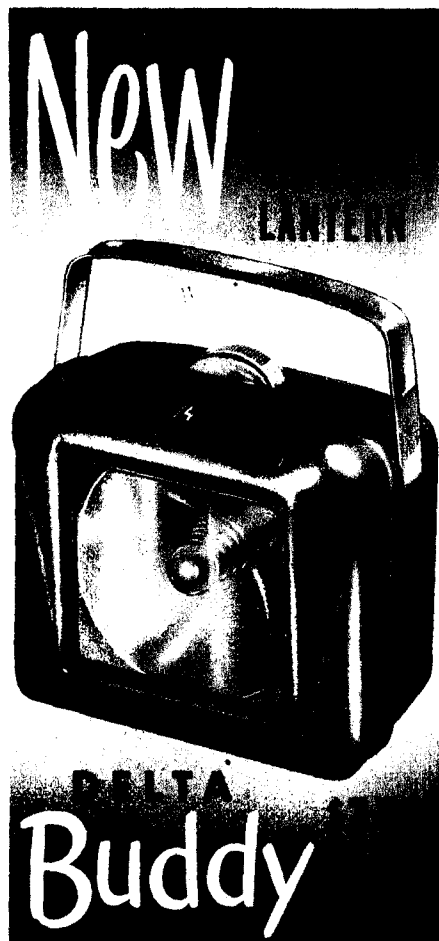


Revere

EIGHTS and SIXTEENS

IN PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS REVERE ADDS TO YOUR PLEASURE

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



CARRY IT



HOLD IT

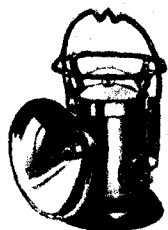


HANG IT

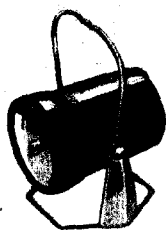
The ideal "little" electric lantern for city home or farm—for mechanic or housewife—for motorist or truck driver. It fits snugly in tool chest, drawer or glove compartment—*without rolling*. Its luminous plastic switch **GLOWS IN THE DARK!**

The lines of the Delta Buddy are modern, distinctive, graceful. Yet it's a "toughy"—built to last for years. Its case is rust-proof, die-cast zinc base with a baked red enamel finish. Its lens is sturdy plastic. Its bail is polished stainless steel.

And light—Buddy really gives it! Its big $2\frac{1}{4}$ " reflector throws a wide, night-shattering beam. Operates on two standard $1\frac{1}{4}$ " flashlight cells which can be changed in a jiffy. Height $4\frac{1}{4}$ " to top of handle... Get a Delta Buddy now at your hardware, sport or electrical store.

**Delta POWERlite**

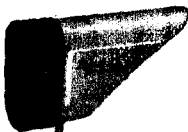
America's favorite electric lantern. Two reflectors—800 ft. spot, bright flood light. Less battery \$4.65

**Delta REDDYlite**

Electric lantern. It's handy. It revolves like a wheel. "Stays put" at any angle you set. Less battery . . . \$3.25

Delta TRIPLE-LITE For Bicycles

Stop light—Tail light—Reflector. All in one light! Operates on automotive principle. Less batteries . . . \$2.69



Atch-o-o-o!

With the common cold on the loose again, radio's Fred Allen demonstrates the technique of conquering a sneeze—almost



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENDERSON AND SHAW

MOVETTE CAMERA BY AMERICAN CINEFOTO CORP.

No need to watch this beautiful G-E All-Automatic!



HERE's the most wonderful All-Automatic vacuum coffee maker sold . . . and the least expensive! All you do is press a button! The water goes up *automatically* . . . perfect coffee comes down *automatically* . . . and the coffee keeps hot *automatically*.

In other words, set it, come and go as you please . . . your coffee will be ready, waiting, and hot.

Has all the G-E features: easy-to-clean wide-mouth bowls, cup measurements plainly marked on lower bowl, and the cool-to-the-touch plastic stove, complete with plug-in cord. Combination handle and clamp-on lid serves as a table mat for upper bowl. All glass, even the filter rod. Only \$17.95.

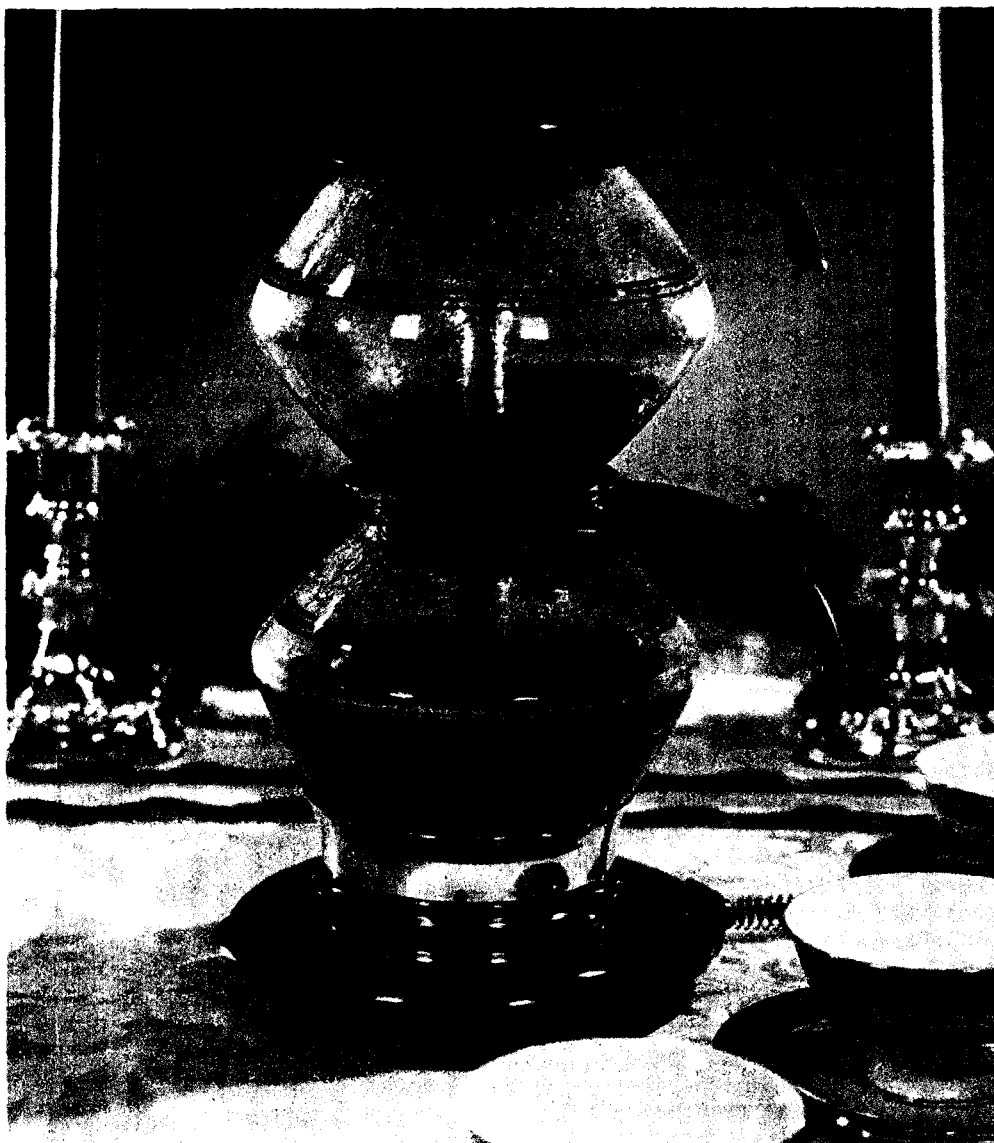
► When you're giving a Coffee Maker, remember—only General Electric has the *Tastegard*!

2-8 Perfect Cups in the Same Coffee Maker!

That's the miracle of General Electric's own and exclusive *Tastegard* . . . it lets you make any number of perfect cups of coffee in the same coffee maker. All you need is one coffee maker, not big and little sizes.

Your General Electric  will make two cups  or four cups  or six cups  or eight cups.  All perfect!

What's the *Tastegard*? Just a tiny precise hole in the stem of the upper bowl. But it means perfect coffee in any quantity, and only General Electric's got it!



4 more Tastegard Coffee Makers at amazing prices with amazing features



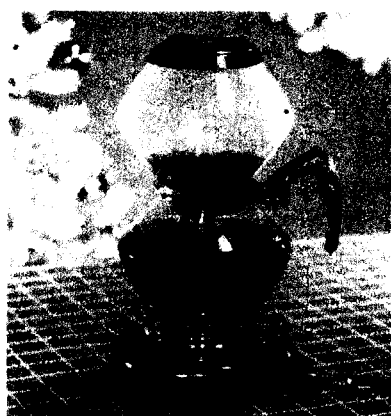
Top of the Range Model **\$3.95**

Makes 2 to 8 cups of perfect coffee on stove or hot plate. Like all G-E Coffee Makers, it features: visible cup measurements, convenient handle on lower bowl, and exclusive *Tastegard*. Wide-mouth bowls, lay-on lid and filter.



Special G-E Model **\$6.95**

One of the lowest-priced complete electric coffee makers sold! A great value! All the features of the range model, plus a durable, quick-heating, chromium-plated G-E Electric Stove. Makes 2 to 8 cups. Plug-in cord and filter.



De Luxe Electric Model **\$8.95**

This 2- to 8-cup electric model features a cool-to-the-touch plastic base. Clamp-on lid permits easy removal of upper bowl. Exclusive General Electric *Tastegard*, of course. Plug-in cord and easy-to-clean glass filter rod.



Semiautomatic Model **\$10.95**

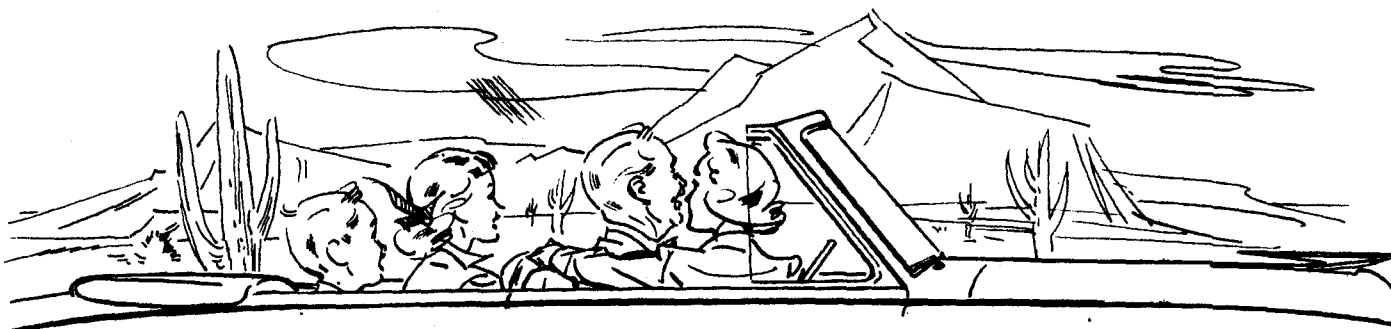
One heat to brew 2 to 8 cups of perfect coffee . . . flip a switch, another heat to keep it warm! Cool-to-the-touch plastic base. Exclusive General Electric *Tastegard*, of course. Lay-on lid. Plug-in cord and filter.

Prices subject to change without notice.

NO OTHER COFFEE MAKERS—REGARDLESS OF PRICE—HAVE THE TASTEGARD

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

Your Family deserves the Finest Safest Royal of

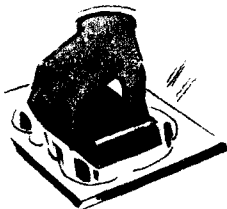


*Never before has a tire
offered such safety, comfort and mileage*

The new U. S. Royal Master brings you the greatest stopping power and cushioning comfort ever built into a tire.

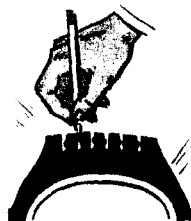
With this finest, safest Royal, U. S. Rubber is first to combine the unmatched safety of De-skidded Tread with the "U. S." development that has revolutionized riding smoothness—*Air Ride Low Pressure*.

It makes such a dramatic improvement in your driving that you can instantly *see* and *feel* the difference in the most amazing proof of performance that a tire ever gave!



MAKE THE STOP TEST

In just one minute, you'll demonstrate to yourself that the Master's De-skidded Tread digs down through slippery road-films—stops you quicker when you need it most.



newed, you'll get full skid protection to its very last mile!

TRY THE MILEAGE TEST

Now just measure the Royal Master tread. It's a full 25% deeper—assuring up to 60% more safe miles! And, because its non-skid edges can be re-

ENJOY THE RIDE TEST

Drive a Master-equipped car over *any* road — and you'll discover far softer riding on the roughest going. Its Air Ride Low Pressure provides more air at less pressure—literally *smothers* the bumps.



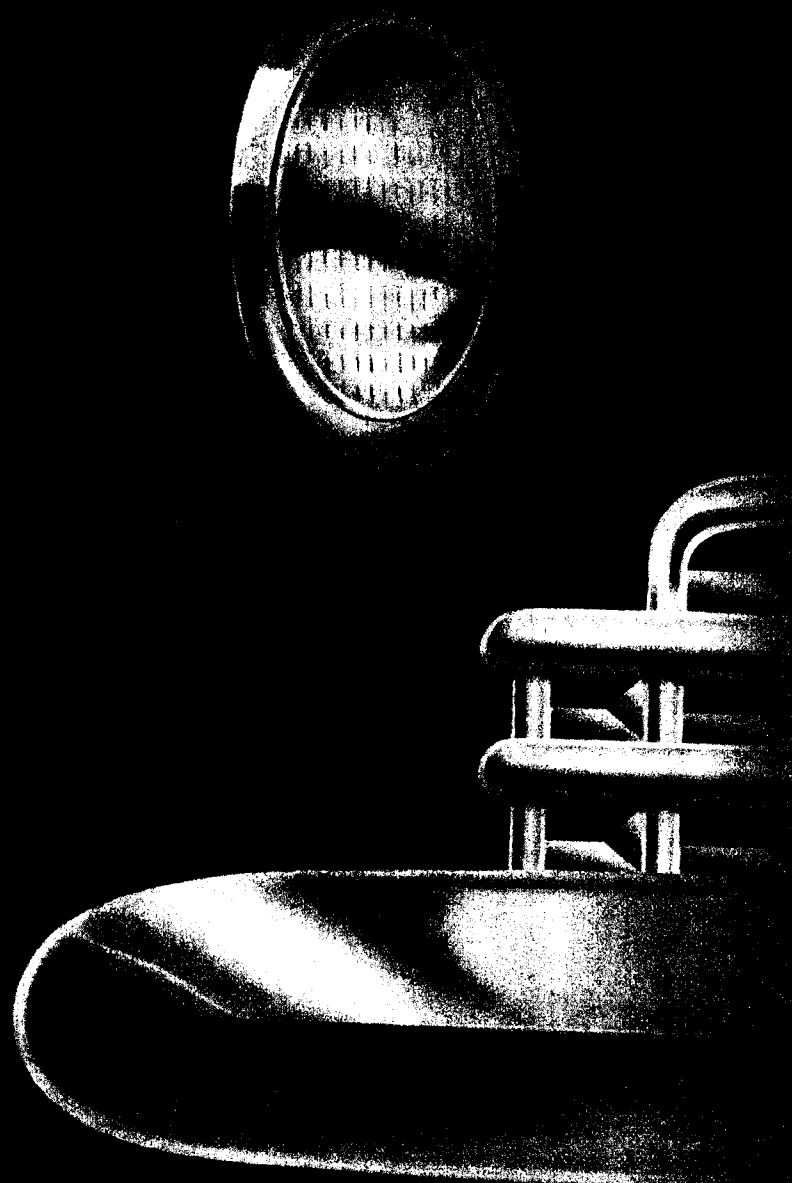
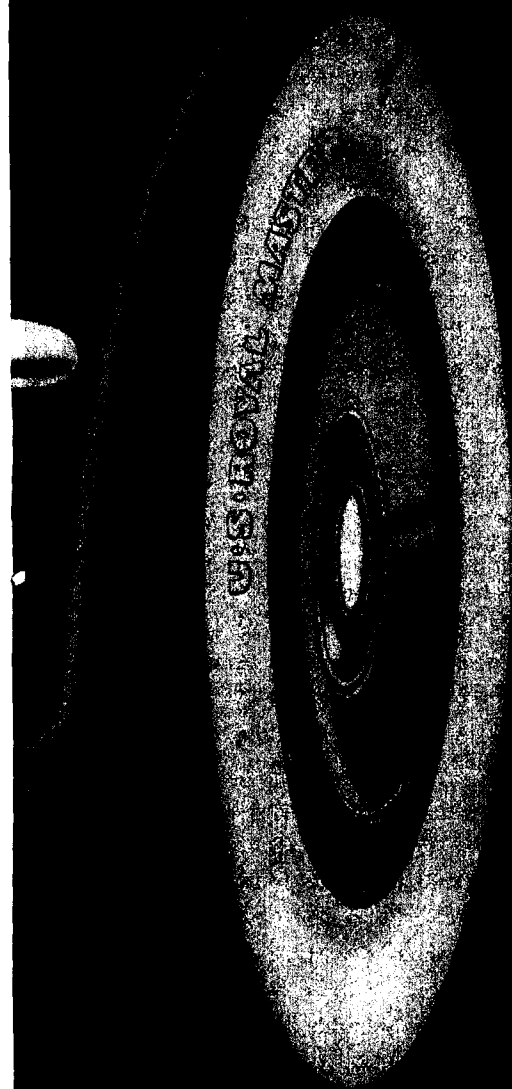
See and try the new U. S. Royal Master
at your U. S. Tire Dealer's Now!

U. S. ROYAL *Master*

WITH *Air Ride* LOW PRESSURE

BY

them all...



U.S. RUBBER

Your U.S. Dealer's specialized
tire care and USCAP tread re-
newing service assure every
extra mile of safety and com-
fort built into U.S. ROYALS.

U.S.
ROYAL
TIRES



UR PRESENT WHEELS

PASSAGE TO PANAMA

By ROBERT CARSON

Continuing the madcap adventures of a millionairess and her bodyguard

ILLUSTRATED BY WARD BRACKETT



The Story: JOHNNY SMITH, an ex-private detective, is trying hard to be a successful lawyer and failing for lack of clients, when his old detective-agency partner FRANK GRAHAM calls him about a job. Through Graham, Johnny meets JAMES T. ALBERTSON, legal counsel for ANNA MARIE BISHOP. Miss Bishop, a rich young industrialist, is the manufacturer of a permanent-wave apparatus. To advertise it she has financed an archaeological venture in Panama, which will be headed by a woman named INDIA REDO. They plan to search from the air for the remains of an ancient civilization, using surplus Army planes for that purpose. Albertson tells Johnny that Anna Marie has received a letter threatening her life. And he asks Johnny to go to Panama on the same steamship with Anna Marie, to protect her. Anna Marie is glum the first two days out of port and remains in her cabin. But on the third day Johnny surprises her in the captain's cabin, searching the captain's safe. She has taken from it a radio-gram addressed to her, telling her that the sale of her home-permanent company has been confirmed. When Johnny tries to find out why she is continuing the archaeological expedition when she no longer has anything to advertise, she won't talk. Later the chief engineer escorts Johnny down to the engine room. They are inspecting the engines when Johnny sees a man on a catwalk above deliberately following him. Johnny grabs the chief. The man above is carrying a heavy casting and looks as if he is about to drop it.

PART 3 OF A SEVEN-PART SERIAL

ABOVE them, the man with the casting peered below and hesitated. Johnny prepared to jump. After a moment, the man had to set the metal down. Still holding the chief, Johnny began the upward journey. The narrow stairs were impossible to negotiate side by side, and he had to be content with hooking his fingers in the chief's belt and letting him go ahead.

When they arrived on the platform, the man who had carried the casting was again at work. He did not raise his head as they passed him. Johnny steered the chief into his cabin and kicked the door shut. His heart was banging heavily from the reaction, and a red mist swam in front of his eyes. All the Smiths had suffered such bad moments.

The chief was staring at Johnny pleadingly. Taking him by the slack in his shirt, Johnny almost lifted him from the floor. Johnny slammed the chief against the wall twice, and his spectacles fell on the carpet. The chief's hands remained at his sides.

"I ought to beat your head in," Johnny said. "What the hell are you trying to do?"

"It was not me," the chief said. "Not me."

"You knew that guy was laying for me."

"I wanted you to stay here."

"Is he waiting for Miss Bishop too?"

The chief shook his head. Johnny slammed him against the wall again.

"Is he?"

The chief nodded.

"Why?"

"I don't know."

"You know, you squarehead bum," Johnny said, "and you're going to tell me—right now. I'll tear you apart if you don't."

Tears were mingling with the perspiration on the chief's face. He closed his eyes resignedly. Johnny knew the look. The chief was going to take whatever he had coming and keep his mouth shut.

"Aw, what am I doing?" Johnny said. "This is ungentlemanly."

He released the chief, who slid to the floor, losing his cap. Johnny sat down at the desk. Opening his eyes, the chief tried to smile. His gold teeth glittered.

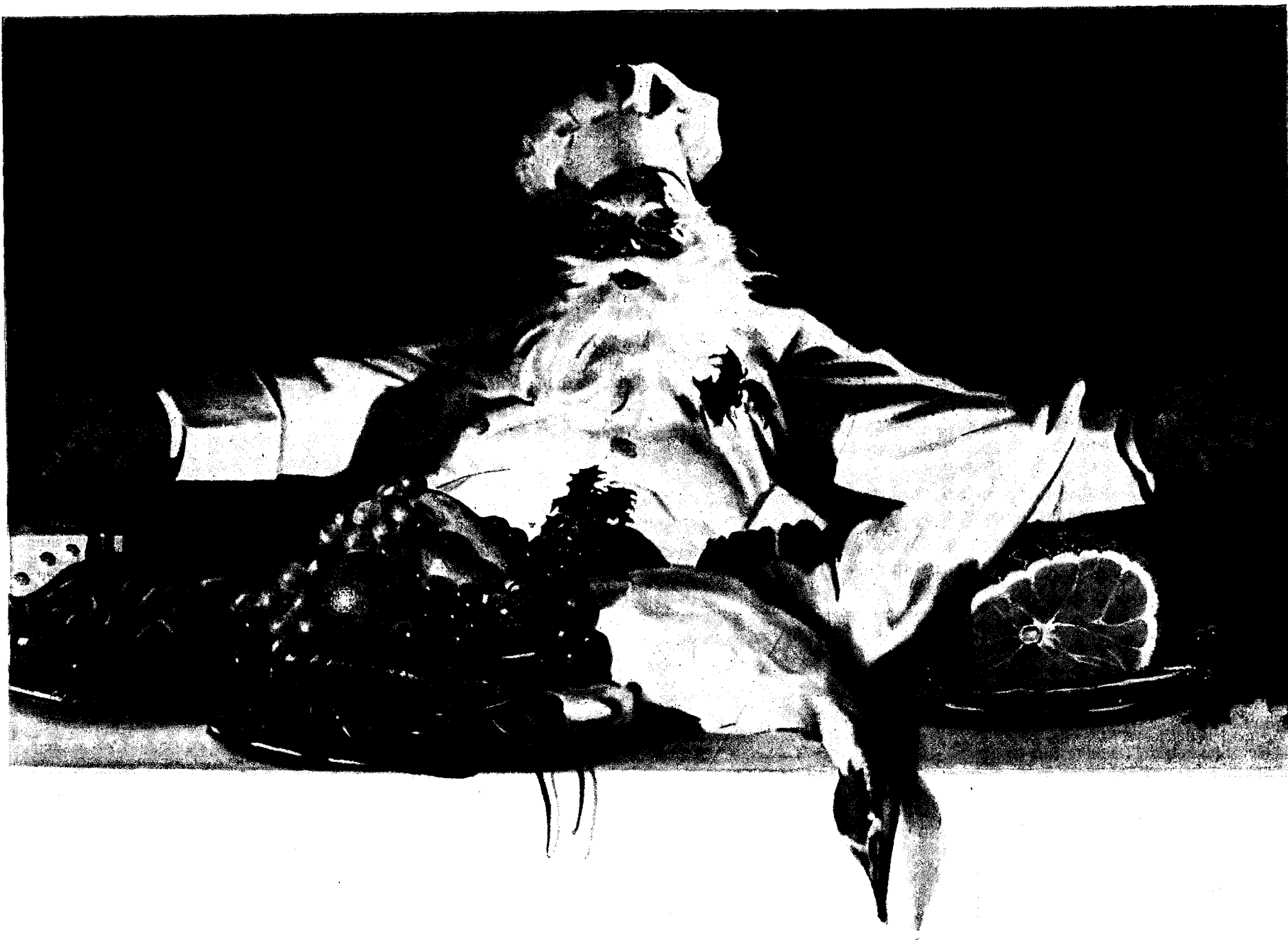
"Here's your glasses and cap," Johnny said, and tossed them to him. "I'm sorry I got rough."

The chief donned his cap, wiped his spectacle lenses with a handkerchief, and hooked them over his ears with unsteady fingers. He got up.

"That is all right," he said. "I understand. Can I offer you a bottle of beer?" (Continued on page 64)

Johnny slammed the chief against the wall, but the chief's hands remained at his sides. "You knew that guy was laying for me," Johnny said

Collier's for December 4, 1948



Help Yourself to Good Taste

Hospitality lives in every heart, but Christmas provides a special occasion to express it. When family and friends get together, Christmas is as flavorful as it is gay. The table laden with plump fowl and delicious dressing, cranberry sauce, succulent vegetables, snowflake potatoes with giblet gravy . . . and Budweiser! Golden, bubbling, sparkling, foaming . . . Budweiser! It tells you with every sip why it is something more than beer . . . a tradition in hospitality.



*It lives with good taste
everywhere*

Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH . . . SAINT LOUIS

THE LOVELY FOR INSTANCE

Continued from page 15

was a friend of the people who lived next door. They were away but had left the key so she could go swimming. There was that feeling in my stomach again. I knew it had to be love. It couldn't be hunger because I had just eaten. We drove for a while without saying anything. It was good just to be near her.

"Stella what?" I asked after a while.

"Foray. Stella Foray."

The name was familiar. Then it hit me like Joe Louis using brass knuckles. She was a girl who had been a model in New York three months before and now was being featured in her first picture. She was an up-and-coming actress. Anita had been an up-and-coming actress. I was still a cowboy actor.

"What do they call you?" she asked.

"John Winthrop."

"What do you do, Winthrop?"

I remembered Anita and that actresses on their way up had to be particular about whom they went around with, so I didn't tell her. "I live on unearned income," I lied.

"Rich father?"

"A little," I went on, "He's sort of an inventor."

"What'd he invent?"

"The wheel."

"I'll tell all my friends to buy one."

"Do that."

"You know something?" Stella said.

"What?"

"I either like people the first time I see them or I don't."

"Then I better leave."

"No." She smiled. "I didn't really look at you till we started eating."

"But you were so angry with me."

"I told you I have to protect myself. It was a friendly growl. When do I see you again, Winthrop?"

"Tomorrow," I said, "I'll call you."

"Do that," she replied. I kissed her.

"Do that again," she said. I did it again.

WHEN I saw my agent the next morning, I said, "Harry, you've got to get me out of Westerns."

"Take it easy, Johnny," he said in his high, wheezy voice, "You'll get saddle-sore."

"I'm saddlesore already."

"It takes time, kid."

"Time? You've been saying that for two years. When you brought me out here you said I'd be the next Humphrey Bogart!"

"I didn't know the first one was going to hang around so long."

"Well, just get me a part in a decent movie, that's all."

"Sure, Johnny," he went on. "In the meantime there's another problem. Mr. Prentiss, head man at Cactus, thinks it might be a good idea if you changed your name."

"What's wrong with Winthrop?"

"Nothing, it's your first name. He'd like it to be 'Tex.'"

"No."

"Maybe you'd like 'Buck' better?"

"No," I said very quietly, "You don't seem to understand, Harry, I don't want to be in Westerns." Then suddenly I was shouting, "And if you can't get me a part in a picture where people walk around instead of riding horseback, I'll get a new agent!"

Later that week Harry called. "Looks like I can get you a contract at Continental," he said. "Would that do?"

"That'd be great, Harry!" I said, thinking that it was a big studio and would be my chance to get out of Westerns. If I did sign with Continental, I could explain to Stella that I was an actor. I could say I had done a few Westerns but now was working at Continental. No up-and-coming young actress could worry about me then. . . .

"How's the wheel business?" she asked me one evening the next week at dinner.

"Well, some competition has come into the field. They're trying to put a square wheel on the market. If they do, it may be the end of us."

"It'll never work," Stella said. "How could you put a round tire on a square wheel?"

"You make me feel better already," I answered.

"That's because I'm in love with you."

This was such a surprise that I knocked my coffee into my lap. I soaked it up with a napkin.

"If you're going to do things like that, darling," Stella went on, "perhaps I'd better not be in love with you."

"Perhaps you'd better not."

Fear flashed in her eyes so quickly that I grabbed her and kissed her long and hard.

"Darling," she said. "You have to say you love me now."

"I do?"

"You just spilled coffee in my lap."

The next morning I was back in my agent's office. "Did you get me that dismounted contract?" I asked.

At eight o'clock I stood in front of the Prentiss mansion on Bedford Drive dressed in my white cowboy outfit. The boots were killing me; I never could get used to wearing them. Harry was immaculately dressed in a dinner jacket.

A butler opened the door for us and then there was Mr. Prentiss. He was a tall man with graying hair.

"Don't mind these clothes, Mr. Prentiss," I said self-consciously, "I had to work late at the office."

"You look very distinguished, Winthrop," he said. Mr. Prentiss took me by the arm and dragged me into the living room. "I want you to meet some people before dinner," he said.

THE living room was as large as the Rose Bowl. If I'd known he lived like this before, I'd have asked for more money. Just when I was getting used to the cowboy outfit, I saw something that made my heart do several acrobatic movements. What I saw was Stella.

"I want you to meet a lady from Arizona," Mr. Prentiss said, pulling me across the room.

I thought I might try to run or get

"That's right. That's why I had to lie about the party."

"Well," she said with that snap in her voice again, "let me tell you something, Mr. Winthrop! I just happen to be from Arizona and I like cowboys and I like cowboy pictures and I don't like people who are snobs about playing in them!" Then she hung up.

For a second I was dazed. Then it began to dawn on me, and not slowly at all, that I had been an extraordinarily large fool. If I had just told her in the beginning, none of this would ever have happened. Now she was convinced that I was a complete snob and I'd probably never see her again.

I went out on the beach and thought about that first afternoon when Stella had walked there in her green bathing suit. There had to be a way to get her back, even if it meant acting in Westerns the rest of my life. That was what she had been mad about, that I was ashamed of being a Western star.

I went back in the house. It was time to practice on my guitar. I had to learn a song about Arizona so I could serenade a girl in my next picture. Stella was from Arizona. There must be a way to show her I wasn't ashamed of being a cowboy actor. I thought about this for a moment and then a crazy idea joined the other crazy ideas in my head.

Why not serenade her just like I had to do in the picture? Let her know I liked being a cowboy. Why not?

That evening, wearing my white dress cowboy outfit and mounted on an old mare from the livery stable named Myrna, I rode down the fashionable Beverly Hills street on which Stella lived. I had my guitar and my song about Arizona. I didn't know the words but I had them written on a piece of paper.

I FOUND her house. There was a light on in her bedroom window. I hit a chord on the guitar and began to sing under her window. There was enough moonlight so I could read the words off the paper, which was on Myrna's neck.

*"I don't want anyplace but Arizona,
Don't want anybody but you for my
own-a,
Don't want the city lights or tele-
phone-a,
Just want Arizona and you."*

As I started the second verse, I heard a window open and Stella's head appeared. "Oh," she said stiffly, "it's you—go away!" The window closed.

I sang on. Three verses later, the window opened again, an arm came out, threw something, the window closed, the something crashed on the pavement of the driveway. Myrna was frightened and threw her head back. The paper with the words to the song floated to the ground. I dismounted and began to look for it. After a minute or so I saw it. Myrna had her hoof on it, her left rear hoof. I pulled at her leg to get her to lift it.

"Come on, Myrna, lift your leg."

She lifted it. It caught me just under the chin. My head hit the pavement and that's all I remember. . . .

When I opened my eyes I was in a room someplace and a girl was bending over me. My head felt like it had been kicked by a horse.

"Darling—are you all right?" It was Stella.

I said that I was fine.

"To think I might have killed you!" Stella went on.

"You might have killed me?"

"Darling, I threw a vase and knocked you out."

"It wasn't you, Stella, it was Myrna. She kicked me when I was trying to—"

"Myrna? Kicked you?"



"Continental wants to think it over," Harry replied.

"Can't we hurry them along?"

"Everything takes time, Johnny, don't get—"

"I know: Don't get saddlesore."

"Right," Harry said. "There's one other thing. Mr. Prentiss is having a dinner party tonight. He'd like you to come."

"Okay," I said, "I'll bring a girl." Then I remembered that Stella didn't know about my life on horseback. "No," I added, "I'll come alone."

"And he wants you in cowboy clothes."

"Oh, no!"

"The deal with Continental may not go through, you better do it."

"Now look, Harry—"

"And bring your guitar. I'll pick you up at seven-thirty."

Over the phone, I said, "Stella, baby, something has come up so I can't see you tonight."

"Business?"

"Yes. You sure it's all right?"

"Of course, darling," she said in that wonderful voice. "You love me?"

"Would I spill coffee on you if I didn't?"

"I love you too," she said. . . .

down on my hands and knees and crawl out of there, but he was stronger than I was. Then it was too late. She was staring at me with a bewildered look. I smiled quickly.

"This is our young cowboy star, Miss Foray," Prentiss was saying.

"Stella," I began, "I can explain—"

"You said you were working."

"I am. I mean I just didn't want you to know that I'm in Western pictures. You see, I thought—that is, well—"

"You're not a businessman?" she asked. "You're a cowboy actor?"

"I'm afraid so," I said weakly.

Anger flared in her eyes. "Well," she snapped, "if this isn't the most horrible thing I've ever heard!" She ran out of the room.

"You and Miss Foray have evidently met," Mr. Prentiss said.

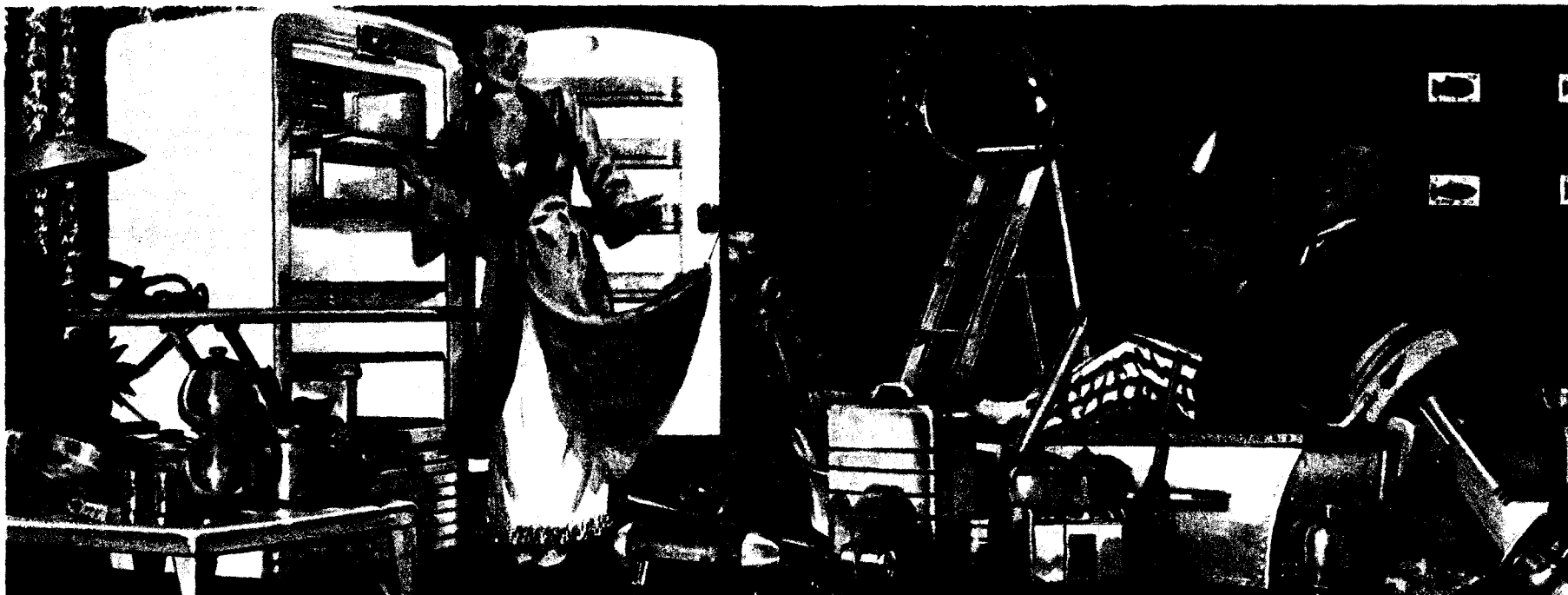
"Evidently," I said. . . .

It was a week before I could get to talk to Stella on the telephone. Then it was just for ten seconds, she said.

"Darling," I began, "I was going to tell you that I was an actor, just as soon as I got a part in a picture that wasn't a Western."

"You mean you said you were in business because you didn't want me to know you were a Western actor?"

How's this for a wonderful Christmas?



**For
you**

The picture above gives you some idea of products that have been vastly improved . . . *because they're made of aluminum*. For example, the boat, the luggage, the kitchen utensils, the refrigerator—all are

better because aluminum is light, durable, rust-proof, and assures lasting beauty. This Christmas you'll find more of these products than ever before—because of Kaiser Aluminum!



**For the
Kids**

What kid wouldn't thrill to toys made of tough, rust-proof, good-looking aluminum? Because of aluminum's unique *combination* of advantages . . . because it's so easily fabricated . . . it is now recog-

nized by alert manufacturers as the successor to other materials. That's why Kaiser Aluminum is used by more than a thousand manufacturers, to bring you value that can't be beat!

For another dependable source . . . choose

Kaiser Aluminum

product of Permanente Metals Corp.

KAISER BUILDING, 1924 BROADWAY, OAKLAND 12, CALIFORNIA

NEW YEAR PREDICTION FOR MANUFACTURERS

It's a safe prediction that next year the demand for aluminum will be even greater than it is today.

Not just because aluminum adds extra *sales appeal*, but also because it's so easy to fabricate. It can be formed, drawn, spun, brazed, welded. It can be painted or polished, or finished in almost any way. And it saves costs on handling, fabricating, shipping.

More than ever the demand will be for *Kaiser Aluminum*. Simply because manufacturers are quick to spot a source that assures consistent high quality, plus the services of an organization whose record for dependable deliveries is unsurpassed.

Oh!
my aching
back!



Here's fast relief...

● Ouch—how sore muscles can torment you, after unusual exercise! To help limber up fast—help Nature by rubbing famous Absorbine Jr. on those sore muscles!

Tired muscles are often *famished* muscles. Your extra effort has burned up the nourishment required for activity. Absorbine Jr. stimulates your local circulation. This enables fresh blood to bring invigorating nourishment to the areas where applied. Pain eases, stiffness subsides...you'll say: "Ah! What relief!" Get a bottle of time-proved Absorbine Jr. today and always keep it handy. All drugstores have it...\$1.25.



Ah!
my
Absorbine Jr.!

W. F. Young, Inc.
Springfield, Mass.



"She's a horse," I said quickly.
"Oh, I thought—"
"Stella, before you get mad at me again, I want to say that if you'll marry me, I'll be the happiest Western actor in the whole world."
"You mean you *like* being a cowboy?"
"Darling," I said, "I want to be what you want me to be."
"I'm so glad you like being a cowboy," she said as she kissed me.

NEXT morning I felt like a million dollars except for my head. I was about to leave when Harry Carson pulled up in front of the house in his convertible.

"I've got news for you," I grinned.
"And I've got news for you," he told me. "I've just got you out of your contract with Cactus and signed you to a seven-year deal with Continental."
"You've what?" I wasn't grinning now.

"I've fixed you up!"
"You certainly have," I said. "Whatever gave you the idea that I didn't like being in Westerns?"

He looked at me strangely. "What's wrong with you, Johnny? Were you kicked by a horse or something?"

"As a matter of fact, I was," I went on. "Look, can you cancel the Continental deal and just let me be a cowboy actor?"

"It's too late, Johnny," Harry said. "You've got to see Lawson at Continental this afternoon. I've given my word. Be at Lawson's office at one."

For an instant I wished Myrna had kicked me a little harder. If I went to Continental and didn't do Westerns, Stella would never speak to me again.

And if I didn't go to work for Continental, I couldn't get my job back at Cactus and would have to start all over again.

I went over to Stella's studio thinking I might find some way to tell her. She was happy to see me. I was introduced to everybody on the set as Johnny Winthrop, the great cowboy star, the man she was going to marry. It didn't seem the time to tell her. . . .

At one I entered Lawson's office. For a man about to get his first real break with a big studio, I looked like I was walking the last mile with rocks in my shoes.

"Sit down," Lawson said. "You've been working in Westerns?"

"Almost three years."

"And now you're going to work for us."

"Yes."

"Winthrop—we're putting you in a very high-budgeted picture."

"Gosh, thanks," I said, trying to sound enthusiastic.

"With five other stars."

"Gosh, thanks."

"You don't sound happy about it, Winthrop," Lawson said sharply.

"Oh, I am, it's just that I—well, you see—"

"We thought you'd be happy to come to a real studio where you could get into a high-priced Technicolor Western."

"Well, you see, what I really—did you say high-priced *Western*?"

"That's what I said, Winthrop," he snapped. "Don't you like it?"

"Like it!" I shouted. "Mr. Lawson—I'm going to be a sensation in the saddle!"



"I suppose it'll be the same old story: I'll stick by him and encourage him until he's a success, and then he'll marry some little fluff who'll catch his eye!"

COLLIER'S

JOHN RUGE



'CHAP STICK' is the overwhelming choice of young and old for chapped, cracked lips. When wind and cold rough up your lips, use 'CHAP STICK' quick and get soothing, smoothing relief. Be sure to ask for 'CHAP STICK' because it is specially medicated, and the only antiseptic lip balm.

Handy pocket size—Easy to apply—longer lasting in results. Buy 'CHAP STICK' for every member of the family. Their lips will thank you.

● For cracked, chapped, weather-sore hands use 'CHAP-ANS,' the man's hand cream.



Every man will be thrilled to receive a New Model VISE-GRIP! For never before has so much usefulness been packed into a single hand tool. Wonderful for countless regular and "impossible" jobs about the home, shop, factory, farm and for the sportsman. Adjusts to plier action or LOCKS to the work with Ton-Grip! The New VISE-GRIP has important added features: INVOLUTE JAW CURVE gives even greater gripping, all shapes. KNURLED JAW TIPS hold to the very tip. THIN NOSE gets into close quarters. WIRE CUTTER cuts wire and small bolts. Opens easier from locked position. Made of finest alloy steel. Nickel plated. Guaranteed.

With Cutter—7", \$2.25; 10", \$2.50. Without Cutter—7", \$1.85; 10", \$2.25. If your dealer doesn't have it, order direct. Postage paid if price accompanies order. Get yours now.

PETERSEN MFG. CO., Dept. C-12, DeWitt, Nebr.

Collier's for December 4, 1948

BEAUTY TYCOON

Continued from page 17

for treatments just like everyone else."

With the first World War, Rubinstein turned her attention to New York, and in February, 1915, she opened a *Maison de Beauté* at 15 East Forty-ninth Street. A full-page advertisement in a fashion magazine, topped by a glamorous etching of Madame, informed ladies: "Queens, princesses, celebrated artists and leaders of high society all acknowledge Mme. Helena Rubinstein to be the World's Greatest Beauty Culturist."

"Society" Appeal Abandoned

Rubinstein soon discovered that the society approach to beauty was being worked with a real flair by another specialist, already entrenched in New York—Elizabeth Arden. Madame dropped society. To the astonishment of advertising readers she declared: "Let it not be supposed that she (Rubinstein) has curables to offer. Her work has had too scientific an impress for that sort of thing."

She followed this with probably the first of the scientific-explanation advertisements. It was on sunburn and freckles. Ladies of that era wanted to be creamy white. Madame told them, "Sunlight is composed of rays of different colors, and amongst them blue rays and violet rays." To "debar these rays from staining or browning the skin," as they do a photographic plate, Madame had a "new wonderful preparation."

By this time Rubinstein was a prosperous businesswoman and the mother of two sons: Roy, born in 1909, and Horace, born in 1912. She had started collecting jewels, antiques and modern art, including early works of Picasso, Matisse and Modigliani. Her homes were the gathering places of struggling authors and artists. "Titus was an intellectual," Madame explains; "he was always bringing artistic people home. They were easy to find—you always meet the people who are hard up."

Her salon was a revelation to New York. Said Vogue: "The walls are covered with dark blue cloth with deep rose-colored baseboards. . . . The genuine old period furniture is upholstered in rose silk . . . sculptures in varied materials decorate all the rooms . . ." It had "a nice little basement" where Madame and her sister, Manka, mixed, bottled and packaged preparations.

By 1917, Rubinstein had ladies giving treatments and selling preparations in San Francisco, Philadelphia and New Orleans. The war boom was on and the beauty business was growing like a bean sprout. Department stores wanted preparations. Rubinstein was skeptical. "In Europe a house of this type was never in department stores," Manka explains. Tempted by "a tremendous contract" from Halle Brothers of Cleveland and the City of Paris in San Francisco, Madame gave in.

"Women had been using only one cream," Manka says. "We told the stores that to sell women a whole lot of stuff you had to show them what to do with it step by step. We insisted that special salesgirls must be trained, and we established schools to train them."

Madame and Manka took to the road. "All day long we worked," Manka says, "interviews, lectures and consultations in stores. At night we'd train the girls." The show they put on was terrific. One woman recalls an appearance at Jordan Marsh's in conservative Boston. "Madame had on a very décolleté tomato-colored dress and a great deal of jewelry. The women were popeyed. They bought everything."

It was too much for even Madame with her geyserish optimism

Collier's for December 4, 1948

In 1928, Rubinstein sold two thirds of her United States business to Lehman Brothers, the Wall Street banking and investment firm, for approximately \$7,300,000 in cash. "I had those businesses in Europe," Madame explains, "and I thought it would be wonderful to live in one place." Lehman Brothers incorporated the U.S. company and listed the stock on the New York Curb Exchange. Madame sailed for Europe.

"I came back a year later to straighten affairs," says Madame. "They wanted to sell one-dollar preparations. We built a beautiful business with expensive preparations. They'd sold much more than I had but they hadn't made much of a profit. They begged me to go away. But they were ruining my name. So I had to take the business back at the worst possible time."

The stock market had crashed. The stock of Helena Rubinstein, Inc., had crashed with it. Rubinstein bought back control of her U.S. business for about \$1,500,000.

"Rubinstein," say her colleagues in the cosmetic industry, "is a tremendously sound businesswoman. She could have been successful in anything, from cosmetics to steel."

Not long after she had divorced Edward Titus in 1937, and married Prince Gourielli, she established the "House of Gourielli" on East Fifty-sixth Street. Headed by "The Prince," Gourielli's sold a cosmetics line for men only. Madame soon found that men weren't ready for beauty. She gave Gourielli's a line for young girls, brides and grooms.

Madame insists that money be invested immediately. She enjoys putting it in stocks.

How Madame Plays the Market

"Madame," explains a Rubinsteinite, "plays the market like a game. She sits down with her broker in the morning and goes over what to buy and what to sell. No one knows what she's doing, but it always comes out right."

Today she has homes, factories and business properties all over the world. She lives in a 26-room, three-story Park Avenue penthouse, which she owns.

Rubinstein has beautiful things stored in every room, closet, and basement of every house and salon she owns.

"I like to buy in quantities," she says.

On a trip to Mexico she bought a hundred paintings from an obscure artist, Jesus Reyes, for two to three dollars apiece. "Today they are worth \$150 each," she says smugly.

All of Madame's objects of art have a way of becoming useful.

She is quick to make up her mind. If she doesn't like a thing she mutters, "Rubbish, rubbish!" When she's undecided she says, "I don't think so; it takes dust."

Once she told a girl employee, "It's good I have to work every day."

The girl asked, "Why, what would you do if you didn't work?"

Madame beamed, and said, "I'd buy the most wonderful things."

She also collects people and keeps them around a while waiting to see if they will prove valuable. Madame is always looking for "clever" people—people with shrewd, worldly-wise minds. Intelligence isn't enough. "In business," says Madame, "you must be clever."

She complains constantly, "I'm a slave to this business." But no one has been able to slow up her work schedule. "What would happen to all my people if I gave up?" she says, and adds woefully, "I feel I have to work all the time harder. My people, they want more leisure, much more than I"

I've discovered the longer, finer cigarette

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good to taste . . .

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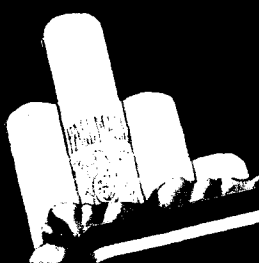


good to give . . .

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PALL MALL's greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos filters the smoke on the way to your throat—gives you that smoothness, mildness and satisfaction that no other cigarette offers you.

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OUTSTANDING

PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES



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PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

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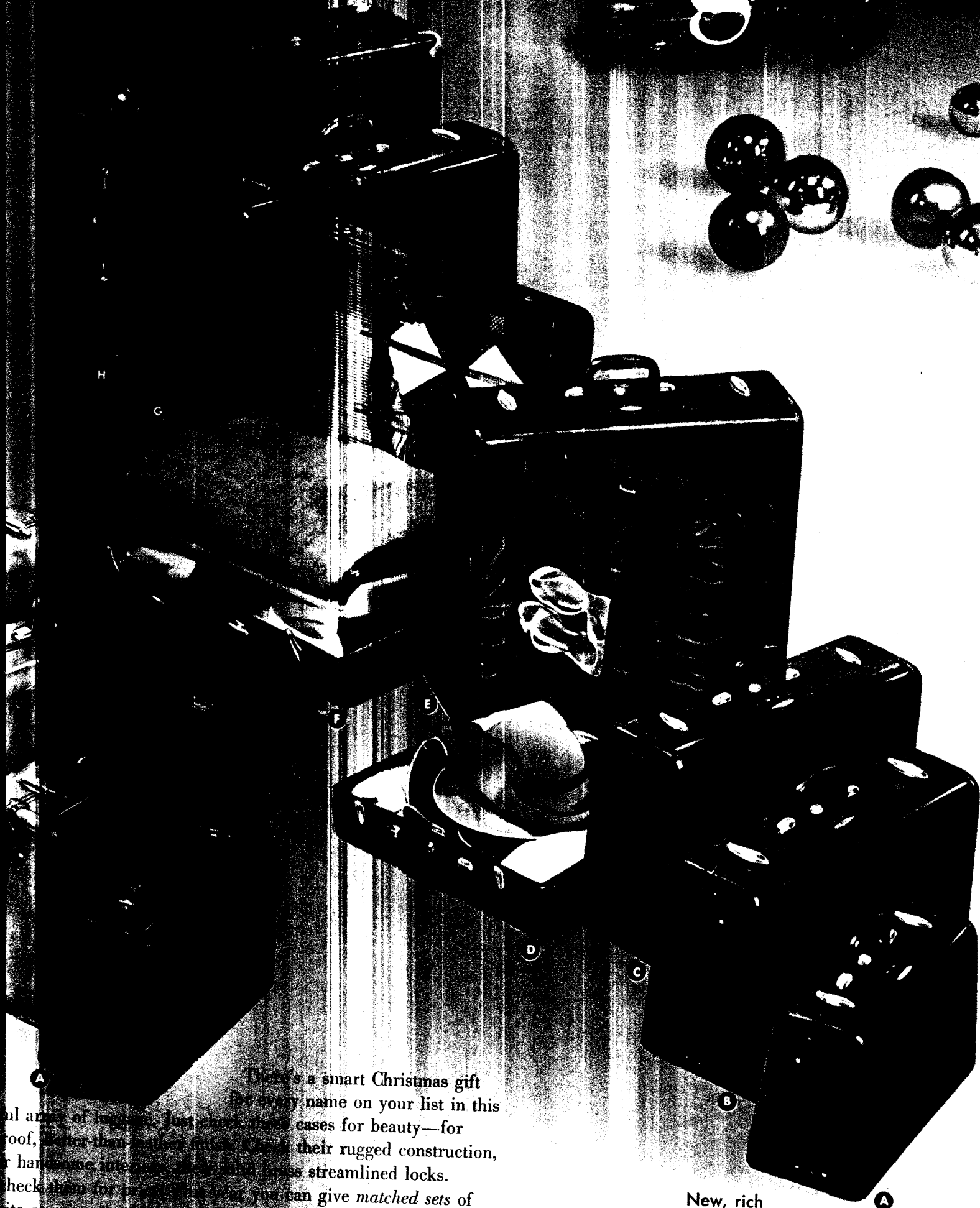
- A. Samsonite Vanity O'Nite** **\$1750**
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There's a smart Christmas gift for every name on your list in this beautiful array of luggage. Just check these cases for beauty—for rugged construction, better than better finish, and their rugged construction, their handsome interiors, the smooth brass streamlined locks. Check them for price this year you can give matched sets of luggage at prices you'd expect to pay for single pieces.

New, rich
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Strong enough to stand on!

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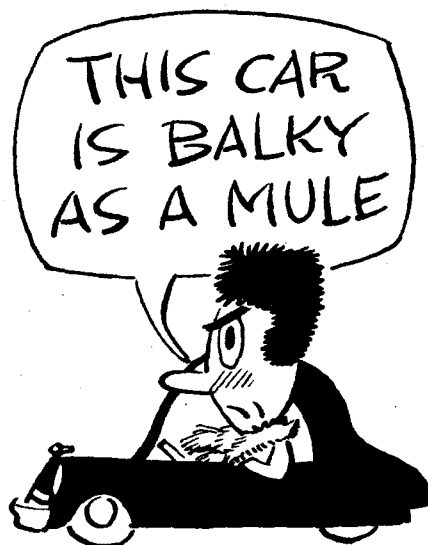
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by don herold



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It prevents frozen fuel lines—hard starting—and motor coughs

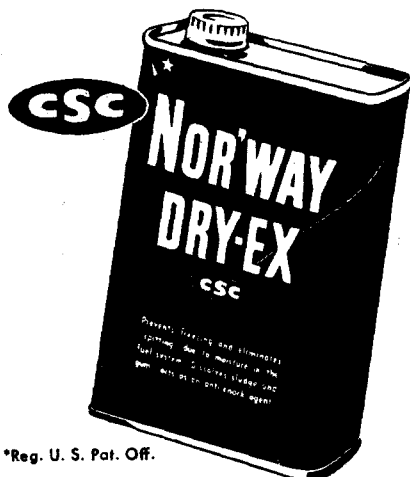
Stop these winter aggravations! They're caused by water which has condensed in the gas tank.

Now a remarkable new product laps up and absorbs the water in fuel systems and blends it into the gasoline so that it will "burn" along with the gas.

In addition, it dissolves sludge and gum in the fuel system.

It's NOR'WAY DRY-EX.* Make it routine to give your fuel system the help of this fine new, proven, preventive product. Get a can today.

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*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE FRENCH HAVE A PHRASE FOR IT

Continued from page 23

an old codger who lives and breathes cotton. He knows. Someone asks a question about Roman coins. On tap is the name of a numismatist.

Then there are the ghost writers—university professors, journalists, often noted authors low in cash. They will scribble a sonnet, a thesis on nuclear physics, the scenario for a comic strip—just give them the word. They write speeches for politicians, for members of the Chamber of Deputies, and, now and then, sermons for preachers. People ask for something to write on a tombstone. One man ordered and received a series of love letters.

Supplementing these services is a warehouse full of the odds and ends people need in a hurry, such as a collar button, after the stores are shut. On hand also is a flotilla of trucks, moving vans, cars for hire, motorcycles. The number of vehicles and the amount of business transacted make SVP the largest transportation company in France. It is also the largest travel agency, the largest theater and sports ticket agency, the largest delivery service.

Presto! Texas Grapefruit!

Anything you want and can pay for, SVP can get and deliver. A subscriber, for example, wanted three dozen Texas grapefruit—the pink kind, nice and fresh. SVP wired a broker in Houston who put the fruit on the New York plane, whence they were shifted to another, Paris bound. SVP cleared them through customs and delivered them, all in six days.

A gentleman found himself short a fourth for bridge. A phone call brought the fourth in a motorcycle sidecar. A hostess looking around her dinner table gasped to find 13 guests. SVP provided number 14.

It was the need of something by someone at the last minute, when shops were closed, that brought SVP into being. A young doctor named René Saunier was having friends to a ceremonial dinner

when he discovered he had forgotten the champagne. In France, at that kind of dinner, bubbles are *de rigueur*. He phoned everywhere. No champagne.

"Parbleu," said the doctor, "there ought to be a service..."

With that the guests put on their thinking caps, and three months later, in 1933, with a capital of \$20,000, SVP was born.

In the beginning, SVP purveyed news, chiefly, and entertainment information. The service was free but you also received, as through our American radio, a commercial plug for a brandy, a corset, a newspaper, a shirt. SVP didn't do very well. In 1939 a spry and energetic young woman named Yvonne Dornès was asked by the government to investigate SVP. A major in philosophy, she knew nothing about business, but she was intelligent and she had ideas. In a fortnight she reported back that SVP—as organized—had little value. But it had possibilities, she added.

The more she thought of it, the more enthusiastic she became. One day she scraped her last sou out of the savings bank, borrowed more from relatives and bought the tottering, almost bankrupt SVP, lock, stock, barrel and switchboard. She fired the old hands, hired new ones, and was just beginning to please when the war broke out. With other Parisians she retreated south.

After the liberation, SVP really began to roll. Commercials were not resumed. To get information or help, except in emergencies, you now had to be a subscriber.

When you call SVP, you give your subscription number and perhaps answer a question or two. By this means, and others which it will not divulge, SVP checks the authenticity of each call. For ordinary information you pay \$1 a month, charged on your telephone bill.

Business houses pay from \$10 to \$25 monthly. They get for this, in addition to specialized information and service, regular monthly bulletins: a digest of new laws and regulations affecting business and industry; abstracts of the latest tech-



• You get better-looking shaves easier... change blades presto... when you use Gillette Blue Blades in the handy new Gillette Dispenser. Zip... there's a new blade ready for use. Save time... save trouble.

look sharp! feel sharp! be sharp!
use Gillette Blue Blades
with the sharpest edges ever honed

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A BETTER BUY because...

Every Eclipse power mower is power constructed throughout. They are not just hand models with an attached motor.

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The smooth quiet Briggs & Stratton engine is noted for its dependability. No mixing of oil with gas is necessary. There are less fumes and smoke. Highest quality materials plus over 45 years of engineering and production experience devoted exclusively to lawn mowers assures years of precision mowing under hard usage. Many exclusive features provide effortless and economical operation.

Always a popular favorite, Eclipse power mowers are more in demand today than ever before. To avoid delay and disappointment, we suggest placing your order at the earliest opportunity. For the name and address of your nearest dealer, write direct.

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Collier's for December 4, 1948



"Goodness, with all her marriages and divorces in real life, you'd think they'd give her a chance to live happily on the screen!"

COLLIER'S

HARRY LAMPERT



nical information and research; and a survey of new patents.

For its travel service there is usually no extra charge beyond the telephone and telegraph tolls. SVP collects from the railroads, air lines and hotels. It charges, of course, for moving your furniture, for secretarial service, for multigraphing. Today, the organization has 30,000 subscribers—about 10 per cent of the people with home or office telephones in Paris—and receives an average of 8,000 calls a day. On special occasions, days of sports events or other excitement, the number doubles.

There are also SVPs in Marseille, Lille, Lyon, Bordeaux, Nancy and Nice. These are linked by teletype with the Paris office for the use of its superior facilities. SVP also functions in Morocco and is about to open in Tunis and Algeria. You make contact there by dialing the number 11.

There are also thriving SVPs in Lausanne, Switzerland, and Sofia, Bulgaria. Brussels, London and Barcelona are all eager to have their own SVPs, and plans are well along for bringing them into being. Last year Madame Dornès came to the United States to propose the establishment of an American counterpart. She found, though, that before a Paris-style SVP can be established in this country, many obstacles will have to be surmounted. For one thing, there are five times as many telephone subscribers in New York as there are in Paris.

A Listener Gets an Earful

SVP now occupies more than 100 rooms in a huddle of ancient one-story buildings not far from the Arc de Triomphe. Connected with the switchboard is a device by which a supervisor can eavesdrop on any of the 200 incoming lines. When I visited SVP I was permitted to do some eavesdropping myself. I found it fascinating.

A businessman was on the phone with a telegram in a foreign language which he could not read. He spelled it out. It was identified as Spanish. Smack back at him came the French translation.

A yachtsman was calling. Would SVP give him some names out of Norse literature? He wanted one to give to his new boat.

A man with a hoarse voice said he was not a subscriber but he had just driven in from the country with a team of horses. Would SVP tell him where he could water the beasts?

A man dictated a long classified advertisement for insertion in a Nantes newspaper.

A Chinese was interested in certain

lectures on international finance. Would SVP provide an interpreter?

An Argentine wanted a Dakota for his private use for four weeks. No, no other type of airplane would do.

A lawyer wanted to know what time the sun rose on March 12, 1942. It was a question of how light it was. The fate of his client, on trial for murder, hung on the reply.

A woman wanted to know where to bury a dog.

A movie studio asked: Did a marrying magistrate wear a three-cornered hat in 1853?

SVP used to be the jinni's gift to lazy youngsters. They would call up and have their arithmetic done or a composition written, ready to hand in. Papa didn't like it. He scolded the child. Then he scolded SVP. Now when a little boy asks to have work done, his father must okay the request.

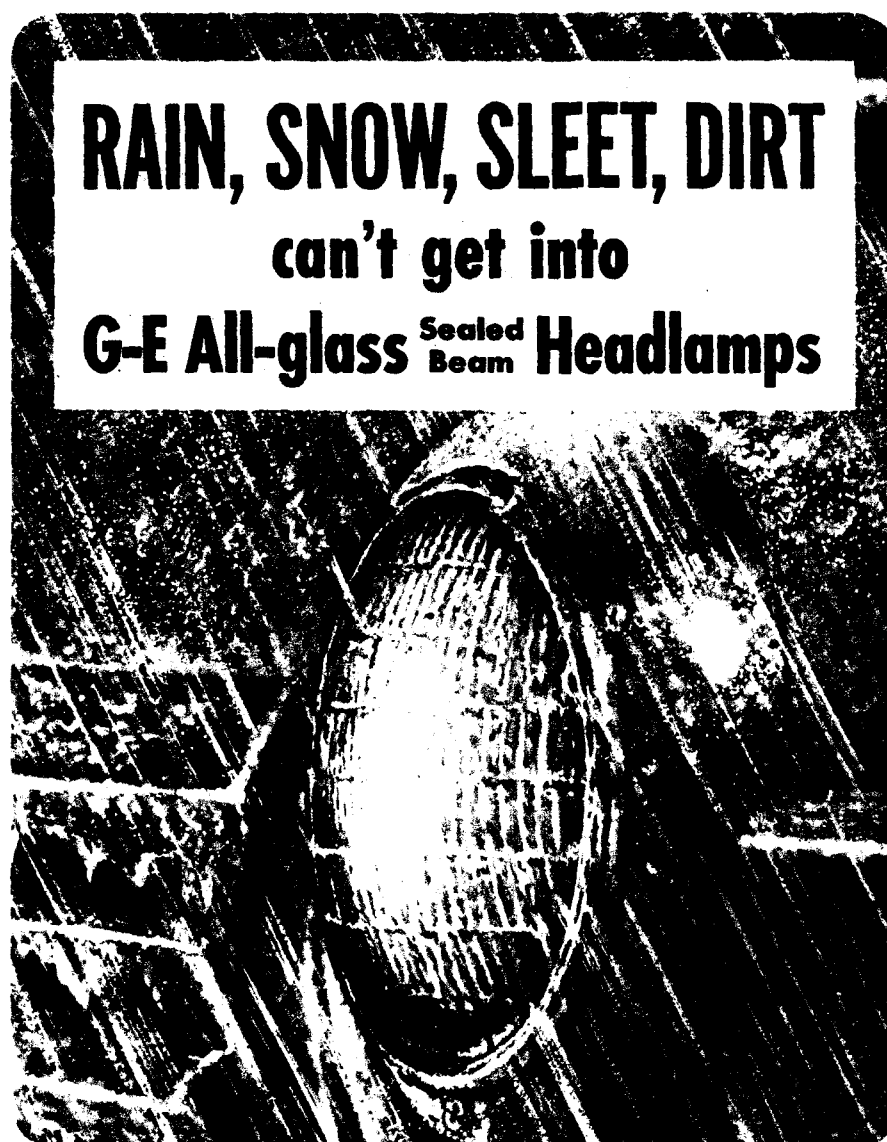
Sometimes children would order ice-cream cones delivered, or perhaps tickets for the circus or a ball game. For this sort of labor SVP makes a special charge because it involves extra work.

Around Christmas, child voices often ask to speak to Father Noel, the French Santa Claus, and SVP obligingly assigns someone with a warm and kindly voice who listens unhurriedly to all the little ones have to say. It is far more intimate than our department-store liaisons with Santa Claus, for in the obscurity of the telephone there is a secrecy worthy of the legend. The gifts the children ask for are carefully written down and passed along to their parents.

Covering all of France's major cities, and reaching into the homes and offices of every citizen of importance, SVP has been eyed wistfully by various political parties. Its propaganda potential is enormous. On more than one occasion definite overtures have been made. These have been turned down in every case. The management knows that SVP has become profitable because people have learned to trust it as an accurate, impartial and always objective source of information. To deviate from this policy would be suicidal.

In time, SVP will become a great international network of information and service centers, linked by telephone and telegraph wire, with perhaps a vast central bureau for classification in Paris or New York. SVP is the answer to a pressing modern need, one most apparent in our large cities.

That this last word in machine-age services should have come into being in Paris, home of screwball literary movements, abstract painting and perfume, is a little ironic.



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DO NOT GROW DIM!

BLINDING RAINS, fierce snowstorms, muddy splashings can't harm G-E "All-glass" sealed beam Headlamps. Their one-piece construction keeps out *all* dirt and moisture. *They do not grow dim!*

G-E HEADLAMPS give you 99% of original light output—on the average—even at the end of lamp life. And now they give you 12% more light for driving, 16% more for passing.

FOR EASIER, SAFER night driving, replace dim or burned out headlights with G-E "All-glass" Headlamps now! Whatever lamps your car needs, make sure you insist on



G-E LAMPS

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

DANGER MONTHS AHEAD FOR DRIVERS

December, January, February
bring less daylight, more accidents

**Have your
lights
checked**

next time you
leave your car
for service!



His Brother's Keeper

By VIVIAN BOWES

Everybody's troubles are Eddie Cantor's and whatever the charity it can count on him. No one has a more positive answer to "Am I my brother's keeper?"



When he talks for the needy, Eddie's words turn to gold and silver. In Fern-dale, N.Y., money pours in for Youth Aliyah, which helps European refugees

IT WAS at a recent dinner for overseas relief in Long Beach, California. There had been two or three speakers. The going was pretty heavy, for most of the guests had already contributed about all they felt they could spare to other charities. The air was heavy with smoke and restlessness.

And then Eddie Cantor stood up to speak. Instantly the atmosphere changed. He began quietly with a couple of jokes about himself, about his troubles getting there in time, the famous self-depreciative Cantor humor. People smiled, then laughed—and, when the speech ended, gave.

Eddie Cantor had done it again. The comedian with the big eyes had induced his listeners to donate enthusiastically twice as much as they had intended.

This was only one of the scores of dinners, parties, benefit performances and broadcasts that Eddie attends each year, giving his time and his talents for others. People know they can count on him. He always responds.

Trying to catch him on one of his average days is like trying to board the Twentieth Century between stations. Broadcasts, rehearsals, conferences with his script writers, talks about filming Eddie's life story, recordings, television commitments, meetings of the endless committees on which he serves, a ground-breaking ceremony for the West Side Hospital—his daily schedule of appointments reads like a railroad timetable the night before a holiday.

And yet, Eddie always finds time for the one more cause that needs him.

He says his interest in charity began forty-odd years ago. Around that time he was concerned about the welfare of a certain hungry orphan on New York's East Side. An orphan called Cantor. He figures laughingly today that he must owe about a thousand dollars in nickels on behalf of that orphan. He touched everybody and everybody was touched. Even the poorest came through for a skinny kid who was hungry.

For Other Underprivileged Kids

Because others helped him then, Eddie has been helping others ever since. The most important charity in his life is Surprise Lake Camp at Cold Spring, New York. Here hundreds of underprivileged youngsters of Greater New York are given vacations because Eddie himself was sent there by people who cared, back in 1903.

He has put hundreds of individual boys through school. How many, nobody knows—and he won't tell.

Eddie feels that everybody's troubles are his own personal responsibility. The refugees, the sick, the hungry. Regardless of race or creed.

When the citizens of Wichita, Kansas, learned that he would appear at the Wichita Beacon Salvation Army Penny Ice Fund baseball game a year ago they couldn't buy tickets fast enough. Never

before had this annual event sold out six weeks in advance. One Wichita newspaper devoted its entire front page to a huge picture of Eddie, with the headlines: "Wichita Welcomes Eddie Cantor—Nation's Best-Loved Comedian."

While in Chicago last year he attended five functions in three days for overseas relief. He left the city hoarse but happy. He had talked Chicagoans out of almost \$4,000,000.

Not even Cantor himself knows how much he has collected for various charities over the years. One night he and Ida tried to figure it out just for fun. When they reached nine figures they quit. All those zeros looked too much like the national debt.

But even Eddie has come up against some people who just won't give. He remembers, in particular, one man who said that he would not contribute to a certain charity because he hated brown shoes.

"Hate brown shoes?" Eddie repeated. "What kind of an excuse is that?"

"What's the difference what my excuse is," the man told him, "if I don't want to contribute?"

Cantor learned something else years ago, when he was a singing waiter at Coney Island, working for the lovable old Carey Walsh. One night with only a handful of people in the place, Eddie hadn't put much spirit into his singing. He told Carey why. With only a few people out there, why should he kill himself?

Carey said, "Young man, (Continued on page 80)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY MARTIN HARRIS



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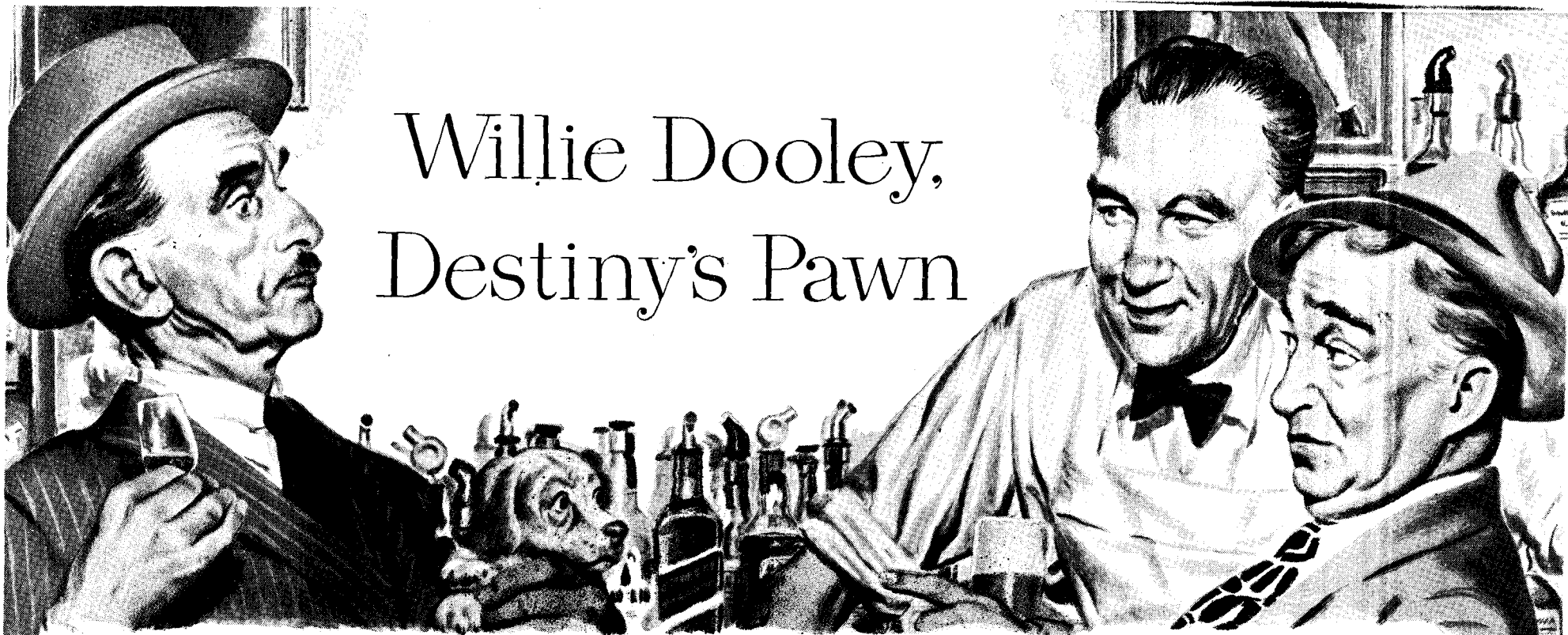
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Willie Dooley, Destiny's Pawn

By JOE COOGAN

Collier's
SHORT SHORT

"What kind of a life would that be?" Willie said. "Millions of people pointing you out as the husband of the world's most beautiful woman"

WILLIE DOOLEY closed his eyes as he reached the end of the song and the last clear tenor note seemed to take substance over the bar and then melt gradually in the hot Philadelphia sun. Tim Brogan, owner of the Galway Tap, applauded enthusiastically.

"Willie," he said, "you've got a fine loud voice." Dooley smiled in modest acceptance of the tribute. He was a plump, genial little man in his early fifties and he had an air of quiet grandeur and poised assurance that resulted from a lifetime of pleased meditation upon his own perfections.

"Tim," he said, "if I hadn't decided against it, I could have been the greatest singer since John McCormack."

A tall man entered and walked unsteadily to the bar. He had a small white puppy cradled in his arms.

Dooley leaned over to Brogan. "Would you look at those two," he said; "I don't know which one is the mangle."

"I'll make short work of both," Brogan said. The tall man pulled out a roll of bills and ordered a Courvoisier brandy—the best drink in the house. "Welcome to the Galway Tap," Brogan said.

Dooley turned to the stranger. "That's a fine-looking animal you've got there," he said.

"She's just a mutt," the stranger said. "Nonsense," said Dooley, "she's a fine breed. You can't fool me about dogs."

"I don't know much about it," the tall man said. "Well, I do," said Willie. "I could have been a great animal trainer if I wanted to. Why, once I taught a ferocious hound to fetch and carry for me. Obeyed my every whim. A large Irish setter bitch with a nasty temper."

"I'd like to have you meet my wife," the stranger said; "the dog really belongs to her."

Brogan turned to the tall man. "What's your friend drinking?" he asked. The stranger bought a round. After a considerable silence, the tall man tapped Dooley on the shoulder.

"Are you a married man?" he asked. "No," said Dooley, "but I'm glad you asked that question." His voice became softly lyrical. "When I was a young lad," he said, "I could have married the most beautiful girl in the world."

"What happened to her?" the stranger asked. "She moved," said Willie, "to a little town near London and I lost track of her."

"That's the way it goes," the stranger said. "That's the way I wanted it to go," Willie said. "What kind of a life would that be? Millions of people pointing you out as the husband of the world's most beautiful woman?"

"I guess you're right," the stranger said. "I could have been anything I wanted to be," said Dooley, "but when I was only a small boy I promised myself that I'd never be rich or famous. I knew I was destined for great things if I wanted them. But I stuck to my decision." He sighed. "It was an uphill fight for years. But now I think the danger period is passed."

"You're probably safe," Brogan said. "I suppose so," said Dooley; "your temptations aren't as great as you get older. It's unlikely now, for example, that I'll ever be heavyweight champion of the world."

"Your years are against you," the stranger said. "Fifty-three," said Willie, "though I'm in pretty good shape."

"You haven't got the reach," Brogan said. "Well, I wouldn't want it anyhow," Dooley said. "I've never had any desire to be a famous fighter, or a great actor, or President of the United States."

"Being President is a pretty good job," Brogan said.

"I wouldn't want it," said Dooley. "I'd refuse the nomination."

"You might be making a mistake," Brogan said. "I've no regrets," said Dooley. "It's a terrible job. A man who would take the Presidency is a fool."

The tall man frowned and his voice became louder. "Now wait a minute," he said. "Those are pretty harsh words. Nobody can stand in front of me and call the President of the United States a fool."

"I didn't call him that. I said that I'd be a fool to take the job."

"I suppose you think you're too good for it?" "It's not that," said Willie. "I'd rather remain a private citizen."

The stranger pounded his fist on the bar. "Damn it," he shouted, "it's a man's duty to serve the public." He turned to Brogan. "Am I right?"

"I've been serving the public for fifteen years," said Brogan quietly. The tall man shook hands with him.

"It's also a man's right," said Dooley, "to refuse to take office."

The stranger whirled around. "You're worse than a traitor!" he shouted. "It's your type that's caused

civil wars, world wars, and arguments of every description."

"I did not," Dooley said, but he didn't sound too sure.

"You did," the tall man said; "you and your kind. You're responsible for the decay of Greece and Rome and you probably won't be satisfied until all civilization is in ruins."

The little man drew himself up to his full height. "No matter what you say," he said, "I've always been a private citizen and I'll remain a private citizen."

Tim Brogan pounded on the bar. "Not in here you won't," he shouted. "You can do your decaying outside."

"You'll be lucky," the tall man said, "if we don't have you investigated."

DOOLEY stared silently at them for a moment and then slowly and majestically staggered through the door. He walked a few paces from the bar and leaned wearily against the wall of the adjoining building. He could still hear the stranger's voice ringing in his ears. He knew that some of the accusations were ridiculous (he had never even been to Rome) but they had been spoken with such passionate conviction that he couldn't repress a strong feeling of guilt. What if the stranger were right? Dooley shuddered.

In his mind's eye he could see millions of people pointing him out as the monster who had blasted civilization from the earth. And suddenly he envisioned the Galway Tap with its walls crumbled, the bar in splinters, and rank weeds growing where the liquor had spilled into the scorched earth. Perhaps, he had been too hasty. He turned and walked back into the bar.

Brogan looked ready for battle. The stranger walked menacingly over to Dooley. "What do you want now?" he asked.

"I came to admit a mistake," said Dooley. His face had a set frozen expression as if it were stamped on the side of a coin.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I accept the nomination."

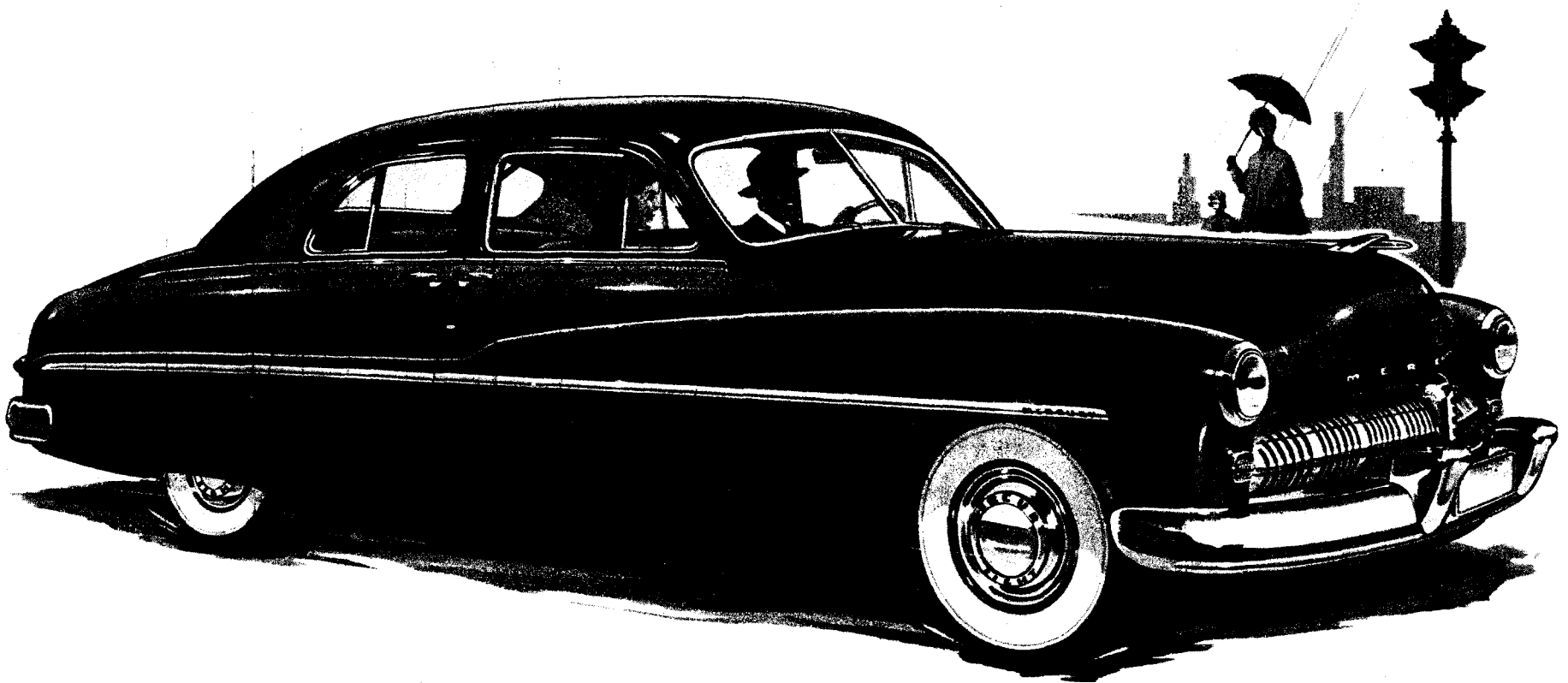
"Good boy, Willie!" said Brogan and the stranger extended his hand. "Would you like a drink?" he asked.

"No, thank you," said Dooley, "or a very small one at the most." And he smiled the slow inscrutable smile of the world-weary statesman. Destiny had caught up with Willie Dooley. □□□

"'Safe' just doesn't say enough about it!"

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Yes, and Mercury gives you handsome, all-new body styling that is distinctly Mercury's! See it—and you too will say: *It's Mercury for me!*

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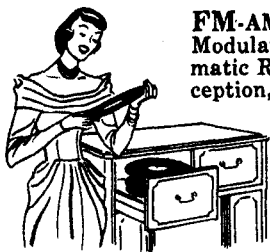
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Here, truly, are IDEAL GIFTS for every member of the family—for friends and business associates—which bring lasting happiness and benefit to the recipient.

From \$16.95 up, there are Emerson Radios, Phonoradios and Television models for every purpose and every purse—and each is a superbly engineered, QUALITY instrument in every respect.

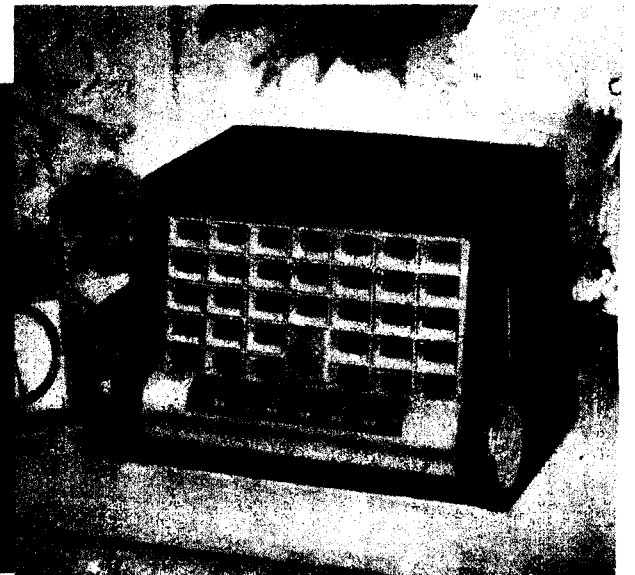
Put your Emerson Radio and Television dealer on your shopping "MUSTS"—it's the happiest solution of your Christmas Gift problem!



FM-AM Phonoradio. *Model 586*. Frequency Modulation and AM radio—de luxe Automatic Record Changer—"Miracle Tone" reception, quite out of this world! The 12-inch Alnico 5 PM Speaker and other advances in a handsome Mahogany veneer console make this an OUTSTANDING set of the year. (Other consoles at varying prices.) **\$179⁹⁵**



"Image Perfection" Television by Emerson. *Console Model 606 with BIG 52-Square-Inch Screen*. Embodying such up-to-the-minute features as "Miracle Picture Lock," Stati-Clear FM Circuit—here is modern television at its visual and audible BEST. (One of several models ranging from **\$349⁵⁰** (Federal Tax \$1.95 extra) (Plus Installation and Service))

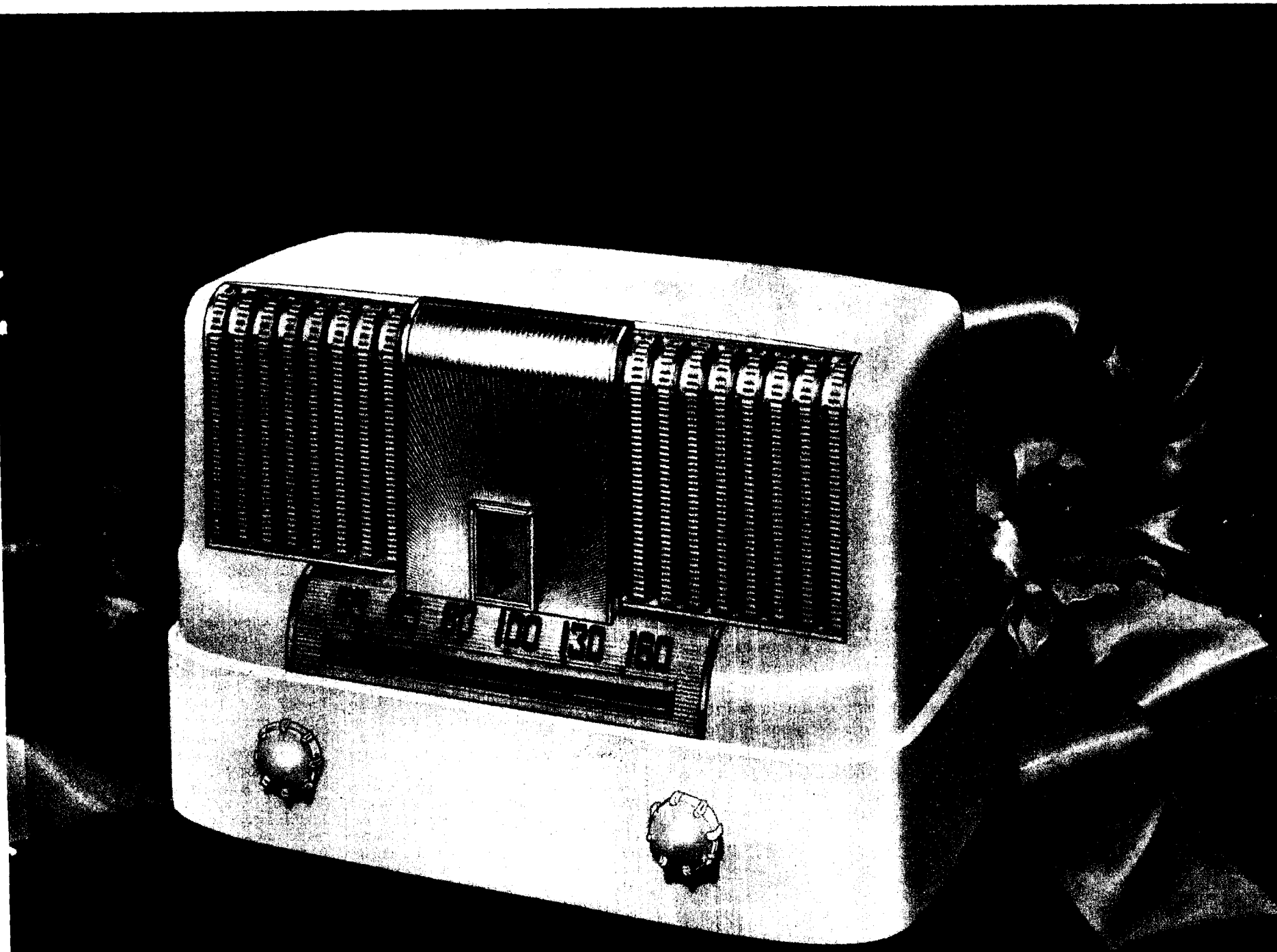


The Emerson "Conqueror" FM

Emerson Frequency Modulation Radio. *Model 602*. Sensational NEW compact "noise-conquering" receiver all of America has awaited. Everything you ever hoped for in TRUE "FM" reception—in handsome maroon plastic cabinet. Lowest price ever for genuine "FM" set. **\$29⁹⁵**

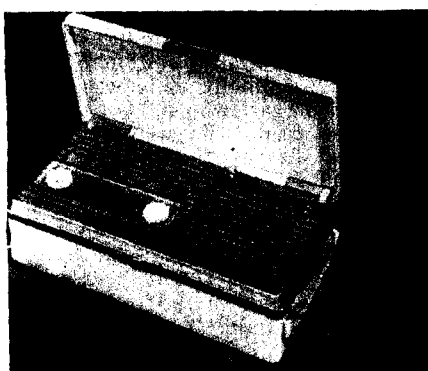
See Your Nearest Emerson Radio Dealer

EMERSON RADIO AND PHONOGRAPH CORPORATION, NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

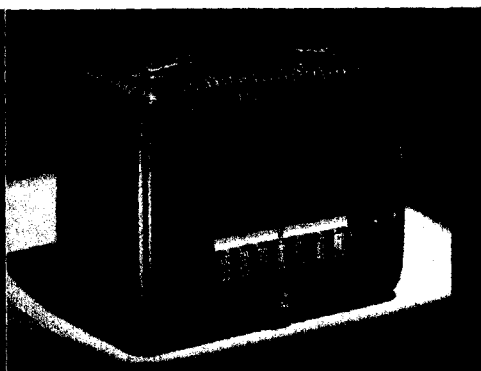


THE NEW 1949
Emerson Radio
and Television

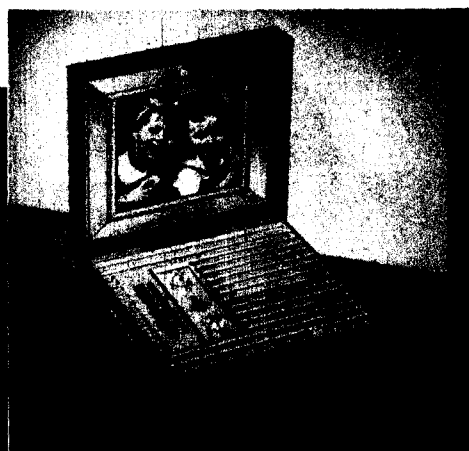
Emerson "Moderne" Radio. **\$34⁹⁵**
 Model 561 is a strikingly beautiful AC-DC Superheterodyne with Alnico 5 PM Speaker. Built-in Super-Loop Antenna and every engineering advance which makes for FINER reception. Rich ivory plastic cabinet with golden trim.



Emerson 3-Way Personal Portable. Model 584. Plays on AC-DC socket power or self-contained batteries. Choice of ivory, ebony or green case. With batteries **\$39⁹⁵**



Emerson Self-Powered Portable. Model 560. America's most popular portable. Compact, light weight, 8½ in. wide — plastic cabinet. Super power—"Miracle Tone." Less batteries, only **\$16⁹⁵**



"Memento" Self-Powered Portrait Radio. Model 570. (One of three different types and prices.) Powerful. Beautiful tone. This model complete with batteries — **\$50⁰⁰**



Emerson Phonoradio. Model 596. The finest in radio reception — with rich-toned record reproduction. Automatic Record Changer. Handsome Walnut **\$79⁹⁵** veneer cabinet.

EMERSON RADIO AND PHONOGRAPH CORPORATION, NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

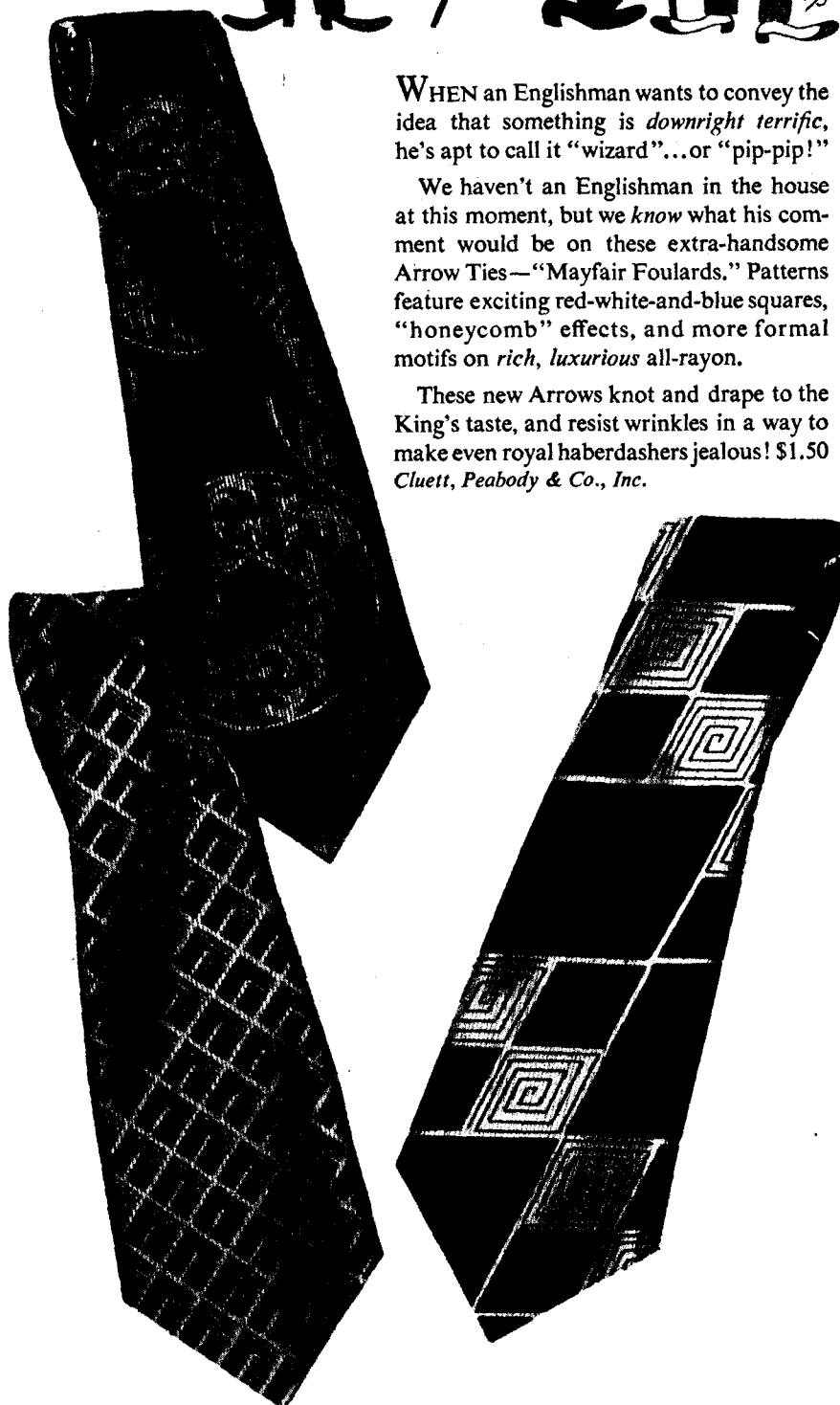
Do you agree they're wizard
...and pip-pip?



WHEN an Englishman wants to convey the idea that something is downright terrific, he's apt to call it "wizard"...or "pip-pip!"

We haven't an Englishman in the house at this moment, but we know what his comment would be on these extra-handsome Arrow Ties—"Mayfair Foulards." Patterns feature exciting red-white-and-blue squares, "honeycomb" effects, and more formal motifs on rich, luxurious all-rayon.

These new Arrows knot and drape to the King's taste, and resist wrinkles in a way to make even royal haberdashers jealous! \$1.50 Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.



ARROW TIES

"MAYFAIR FOULARDS"

THE EYES OF THE WORLD

Continued from page 19

war. So I called myself Juan Piedra and I was a Spaniard.

I was a Jew but I did not go near the Jewish quarter except to make a deal. I bought and sold things, cigarettes, champagne, perfume, jewels, silks. Black market. I had dealings with your soldiers. I said to myself, I will become rich and then I will not have to be afraid of anybody or be ashamed of being a Jew. I am not proud of the way I was then. I looked down on the Jews in Tangier and I wore very fine clothes and was a friend of all the rich Spaniards.

Sir, I did not fight in the war because I did not have a country. I had no one but myself to fight for. What country would I have fought for?

YES, there were Germans in Tangier. Not many. Some of them had run away from Hitler; some were working for Hitler. Those who were for Hitler paid me money for giving them information, but they did not know it was false. That is the way I fought the war. I fought the enemy of the Jews by telling lies to his spies.

There were men in Tangier bringing girls from France, from Spain, from England, from anywhere. From the States, too. From Cairo. All of these girls I hated, and the men who brought them in. I had nothing to do with them in Tangier. I was not sorry for these girls, not one bit. I was on the side of law and order.

Did I say something funny? I am sorry, sir. I had to make money to be free, to be afraid of no man. But I would not make money from women. That is evil.

I am coming to that, sir. You must be patient. One day in the Grand Sokko, the market place of Tangier, I saw two of the men from London. This was when the war was nearly over and the English authorities had come back to Tangier. Also many new people, like these men I knew in London. It was not proper for me to be called Juan Piedra any more, so I was Jack Winston. I speak English very well, do you not think so?

These two men saw me and recognized me. They asked me to work with them. They pretended to be my friends again, and said I would be forgiven if I would cut them in on my business. I had a good business and I lived in a fine apartment in the Marchan quarter where the modern houses are. These men knew all about me. They begged me to work with them. They needed me because they were strangers in Tangier. Oh, they were very nice at first. But they were bringing women in, and I would have nothing to do with that.

Sir, these men were pigs. Perhaps my business was not legal, but it did no harm. I bought and sold harmless luxuries for the rich, but these men made money from women and dope. They sold kief and heroin and opium. They did other things which I shall not mention because it is too evil. And for a long time they kept after me to join with them, to form a syndicate.

I always told them no, but I was afraid. I watched them and saw how they worked. They made money and then they began to cut in on my business. It was very strange, fighting these men in the dark.

I had friends in Tangier, but one by one they turned against me. I could not understand it. I had to pay out big money to keep my friends. And then one day I learned that these men from London had reported me to the British authorities because of my record in London and for my smuggling in Tangier. How do you like that? These evil men calling me a bad character!

I tell you, sir, they would stop at nothing to make money. Because of them I had to go from Tangier, out of the International zone. I was never a British subject and I had no country. What was I to do? I was afraid again. There were eyes everywhere, watching me. That is what they wanted, to get rid of me and take over my business. I tell you, it was a dirty trick.

Sir, please do not smile. I am in trouble in your country and it is not funny. Wherever I go I am in trouble because I have no country of my own.

The girl? Yes, sir, I am coming to that.

During the war I had been in Fez on business many times. There I was known as Caillou and I had papers to prove it. After the war it was not easy to go there, but the British were watching for me in Tangier. I thought I would be safer in French Morocco.

But before I went, I wanted to expose these evil men who had made so much trouble for me. I wanted them to feel what it is like when the eyes of the whole world are watching you, and following you, and looking down on you. You understand?

They had a café in the medina near the old prison. It was a place where men came for girls and music and drugs. I did not know what trouble I would have if I went there, and I was shaking in my knees, but I went there and found these two men looking at a show. The place was filled with customers, Arabs and French and British and Spaniards and Americans, who had come there for girls and music and drink. Except the Arabs. The Moslems do not drink. But all were there for the girls.

When the two men saw me they said, "Ah, look who is here, our little friend, Jake Einstein from London." And they made me sit with them and drink and watch the show. I did not know how I was going to put the fear into them, but I pretended I had changed my mind and was going to join their syndicate. They said they would protect me from the authorities, but I did not want to be protected by them. Do you know what I mean? I wanted to hold my head up and never be afraid again.

They told me to look at the girls and we would talk business later. They gave me food and left me alone. And all the time I was thinking: How can I expose them and get away before the authorities find me? I did not know how rich these men were until I saw the customers in their place. And I was a nobody, nobody at all. I tell you, it made me sick.

I WATCHED the show and tried to think. A girl would come out on a platform and do the *danse du ventre*, and the men would shout until she had taken all her clothes off. Another girl with a hard face would do the same thing. The place was noisy and there was much drinking. Finally there was this blond American girl who did not seem to know what to do. She was very sad and I saw that she was afraid, too. When the men yelled at her she started to cry. And she would not take her clothes off.

I do not remember exactly what happened. But there was I, and there was this stupid girl with the sad face, and both of us were afraid. A man grabbed her and she beat his shoulders and cried for help. The two men who ran the place came in and wanted to know what was the matter. And then it was just like a movie.

Here was this girl crying, and I was standing there with my arms around her, and I said to the two men, "You leave this girl alone. She is a good girl and I am going to report you. You are filthy

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pigs and I will not let you do this to this girl. I know all about you and now I am going to expose you to the authorities."

At first they laughed at me, and one of them said, "Look at Jakie. At last he has found a girl." Everybody in the place laughed, but I did not care. I said to the girl, "Come on, I am taking you out of here and we are going to the authorities." And I walked out, with everybody making fun of me. When we were in the street, I ordered her to stop crying and I started to take her to the British consulate even though it was late at night. I did not care about myself any more. All I cared about was exposing these men.

But someone came out of the café and the next thing that happened was a knife coming between our heads. It made a hissing noise past my ear. Then it knocked against a wall and fell in the street. I tell you, it happened so quickly there was no time to be afraid.

I took the girl by the arm and we ran into a side street and through an archway and across the patio of someone's house. We got into another street and finally we were in the Petit Sokko where the crowds were walking and sitting in

I tell you, I did not know anyone could be as stupid as this girl. She was afraid of me until I told her I did not want to have anything to do with her. I did not even want to have her with me. But she kept crying and looking at me with her big eyes. She did not know where to go or what to do. I tell you, she was very stupid.

Finally I sat down and wrote an information to the British authorities, informing on these evil men from London, with names and records. I told them everything and I signed my name so they would know it was all true. And I gave the letter to Chico, the guide, and told him to take it to the British consul in the morning. Then I made this girl get rid of her Moorish clothes and put on clothes from the shop which would make her look like an American tourist.

She was frightened because she had no clothes of her own, and her suitcase and passport were back in the café. I was very brave because she was frightened. I told her to wait for me in the shop and I went back to the café and I walked right in there with the hood of the burnoose over my head. The place was noisy and no one paid attention to me.

I went in the back where the girls kept their clothes and I was lucky because all the girls were in the café or in rooms along the balcony. I found this American girl's suitcase, but I could not take it out because it was too big, but I took her passport and then I went out the back way and up a staircase and out across the roofs to the street. I tell you, I could feel a knife in my back all that time. It was a very bad time for me.

WELL, sir, I put this girl on a bus for Fez, and I took a seat in the rear with the Arabs. When the bus came to the *douane*, the customs, at the border, everybody had to get out. I went with the Arabs at the side of the road, but I watched carefully while the officials took the girl's passport and started to question her.

I saw one official go into his booth with her passport, and through the window I could see him talking on the telephone. Then I knew it was no good. They did not believe she was an American tourist. Perhaps I did not give her the proper clothes.

It was dark that night. The girl was waiting beside the customs booth, looking very frightened. It was all strange to her and she was alone. While the official was telephoning, I walked past the girl and whispered, "Follow me." Then I went slowly around behind the bus and the girl came after me quickly before the guards could stop her. We ran under the mimosa trees in the dark and when shots were fired at us we dropped into an irrigation ditch.

Then we crossed a field and ran until we reached an orange grove. We were very wet and dirty from the ditch. I took her hand and pulled her after me between the trees. Finally I sat down because we were out of breath. We could hear shooting and shouting, but all around us were hundreds of trees with branches touching the ground and the smell of oranges everywhere.

We ate a few oranges and waited. Pretty soon we could not hear any more noise from the road. We were too frightened to talk. We waited until morning and when the sun came up I made her follow me out of the grove away from the road.

I did not know whose grove this was, but when we came out there was a big white house with a wall around it and I remembered seeing this place before. It belonged to a very rich Jew, and I remembered that I was wearing the burnoose of an Arab, and yet I was a Jew.

Yes, sir, this is the man who finally helped us get out of Morocco.

Yes, sir, but is it required that I tell you his name? He is just someone who



front of cafés. I was very frightened. Now these men would follow me until they found me and killed me.

The girl was dressed up in a Moorish woman's clothes, which she was supposed to take off before the men in the café. I made her cover her face with the veil and I took her to a place down near the docks where I had a friend who could lend me a burnoose.

A burnoose? It is an Arab's cloak which has a hood for the head and it reaches to the ground. I put it on over my other clothes.

It was a very good thing I got this burnoose because I saw some of the men from the café looking for me in the Petit Sokko. And the police were looking for me. Chico, the little guide, told me the authorities were looking for me.

Everything was the same as before. I could not stay in Tangier and I was a failure and I had not found a way to expose these men from London. And I had this girl on my hands. I said to myself, if I go to the authorities, it does not matter what happens to me, but perhaps I would make trouble for the girl. She was crying all the time. In the shop where I borrowed the burnoose I asked her who she was. She told me she was an American show girl who had been booked for a show in Paris. But she did not like the man who engaged her so she ran away and took a train to Marseille, hoping to get a job on the Riviera. At Marseille she had no money left, but she found a booking agent who gave her money to take a boat to Tangier. This agent did not tell her the job was a strip tease and that she would have to go to bed with men. She had never been in Morocco before.

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...Mark of PROGRESS in Railroading



Why the roundhouse went square

YOU'VE seen many a roundhouse in your railway travels—a circular building where steam locomotives, arranged like spokes in a wheel, are serviced for their next run.

Something different was needed for servicing Erie's fleet of big Diesel locomotives. Erie Diesels can be operated from either end, and do not require turning. Besides, Erie's passenger Diesels run to a whopping 150 feet, freight Diesels even longer. That's why the "square house" was born!

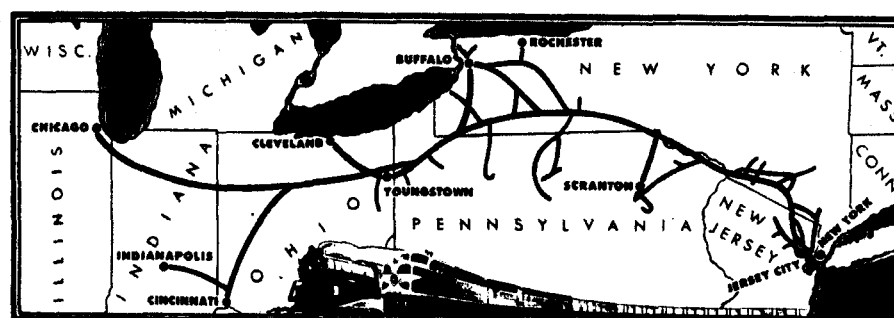
Here Diesels are washed, refueled, lubricated—kept in sweet running order for smooth, dependable ser-

vice. The shops, much of the tools and equipment were designed by Erie engineers specially for the job.

That kind of thing is typical of Erie's progressive railroading, of finding ways of meeting efficiently every new problem as it comes up. And another example of Erie's continuous program of providing safe, dependable transportation for both passengers and freight.

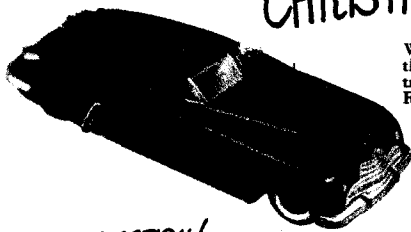
Erie Railroad

Serving the Heart of Industrial America



CHRISTMAS IS FOR KIDS!

Watch the pride of young ownership rise to the thrill of this real Sportster! Molded and distributed by Saunders Tool and Die Co., 500 Rathbone Ave., Aurora, Ill.



MORE ACTION!

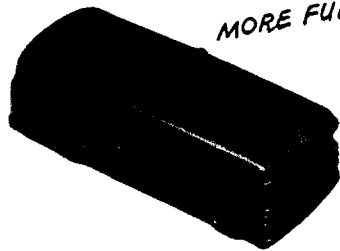
—make it merry
with TOYS!

MADE OF STYRON

Develop young musical talent with this soft-tone Toymonica. Molded and distributed by Lapin Products, Inc., 136 Tichenor St., Newark 5, N. J.



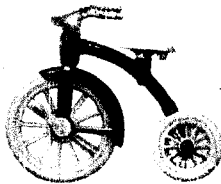
Look for lively fun with these colorful, motorized, miniature versions of the station wagon and bus. Molded and distributed by Nosco Plastics, Erie, Pa.



MORE FUN!

MORE COLOR!

Don't miss the added charm of the miniature carriage, high chair and tricycle for the tiniest doll. Molded and distributed by Ideal Novelty & Toy Company, 200 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.



Count on Roly Poly's dauntless antics to fascinate the smaller fry! Molded and distributed by Knickerbocker Plastic Company, Inc., 4101 San Fernando Road, Glendale, Calif.

MORE TOYS!



Blow in his tail and Skwawky Duck will flap his wings and squawk for a delighted audience! Molded by Robert Y. Grant, Inc., 17 Simonds Road, Fitchburg, Mass. Distributed by United Plastic Corporation, 144 Flagg St., Clinton, Mass.



The more the merrier! More fun . . . more color . . . more action . . . more toys . . . when you select toys made of Styron (Dow Polystyrene). Here is the answer to what the small child really wants . . . variety . . . color . . . action and lots of toys! They're light and easy for tots to handle . . . and they're inexpensive. You'll find Styron toys at leading department stores, chain stores and variety stores everywhere.

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DOW Plastics

wanted to spend his money helping the Jews in Palestine, and he was very kind to us.

Yes, sir, he is the man who sent us to America with instructions about the shipment. The girl was born in New Jersey and she knew how to make the arrangements about the boxes; and then I was to be what you call supercargo and get these boxes into Palestine. Sir, you would not think this girl had a brain in her head, but she was very clever when she stopped being afraid. I will tell you about that because it is part of the story and it was a great revelation to me, the way this girl got rid of her fear.

No, sir, I do not want to tell you this man's name. He does not hate the Arab, but he is a Jew and I am a Jew, and neither of us belongs to any country. That is what Palestine is for—for the Jews who do not belong. If I were a Jew in America, I would be an American. But you do not know what it is to be a Jew without a country.

Yes, sir. Well, when I recognized this house I took off my burnoose quickly, I can tell you, and I said to the girl, "Perhaps this man can help us, but you must stop trembling and you must fix your hair. You look a mess."

She did not want me to look at her because she said whenever a man looked at her in a certain way she wanted to go and crawl in a hole. She said she had bad dreams about the eyes of men who looked at her. I knew what she meant because all my life the eyes had followed me everywhere and I was sick of them, too.

This girl was very interesting to me, sir, because she could not laugh. That was my trouble, too. Many Jews in Europe are like that. They have forgotten what it is to laugh. That is what I like about America. It is a country where people can laugh.

Yes, sir. Well, we walked up to the gate of this house and a very old woman who spoke French came to see what we wanted.

I asked her if we could talk to the man of the house, and she took us into the courtyard and up to the quarters of the gentleman. He was having breakfast and he looked at us and asked us who we were. I decided to tell him the truth because he seemed to be a kind man and I thought perhaps he could help the girl get back to America where she belonged.

If he would do that, I said, then I did not care if he turned me over to the authorities.

He invited us to share his food with him. While we were eating, he asked us many questions, and I told him the truth. I can tell you, it was a great relief to tell the truth at last. But still he did not say what he would do with us, and the girl was afraid because this place was strange to her and this man was stranger.

WHEN we had eaten he told the old woman to take the girl to a room where she could bathe, and after that he asked me more questions—about myself and about the girl, her bad luck, and where she had come from. I could not show him her passport because the customs official had taken it.

While we were talking, suddenly we heard the girl screaming. She was in another part of the house but she was screaming worse than anybody I have ever heard. I tell you, sir, it was the most terrible screaming in the world and it made my stomach turn. I did not know very much about this man yet, and we had thrown ourselves on his mercy, and I did not know whether he was to be trusted or not.

I jumped to my feet and ran in the direction of the screaming and I did not care if the man was running after me. I went up some steps and through a sleeping room and I saw the old woman trying to open a door across the room. The

girl was behind the door and she was still screaming.

I pushed the old woman away and tried to open the door, but it was locked. So I went back and ran up against it with my shoulder and the door came open. The girl was squeezed back in a corner with a towel held against her, and when I stumbled in she stopped screaming, but her mouth stayed open. She was so frightened that she could only point to a hole in the wall.

Sir, this was a Moorish house in a hot country and the bathroom was a big white room with no windows. There were faucets and a shower, but the only light came from a hole at the floor where the bathwater ran out of an open spout and fell into an irrigation ditch so that it was not wasted. Well, this girl was so frightened she did not have sense enough to turn off the water which was running all over the floor and out of the hole.

But in the hole, which was as big as a grapefruit, there was the most enormous eye that I have ever seen. It was three or four times as large as the eye of a man and it was staring into the hole at the naked girl and that was why she was screaming.

TELL you, sir, it was a frightful thing. I am not a coward any more, but I had not at that time got rid of my fear of being watched.

When I saw this enormous eye, which stared in at us, I could not move for a minute. I was frozen and sick and full of horror in the same way that the girl was frozen so that she was shrinking back in the corner.

Well, sir, I grabbed another towel from a rack on the wall and I threw it with all my strength at the hole. There was a loud squawk and then the master of the house came in behind me and demanded to know what was happening.

I showed him the towel in the hole and told him about the eye, and he started to laugh. He laughed so hard that I could not get any explanation until he took me out around the house to a compound in the back where there were a number of ostriches.

You would not think there would be ostriches in North Africa, but this man liked them and he raised them for sport. He showed me the hole in the wall where the bathwater runs out and he said the ostriches like to drink at the hole when someone takes a bath.

Yes, sir, I agree with you, it was very funny. The man was still laughing, and I started to laugh. I ran back into the house and told the girl what it was, and soon she was laughing, too. She had put on a bathrobe which the old woman gave her and when I saw her finally laughing after all the troubles both of us had, I could not help putting my arms around her, in front of the old woman and the man, and kissing her. I had to hold her in my arms because she laughed so hard she was hysterical.

Sir, that was when I knew that I loved this girl and she loved me and all our troubles were over.

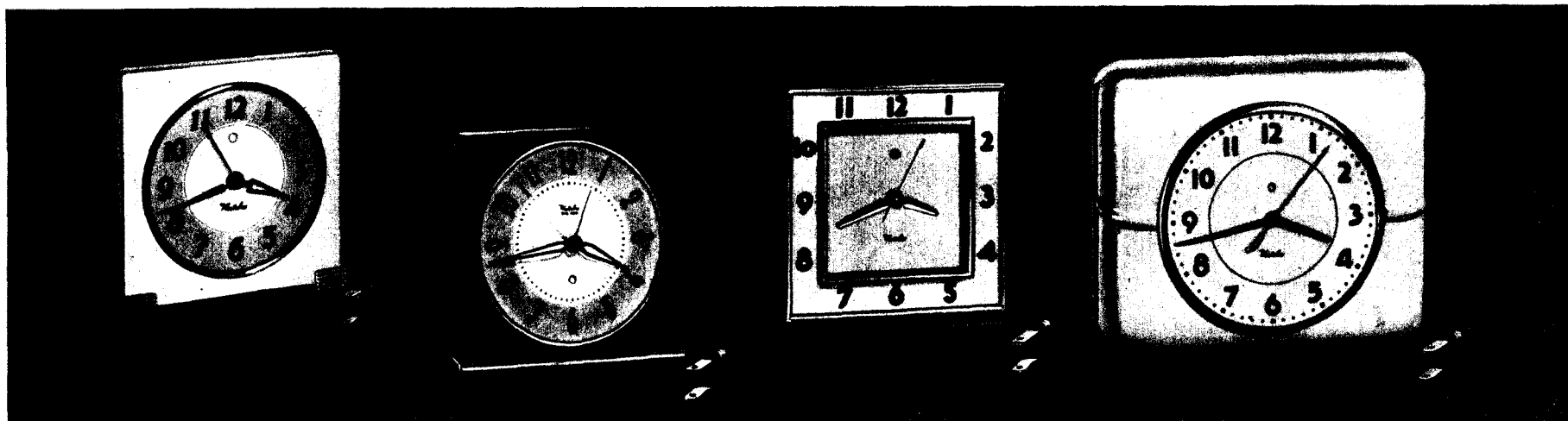
Yes, sir. I know that, sir. Yes, sir. But you must understand. I am not afraid any more. The girl is not afraid. We have never been afraid of anyone or anything since that matter of the ostrich eye. All the eyes in the world can be on us and we do not care.

Yes, sir, I realize that, but I had to do something for this man in return for his kindness, and I did not think I was doing a wrong thing. When he told me about Palestine, it seemed to me that perhaps I could have a country after all, and I was willing to do anything to have a country. All the eyes in the world are on Palestine, too.

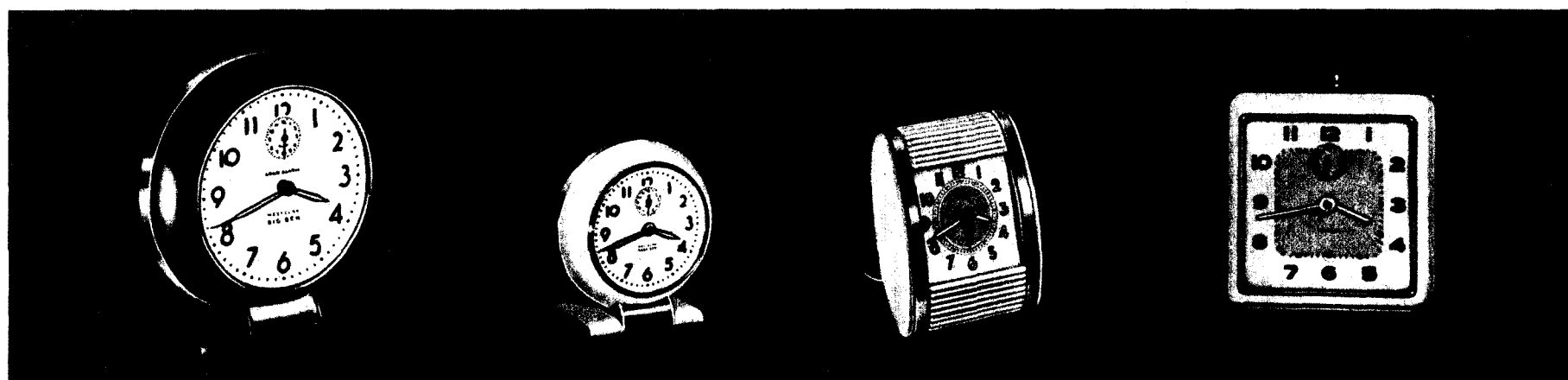
I put myself on your mercy. And the girl, too. She is with me in all things. It does not matter if you deport me. She will go with me. If I cannot have a country, I can have her.

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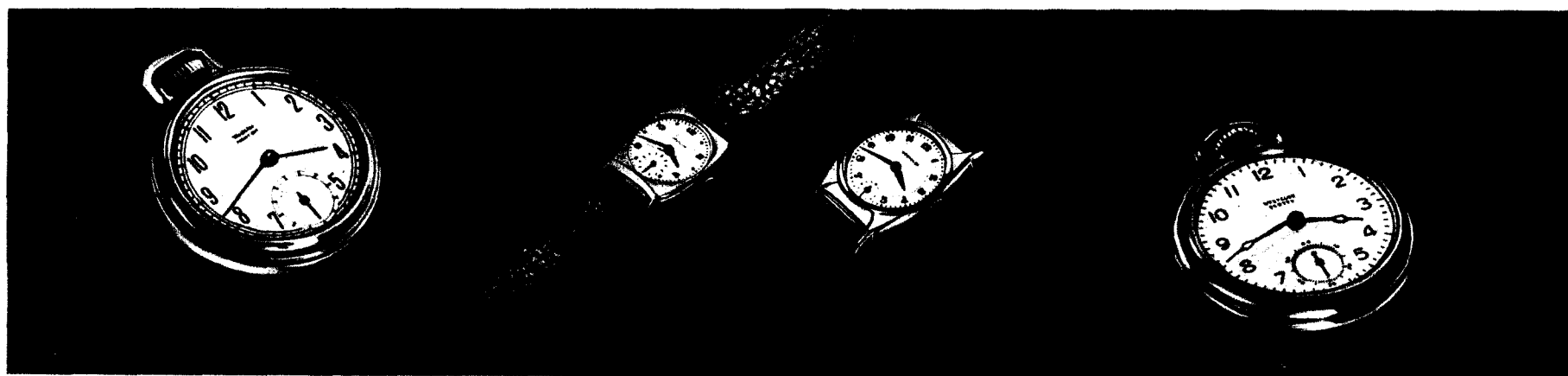
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WESTCLOX *Products of* **GENERAL TIME Instruments Corp.** **BIG BEN** *Keeps America On Time*

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Drinks practically label themselves...when you make them with Paul Jones. Each sip clearly says—"here's smooth-tasting Paul Jones...the whiskey that's first of all for flavor!"



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Girls will fool you

By RIXIE HUNTER

When Morris of the Chronicle tried a little muckraking he unearthed the girl who had done him plenty of dirt

 SOMEBODY had told me a year ago that I was a poor judge of women I would have laughed at him. Rather, I would have directed his attention to one, Gretchen Grosbeak, with whom I had been going steady since the first semester, and I would have said, "Find one fault with her. Just one fault."

Which would have been enough to stop any argument cold. That was the way Gretchen was until you got to know her well. She could stop anything. To me, Gretchen was as faultless as the Washington Monument, although the two were built along entirely different lines. It was the same with every boy at Doss.

Of course I am a year older at this writing, and Mopsy says that might have something to do with my change of attitude. Mopsy is so unassuming in the way she puts it that I just smile at her and say, "I guess so," knowing that what happened last summer was the thing that really brought me to my senses. . . .

It was the end of my sophomore year at Doss University and I was working for the summer as a reporter on the Bakerton Daily Chronicle. I went to the Chronicle with one purpose in mind—to become a great newspaperman, a crusader, a muckraker. Thoroughly disillusioned with women, I was taut with ambition and eager to penetrate the future.

On my first day at the office, I called my city editor aside and explained to him my ambition. I told him that I was ambitious, industrious and imaginative, and that I hoped he would see fit to give me an important beat, perhaps the city hall.

"You realize, Mr. Cranford," I said, "that it is sometimes quite beneficial to have young blood in strategic positions."

"Hadn't given it much thought," said Mr. Cranford, heading back to his typewriter.

"You know, Mr. Cranford, you'd be really surprised to see what goes on right under your very nose. The backbiting, the scheming, the crookedness. Things the ordinary American gets so accustomed to that he hardly even notices any more. Those are the things I have dedicated my life to wiping out."

"That's fine," said Mr. Cranford, handing me a small piece of copy paper which he had just torn from his typewriter.

I walked back to my own desk and looked at the paper he had handed me. It read: Regular Beat For Horace Morris—Schools, Churches, Girl Scouts, Public Records, Obituaries.

The schools were closed for the summer. The only news a church could have was a fire. The Girl Scouts were off camping. (Continued on page 81)



"My name's Jean Wibble," she said, "and I just hate it. But you can call me Mopsy"

ILLUSTRATED BY MILTON WOLSKY

Stars on Christmas Morning

FROM THE RUMPP GIFT CARAVAN

Prepare for exclamations of surprised delight when these sleek Rumpp wallets are lifted out of their wrappings. Rich, sparkling leathers and skilled hand craftsmanship blend to produce these wallets of exceptional beauty and long life. Illustrated:

Man's "Streamliner"—one-piece construction, removable pass case, \$6.50*.

Lady's Wallet with change purse and removable pass case, \$5.00*.

Assorted Colors. Many others in the Rumpp Gift Caravan in leading stores.

*Plus Tax



The gift to gladden a little girl's heart



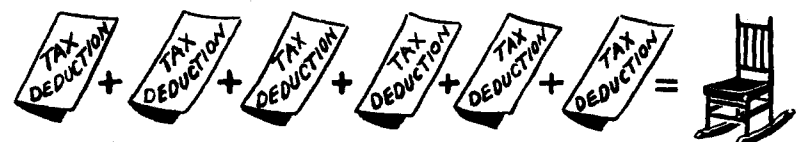
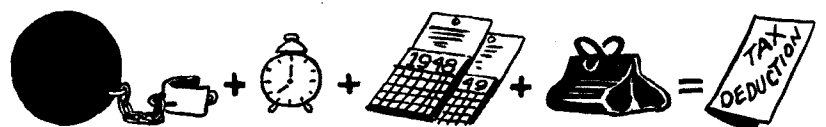
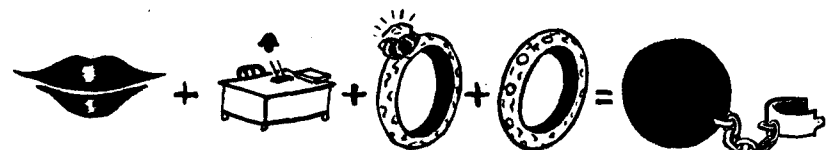
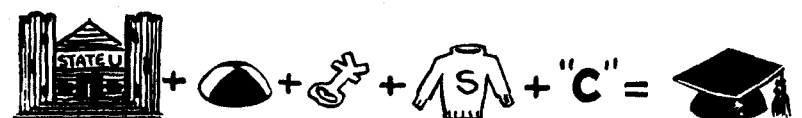
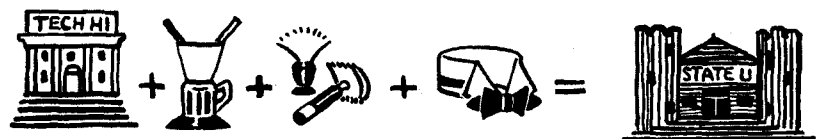
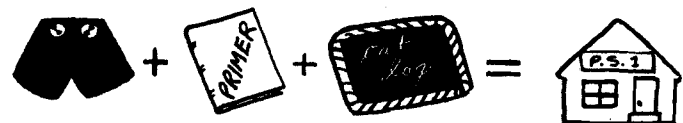
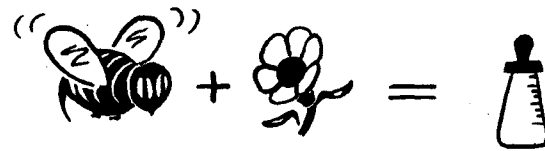
This Christmas, give a little girl a real thrill—give one of these dainty, smartly-styled PEEWEE expansion bracelet and locket sets. Expertly made, with engraved or cloisonne lockets, each set comes in a handsome plastic pocketbook that resembles Mommy's . . . \$8.95 plus tax, at leading jewelers. Bruner-Ritter, Inc., Fifth Avenue, New York.

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PEEWEE—made by the makers of famous BRETTON watch bands

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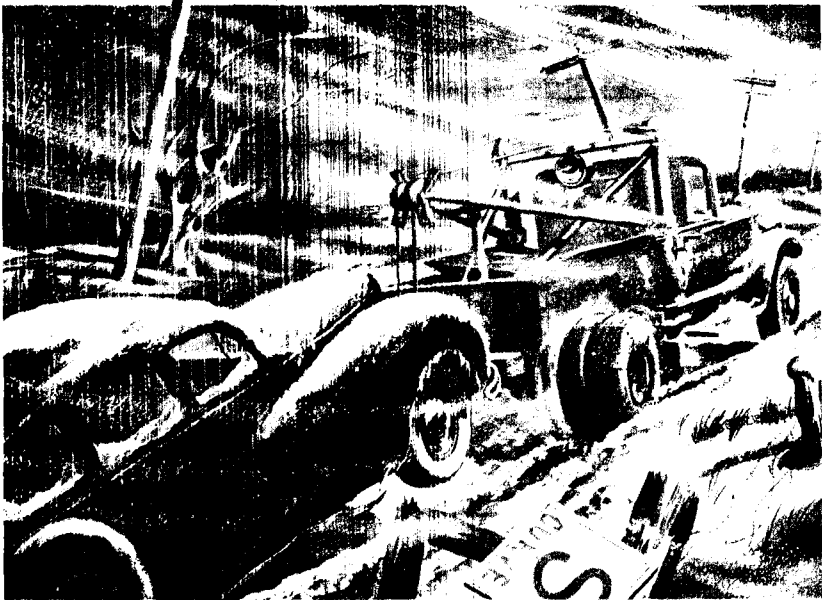


COLLIER'S

FRED BALK

Collier's for December 4, 1948

If safety



1 FIREMEN, DOCTORS, TOW-CAR DRIVERS—people who drive in emergencies—rely on "Prestone" anti-freeze. These emergency drivers don't risk freeze-ups. They use "Prestone" anti-freeze... then they're *safe* and they *know* it!



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NO FREEZE • NO FAILURE**

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Extra Fine Texture Extra Tight Weave!

A completely new all-purpose coat! Luxurious lightweight fabric, specially spun and woven from fine combed and carefully selected genuine pima yarns, then processed the Alligator way for complete water repellent protection. Smart, comfortable. A real value in flattering single breasted and trench models. See it now!

There's an Alligator for you . . . wide range of popular prices, styles, colors . . . in water repellent and waterproof fabrics.

BETTER DEALERS FEATURE:

ALLIGATOR

Rainwear

because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN

The Alligator Company, St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles

PASSAGE TO PANAMA

Continued from page 40

"Who are you afraid of, Chief?"
"I do not understand."
"What's the deal here? Maybe I could help you."

"I am sorry—my English is so bad." Johnny headed for the door. "See you later."

"Have a bottle of beer," the chief said.

Rather shaky in the knees, Johnny went above to the saloon. The brooding quiet oppressed him. He knocked on Anna Marie's door. His client, in shorts and a bra, promptly opened it. There was no question but that she would have attracted favorable attention on any boardwalk.

"My goodness," Johnny said.

"I'm going to accept the captain's offer to sun-bathe on the flying bridge. I can't stand this room another minute."

"Will you wait while I put on my trunks? I'll tag along."

"All right," Anna Marie said.

Johnny went back to his room, hastily undressed and found a pair of shorts. Into the pocket of the bathrobe he pulled on went his gun. Anna Marie preceded him to the bridge. They crossed through the pilothouse to the starboard wing. Captain Maesk, back in the chartroom, gave them a cordial nod. The steward was climbing down the ladder from the flying bridge.

"The blankets are spread," he told them. "Will there be anything else?"

"A bottle of beer for me," Johnny said. "Annie?"

"I don't drink or smoke," Anna Marie said.

"You're certainly keeping yourself in shape," Johnny said admiringly.

Up on top was only a binnacle and another wheel. The area was enclosed by a waist-high railing of canvas. They slipped out of their robes and lay upon the blankets. Though a stiff breeze was blowing, the sun had a blinding authority.

WHEN the steward brought Johnny a bottle of beer, he sat up, lighted a cigarette, and gazed at the girl industrialist.

"If I really did my duty," he said, "I wouldn't take my eyes off you for a minute."

"Well, you're doing your duty now," Anna Marie said.

A comfortable silence ensued. Johnny finished the beer and the cigarette, sighed luxuriously and stretched out again.

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Twenty-nine."

"It said in the paper you were twenty-five."

"That's only for publicity purposes," Anna Marie said. She looked gloomily at the polish on her fingernails. "I'm no chicken any more, am I?"

"You're a chicken for my dough, Annie."

"Stop calling me 'Annie.' I warned you about that before."

"Oh, yeah. I'm sorry."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-eight," Johnny said. "I'm no chicken either."

"Nor even pretty."

He grinned. "That's right."

"How long have you been a private eye?"

"There's no such animal as a 'private eye,'" Johnny said. "That's just in the movies. I'm a private, flat-footed detective."

"You wouldn't be," Anna Marie said, "if you went without your shoes part of the time. Look at me."

"Your feet, you mean?"

"Yes."

"I must do that one of these days," Johnny said. "All I've noticed so far is your legs."

"How did you happen to become a flat-footed detective?"

"My father was a San Francisco cop. I guess I fell into it. A friend of mine named Frank Graham was crazy over mystery stories and wanted to do a little detecting. We went into business together."

Anna Marie rose on her elbows and studied him alertly. "Is there money in it?"

"Not much."

"Jimmy Albertson said you were getting twenty-five dollars a day for this."

"Well, twelve-and-a-half, really. I have to split with Graham—he got me the job."

"Chicken feed!" Anna Marie said.

"Why, you're wasting your time. If the trip lasts ten days, you'll only have a little over a hundred dollars when you get to Panama."

"I was told I might have a whole month."

"You won't."



"I want you to be mine. I'm suddenly crazy about you, Johnny. What do you say?"

"I'm not going to buy anything," Johnny said, "and I'll go right home."

"No ambition!" Anna Marie said.

"Certainly I have ambition. I'm a member of the California bar, I'll have you know. This job is merely a fill-in until my practice is built up."

"What are you going to specialize in—criminal law?"

"Nope. Corporations and contracts."

"But a criminal practice is where you'd make the money. It's colorful, you represent interesting people, you receive enormous fees."

"And meet nothing but bums," Johnny said. "No, thanks. I'm just a big, dumb member of a bunch of poor San Francisco Irishers. My hope is to get along and be respectable."

"Get along!" Anna Marie said.

"Be respectable!" The spirit of mediocrity!

"It suits me."

"Sure, it suits you. You're right. It's exactly your caliber. You'll spend your life working for twelve dollars a day and have to stay alive because you can't afford a decent funeral."

"Okay," Johnny said. "That's me."

"I believe in private enterprise," Anna Marie said. "Life is a gamble. If you don't take chances, you don't make money. The daring, energetic individual is the successful one. My father was like that. Broke one day, rich the next. What a life he led! What a life I'm leading!"

"Yeah. Plenty of threatening letters."

"Do you think I'm scared by a letter or two? Do you think that could stop me from making a fortune and living a full life?"

"Yes," Johnny said. "Otherwise why do you spend most of your time in your cabin?"

"I'm crazy about bugs!"

"Don't get sore."

"Life is movement," Anna Marie said.

"Life is adventure, chance, gambling, a game of wits. The strongest survive. It's eat or be eaten, Smith."

"I'm not hungry," Johnny said.

"I never try to persuade the timid," she said. "Stay in your little groove. Live your little round. Don't get your feet wet. I prefer to have my new worlds to conquer."

THEY heard shoes scraping on the ladder. The blond young third officer, who was also the wireless operator, handed her several messages. She thanked him, and he left. While she read the messages, Johnny put on his robe.

"Your shoulders are getting red," he said, "and the sun is hot. Better move in the shade."

She shifted obediently to a shady corner of the canvas railing.

"There's room for you," she said.

"I'm covered."

"Not your head."

"Sun doesn't bother me,"

Johnny said. He held out his hand.

"What?"

"Let me see, Annie."

"Miss Bishop!"

"Miss Bishop," Johnny said.

"Does guarding me for twelve bucks a day," Anna Marie demanded, "give you the right to read my private communications?"

"It's better than wrestling with me."

"I'm still sore about that," Anna Marie told him.

"What do you want?" Johnny said. "Some other company? Some guy with a gun in his hand who's already read your mail? Hand it over, honey."

She gave him the messages, her cheeks crimson with heat and anger. One was a duplicate of Mr. Albertson's wireless concerning the sale of Madame de Maintenon products. The others read: ALL SHIPS ARRIVED SAFELY CANAL ZONE STOP HANGARED ALBROOK FIELD STOP REGARDS

T M CROSSLEY

and
DEPARTING NEW ORLEANS TOMORROW MORNING STOP PLEASED AT WORK AHEAD STOP REGARDS

POP LANE

"Who's Crossley?" Johnny asked, returning the messages to her.

She hesitated, obviously trying to control her temper.

"Listen, Annie," he said, "you're not out of the woods yet, and you know it. Maybe I'm your only friend for the time being. Where's the percentage in trying to make me lose interest?"

"Crossley is the man who had charge of ferrying my planes," Anna Marie said. "Lane is the pilot we brought from China. 'Pop' is his nickname."

"Want to tell me more?"

"I have no more to tell."

"You're sure?"

Collier's for December 4, 1948



The new scientifically designed key-tops... pleasing to the touch and so easy on the finger tips... make your typing a delightful, new experience

Get the "feel" of an Underwood All Electric Keyboard . . . with Finger-Form keys . . . and then you know real typing pleasure.

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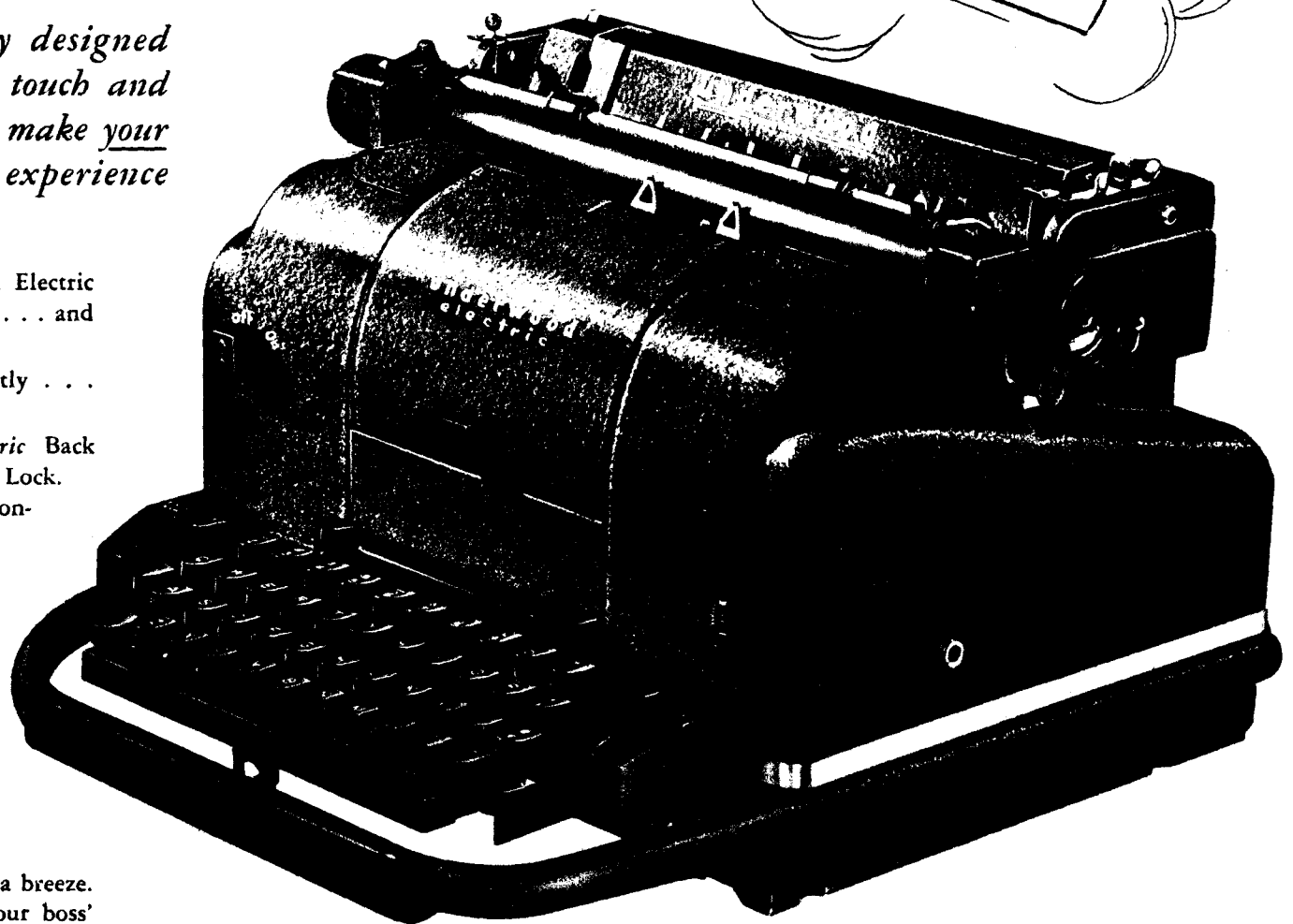
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TO GIVE A MAN PLEASURE AT CHRISTMAS

WEMBLEY TIES, COLORFUL AS THE

INDIES, WITH BOLD AND LIVELY PICTURE

PATTERNS. LIKE ALL WEMBLEYS,

BAHAMA PRINTS ADD A NEW

FASHION NOTE TO YOUR FALL ATTIRE.

THESE HAVE FINE FABRIC AND EXPERT TAILORING TO GIVE

YOU LONG-TIME WEAR AND ENJOYMENT.

"I'm positive," Anna Marie replied. She smiled grimly. "I suppose you've figured out much more complicated cases than this, and that pretty soon you'll know more than I do."

"I might," Johnny said. "I already know the threatening letter came from aboard the Leise Neilsen, and that you'd better not go down in the engine room without me."

"Why not in the engine room?"

"A guy there today wanted to drop a piece of iron on me. If they're after me, they are certainly after you."

She betrayed her tension by the way her hands tightened in her lap.

"How do you know the letter came from the ship?" she said.

"How did you know the captain had your message from Mr. Albertson?"

"He's the one man aboard who has the authority to hold up a message, and it should have come the first day."

"Why would he do it?"

"I don't know."

"He's wise to the fact that we took it now," Johnny said. "And he must know I'm your boy. I hope he isn't too annoyed, that's all."

"I—I don't care for myself," Anna Marie said, "but I'd hate to have an innocent bystander hurt in my behalf. You're perfectly free to talk to him and duck out. I wouldn't blame you a bit."

"No," Johnny said, "I'll stick around."

She smiled and impulsively extended her hand. He squeezed her fingers reassuringly.

"You're not very bright," she said, "but you are big. Thanks."

LATER on, when they went below, Johnny felt unaccountably upset. Since his stomach never bothered him, he was immediately suspicious. A severe headache followed, and vertigo and trouble with his vision. He tried to go to supper and failed, and could only sit on the edge of his cot with his head in his hands. The steward knocked a couple of times, but Johnny ignored him. Then Anna Marie came in.

"What's the matter?" she said.

"I'm sick to my stomach. My eyes feel as if they're crossed."

"You had too much sun. I told you not to sit bareheaded in it."

"Nonsense," Johnny said irritably. "I've been poisoned, so help me. The dirty rats—Oooops!"

His client took him to the washstand, assisted him with gentle hands and led him to the cot. He was suitably cleaned.

"Poisoned," Johnny said, in a hoarse voice. "I should have known—"

"Lie down," Anna Marie said. "I'll have the steward undress you."

"Goodbye, Annie," Johnny said. "I'm done for. Good luck. Take my gun. Defend yourself to the last. Don't drink any beer."

"Oh, shut up," Anna Marie said.

The steward entered to undress him, and Anna Marie retired. Johnny decided the end had come; struggling was useless. Presently he felt cold cloths on his forehead.

"It's dark," he said. "I'm cold."

"Hold still," Anna Marie said, "or I'll hit you."

An ice bag was applied to the back of his neck. He leaped convulsively when a wet sheet was pulled over him. Into view swam the round and smiling countenance of Captain Maesk.

"A touch of sun," he said. "Very common in these latitudes. Miss Bishop is taking good care of you, Mr. Smith."

"Help! Help!" Johnny said.

"Wear a hat when you're out long hereafter," the captain said. "Good night, Mr. Smith."

The cold, wet sheets continued. He was sick again and clung sadly to Anna Marie. She made him swallow some pills. The steward brought a detachable electric fan, which Anna Marie directed closely upon Johnny.

"That's fine, Neilsen," she said. "His pulse and temperature are down. You can go to bed."

"Get that man out of here!" Johnny said.

"Shall I dry him," the steward asked, "and put his pajamas on?"

"I can do it," Anna Marie said.

"Get that woman out of here!" Johnny said.

Finally his eyes uncrossed themselves, and he gazed up at the beautiful, kind face of his client. She seemed to him the essence of womanly tenderness.

"You poor jerk," she said. "The worst is over now. Go to sleep."

"Are you going to stay with me?" Johnny said.

"Yes, I'll be here," Anna Marie said.

"Don't leave me," Johnny said. "I need protection. They might take another crack at me."

"I'll protect you," Anna Marie said. "What would I do without you?"

Johnny asked.

Her eyes grew very wide and tremendously blue. Suddenly she bent forward and kissed his aching head.

"What was that?" Johnny said.

"I kissed you good night, Smith," Anna Marie said.

"Stop that!" Johnny said. "What the

ALCOHOLISM BEGINS AT HOME

By DR. RALPH S. BANAY

An outstanding
medical authority accuses
parents of creating
two million alcoholics

In Collier's next week

hell do you think this is—a honeymoon cruise? Good night."

The whole of the next day Johnny stayed abed and held court in his cabin. His breakfast was brought on a tray by the steward, who was kindly and solicitous. As Johnny took his tea and toast, Anna Marie appeared. She was without make-up, barefooted, dressed in a shirt, and levis rolled up to the knees, and her hair was white with Madame de Maintenon cream.

"Good morning," the girl industrialist said cheerily. "How are you? Still poisoned by a mysterious substance put in your beer?"

"I'm not bad," Johnny said, "and I'm willing to concede it was the sun. But I don't feel like guarding you today. Stay in your room with the bugs."

"Wouldn't it be better to stay in here with you?"

"Well, if you fix yourself up a little."

"I suppose I do look awful," Anna Marie said, "but who's going to see me on this boat? What's the sense of primping for a bunch of sailors and a sick employee?"

"You owe it to your self-respect," Johnny said. "No dame, however attractive, looks good with curlers on one end and nothing on the other."

"Certainly you are aware of the difficulties I have had with my feet? And I find my hair wave disintegrates quickly in tropical moisture."

"Nevertheless, I urge you to take a fresh grip on yourself. Why, we could be married, the way you come into breakfast with no repairs made and give me an argument."

Anna Marie sat down thoughtfully

Collier's for December 4, 1948

and took his pulse. "We could, couldn't we, Smith?"

"No, we couldn't. That was simply an illustration. How's my pulse?"

"It seems to be getting faster," Anna Marie said. "You're not married, are you, Smith? You said you weren't."

"I'm not."

"Engaged?"

"No."

"Do you have some childhood sweetheart to whom you intend to return?"

"No."

"Other plans, perhaps?"

"What other plans could I have?"

Johnny said. "That lets me out. And I prefer not to continue this conversation."

"You're disillusioned," Anna Marie said. "Now I get it. A woman has betrayed you."

"No, no," Johnny said. "Annie, we'll have a long talk sometime. Right now, I'd like to rest."

She rose and lifted his tray. He avoided her eyes. She departed and did not return.

BEFORE the midday dinner hour, the chief engineer visited Johnny. He bore gifts—skinless, boneless, graciously rounded sardines from Portugal, soda crackers recently toasted, and two bottles of cold beer. His manner was that of a beaten dog.

"I regretted your absence at supper last night," he said. "When they told me this morning you were better, I felt very glad. Will you receive me?"

"Sure, Chief," Johnny said. "Have a chair."

"Will you eat with me? I hope you are not angry still."

"Listen, you ought to be mad at me. Of course I'll eat with you."

They ate and drank together companionably. The chief produced cigarettes, beamed happily through his spectacles, and described how much better it was to be sick on a liner, where you had a doctor and, sometimes, nurses. Also to charm the invalid, he told at considerable length how they had spotted two giant sea turtles from the bridge that morning, as well as a school of porpoises that were following the Leise Neilsen. Then the steward came to bring Johnny's tray and call the chief to dinner.

"I have had a delightful visit, Mr. Smith," the chief said. "You are nice to receive me. I hope we have many more visits. May I come and tell you if we find more turtles and porpoises?"

"Absolutely," Johnny said. "Drop in often, Chief. I know we're going to become great friends."

"I would ask nothing more," the chief said. "Good afternoon, my dear Mr. Smith."

"Have Miss Bishop stop by on her way to the saloon," Johnny said to the steward.

"Yes, sir."

Anna Marie presented herself, still barefooted and in the levis, but with her curlers shrouded by a silk scarf. Her expressive, beautifully assorted features were cast in a somber guise. "Yes, Smith?"

"I just wanted to check that you're okay," Johnny said.

"I am okay," Anna Marie said.

"Hope you enjoy your dinner," Johnny added.

"Thank you."

"Why the freeze, Annie?" Johnny said.

"What have I done to you recently?"

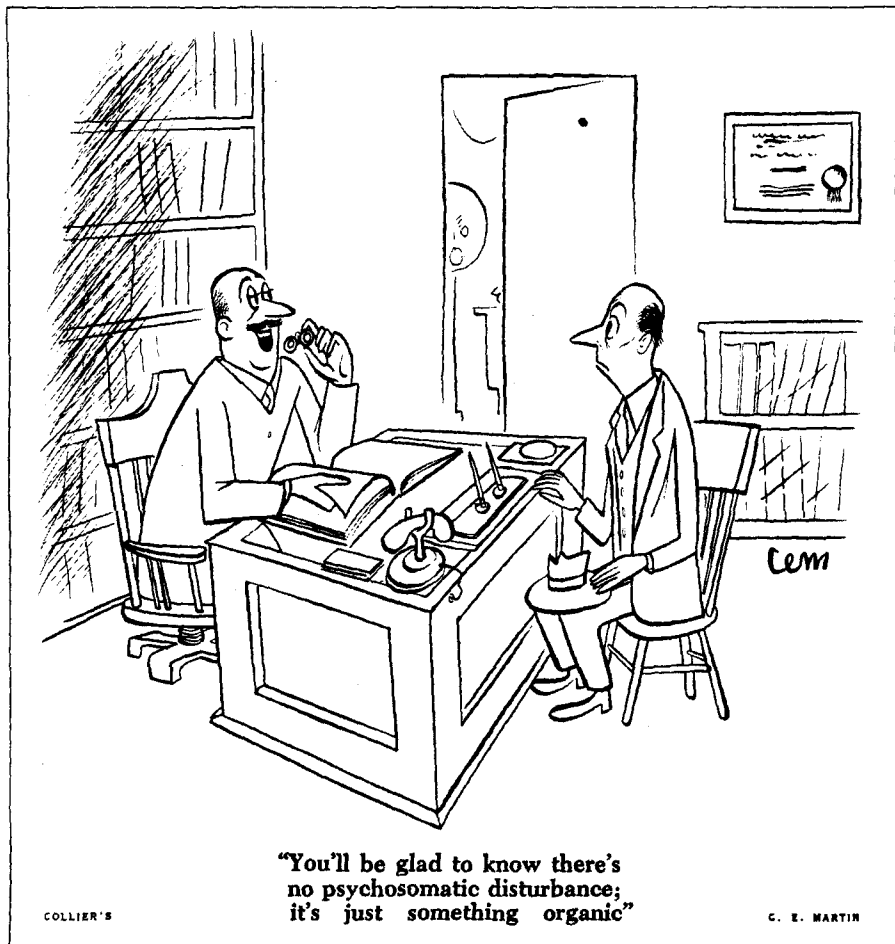
"My name is Miss Bishop," Anna Marie said. "You have done nothing whatever to me. Will there be anything else before I go to dinner?"

"Keep your nose clean, Miss Bishop," Johnny said, experiencing a sudden, irrational anger. "That's all."

He brooded about his client for a while before he had a nap. In addition to probably being dishonest, she was unquestionably emotional and nutty. But she did have a nice, forward, irrational quality of friendliness and charm. It got you after a time. Besides that, she was really a little dish.

Late in the afternoon, the captain knocked on the door. His sleepy, placid countenance radiated sympathetic benevolence. In his hand was a present, a topee for Johnny's future bouts with the sun. The captain said he was terribly pleased at the patient's rapid recovery, and gave a long and entertaining account of the turtles and porpoises. Johnny listened with false pleasure, having resolved to follow a suave and subtle course with the man he now regarded as his main opponent.

"Gee, that's fascinating, Captain," he



"You'll be glad to know there's no psychosomatic disturbance; it's just something organic"

COLLIER'S

C. E. MARTIN

Collier's for December 4, 1948

Make it another Pendleton Christmas

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There's a deep satisfaction in the giving... or receiving... of a Pendleton present. To both there is the certain knowledge that here is the finest virgin wool gift of its kind procurable anywhere!

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Illustrated:
 Lindsay Tartan Robe 17.50

The Season's Best



Blackie:

"There's something about the spirit of Christmas, Whitey, that makes the world look beautiful."

Whitey:

"Yes, Blackie—Christmas instills new hope in the hearts of men everywhere. May it bring justice and peace to all the world."



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*The Scotch
with Character*

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said. "You've done wonders for my morale, coming by and shooting the breeze with me. How I envy all the other wonderful experiences you must have had in your years of seafaring."

"How I envy yours," the captain replied. "I wish we could persuade you to tell a few of them before you leave the ship. Chief Neilsen is as interested as I am."

"Mine?" Johnny said. "You're flattering me. Nothing is duller than the routine of a lawyer."

"I mean as a private eye," the captain said. "My English is only adequate, but I have read many of your American stories. Such an existence! Lovely women! Shootings. Whisky and intrigues. Outwitting the clumsy police. Can twenty years at sea compare with that?"

"Why," Johnny said, "it's scarcely anything, really."

"You're being modest," the captain said. "Mr. Smith, do you mind telling me how many men have fallen before your pistol?"

"Ah—not many," Johnny said.

"Naturally you wouldn't say," the captain said, and looked respectful. "They never talk—those private eyes." He winked. "I don't imagine a bottle of whisky would loosen your tongue; it never had the least effect upon the men of whom I've read."

"Well," Johnny said, "I'm sort of used to it."

"Assuredly," the captain said. "I suppose you are a dead shot, Mr. Smith."

"I don't brag," Johnny said, "but I hear there's a rumor around that I know how to use my heater."

"I can imagine," the captain said. He sighed. "And those entrancing blondes, the brunettes, the redheads, who force themselves upon you. The big, mysterious houses, and the old men with sinister plans. Sometimes I feel as if I had lived through those things myself, so intense is my pleasure and interest in them. I would like to be a private eye myself, except that there is no profession in Copenhagen. In Jutland, where I grew up, I don't believe there are even public detectives."

"That's a shame," Johnny said.

"I presume you've solved many baffling cases," the captain said.

"I've solved my share," Johnny admitted.

"Well, I should not bore you longer," the captain said, and got up. "This conversation has been extremely pleasurable for me. I never expected to meet a private eye other than in the pages of

an American book or magazine. Mr. Smith, enlighten me on a single small point. Private eyes are mercenaries, are they not? They work for the highest bidder, no matter what cause the highest bidder espouses? They are entirely ruthless, eh?"

"Yeah," Johnny said. "Entirely ruthless, Cap."

"Thank you," Captain Maesk said. "The best of luck to you on every case. Good afternoon."

TWILIGHT came, and darkness. The ship chugged across a calm sea. Johnny brooded over his tête-à-tête with the master of the Leise Neilsen. He couldn't decide whether Maesk had been ironical or merely simple. Surely the conversation meant something.

A good operative would have deduced considerable from the captain's words. They just caused Johnny's head to ache. He felt he should have played upon the good mariner, trapped him into unwilling admissions, perhaps frightened him. His anger rose a little when he arrived at the melancholy conclusion that the captain had been kidding him.

The steward lugged in Johnny's supper. In reply to the latter's question, he said that Miss Bishop was now playing a card game called gin rummy, which she had taught both the chief and the captain. He wanted to know if he should call Miss Bishop.

"No," Johnny said. "But tell her that an old friend wishes to be remembered to her."

She didn't come after the meal either. Johnny heard voices and laughter from the saloon. It depressed him. He wandered restlessly around his small domain on legs that grew steadier. Even the insects seemed to have deserted him. Half a pack of cigarettes went up in smoke. He wished he had brought along a good lawbook to read. Finally, he cleaned his teeth, turned off the light, and glumly climbed into bed. A knock on the door roused him.

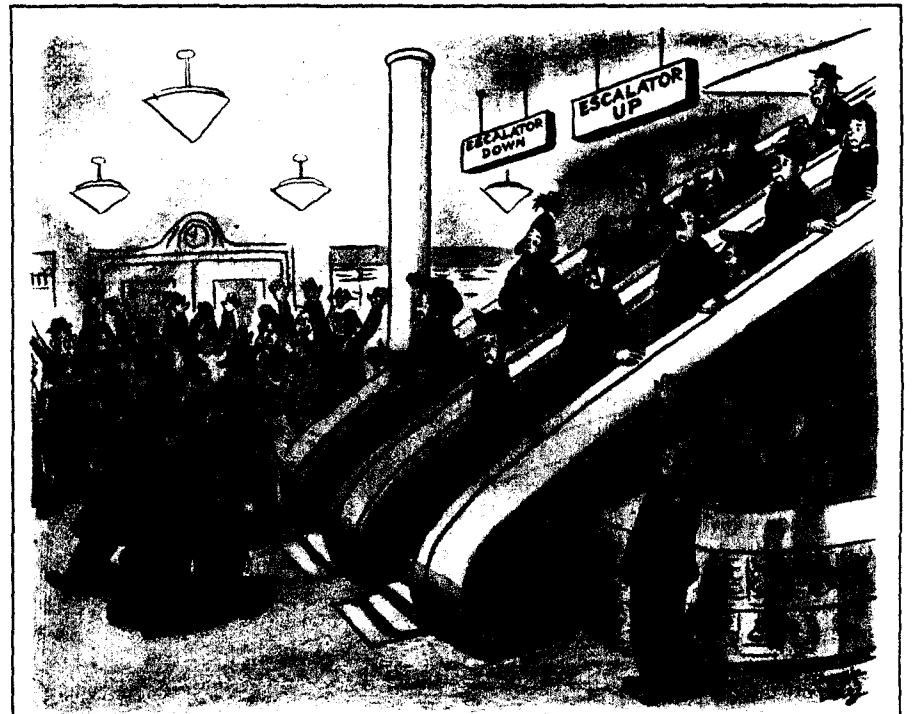
"Yes, honey," he said.

"Steward, sir," the steward said, and entered and retrieved the tray.

"You forgot me too," Johnny said reproachfully. "Listen, is Miss Bishop still playing cards?"

"No, sir," the steward said. "She is in Captain Maesk's cabin looking at his collection of marine pictures."

Johnny popped up from his cot. "Looking at his pictures? I won't have that! I—" He broke off, aware that the steward was rubbing the back of his



COLLIER'S

"All right, don't anybody move!"

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hand across his mouth. He cleared his throat and spoke calmly, "Neilsen, tell Miss Bishop to come here right away."

"Yes, sir."

But in a moment the steward returned to say that Miss Bishop had stated that she was too busy.

"Inform her," Johnny said, "that I am sick."

He lay down and closed his eyes. As he had anticipated, the girl industrialist rushed to his side. She grabbed his wrist to count his pulse, and put another cool hand upon his cheek. He groaned softly.

"Speak to me," Anna Marie said.

"What's the matter?"

"How do I know?" Johnny said.

"Suddenly I feel as if I'm an old, empty garbage can."

"Your pulse is regular. You aren't hot."

"I get discouraged alone here in the darkness. I don't care whether I get well or not."

"Oh," Anna Marie said, "so that's it!"

SHE bent over him, looking at him closely, as he opened his eyes. Her scent was musky and delightful, her light beige dress suited her coloring perfectly, and she had glittering diamonds in her ears. He stared deep into her great blue eyes and actually had some symptoms of sunstroke.

"You ought to be in your cabin," he said, "not with the captain."

"I've decided to cultivate him," Anna Marie explained.

"It's dangerous."

"You're telling me," Anna Marie said.

"Those marine views are etchings."

"You stop that!" Johnny said. "Go home and go to bed. I'm responsible for your safety. We will have no more of this looking at marine etchings!"

"Aha!" Anna Marie said. A mysterious change took place in her face; it softened and became veiled.

"Promise me you won't go back in the captain's cabin," Johnny said.

"Okay."

"I am only thinking of your welfare, Miss Bishop."

"You may call me 'Annie,' Smith," Anna Marie said.

She kissed him on the lips for what seemed a long period of time, straightened up and walked to the door, and looked at him pensively with her fingers upon the light switch. He was quite rigid, and perspiring.

"Anything further?" she asked.

"Ah—no," Johnny said. "I'm better, I believe, and I—ah—want to thank you for your care of me during my illness. I think I forgot to mention my—ah—gratitude up until now. You have the skill of a professional, Annie."

"I was a nurse's aide during the war," Anna Marie said. "That was the happiest period of my life. I love aiding sick people. I'd be an R.N., I think, except that they don't make a dime."

"Money isn't everything."

Anna Marie seemed genuinely surprised. "It isn't? What is?"

"Why, doing good, and—hosing your own row. Having people love and respect you—stuff like that."

"Name some other stuff."

"Well," Johnny said, "being honest—if you'll pardon the expression. Having others trust you. Being sincere. Leading a fine, decent life."

"Smith," Anna Marie said, "I am touched by the simplicity and emotion of your opinions. You mean well. I would defend to the death your right to utter those childlike platitudes. But you are little more than a chump, and entirely in error."

"All right," Johnny said, "get nasty."

She smiled radiantly. "You're entitled to your views, my boy. I'm not nasty. As a matter of fact, you're a nice big baby, and taking care of you when you're sick does something to me. It must bring out the best in me. You'd

better not need a nurse again, or I'm liable to start chasing you."

Johnny was unable to think of anything in reply. Anna Marie smiled again, put out the light, and closed the door. The Leise Neilsen drummed on into a tropical sea that had starlight in its bosom. The combined odors of Diesel exhaust and copra rose in the still air, and to Johnny they smelled like gardenias. It was in that instant he realized love had come to him upon the briny. He decided that absolutely nothing worse could have happened to him.

The morning brought the hottest weather yet. Standing at a steamy mirror, Johnny had difficulty in keeping perspiration from washing the shaving soap off his flushed cheeks before he could apply the razor. The warmth roused so many bugs that he began to think he had spots in front of his eyes. He put on shorts and a T-shirt and slippers and shuffled in to breakfast.

Anna Marie was already there, in her red bathing suit, lingering over a second cup of coffee. Her hair was delicately wavy, her make-up fresh and luminous. She regarded her bodyguard amiably.

"Good morning, Smith," she said. "Are you over your difficulties of last night?"

"Good morning," Johnny said. "Yes, I am, baby. In more ways than one. From now on I'm a shamus, picking up the pieces. No more waltzing, see?"

"Huh?"

"Keep your lip buttoned. The heat starts."

"It certainly has started," Anna Marie said. "Are you sure the new temperature hasn't affected you?"

"Pipe down," Johnny said. "Dames are for relaxation, and I'm busy."

The steward came from the pantry for his order. He was smiling, and Johnny's icy glance and masklike face did not deter him from expressions of good will. Johnny told him to save it, and snapped an order for his breakfast. The steward retired looking hurt.

ANNA MARIE had another cup of coffee, and watched Johnny drink a glass of tomato juice and three cups of coffee, and in the interim devour bacon and eggs, toast and jelly, and two bowls of cereal. Then Johnny leaned back, lighted a cigarette, stuck it in a corner of his mouth, and stared with narrowed and enigmatic eyes at the nearest port-hole.

"I trust you noticed," Anna Marie said, "how I fixed myself up this morning."

"So what?" Johnny said. "Broads in bathing suits are a dime a dozen where I come from."

"Ah?" Anna Marie said.

"I laugh at 'em," Johnny said. "On a case, I play all the angles. A dame is a dame. If she can help me, swell; if she can't, I pick up my marbles and scam."

"Really?" Anna Marie said.

"There is a cold war on this tub," Johnny said, "but it'll be real war in a little while. Anybody that makes a play had better back it up with a roscoe. I'm going to split this heist wide open and blow the whistle."

"Wait a minute!" Anna Marie said, with definite pleasure. "Now I get it. You're a private eye!"

"What else, sister?" Johnny said. "Did you think I was the games director on this hooker?"

"A while ago," Anna Marie said, "you alleged that there was no such thing as a private eye."

"Don't believe everything you hear," Johnny said. "My specialty is dealing them off the bottom of the deck to women."

"Gee, this is just like a movie," Anna Marie said. "Go on."

"When the time comes," Johnny said, "I'll give you a chance to sing, canary. One chance, see? Don't push me."



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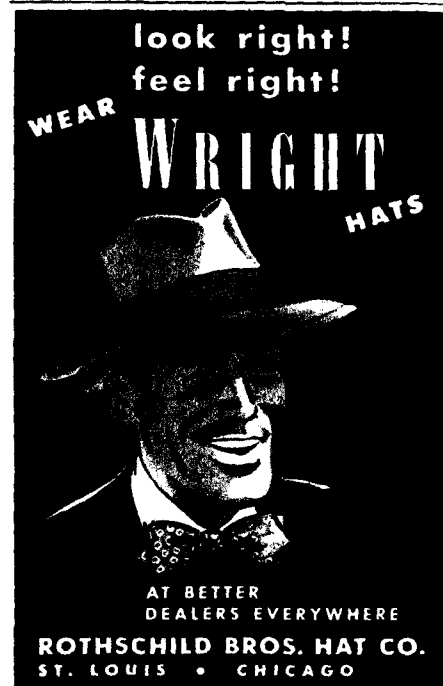
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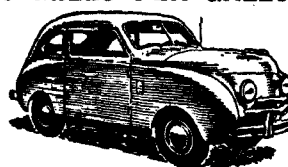


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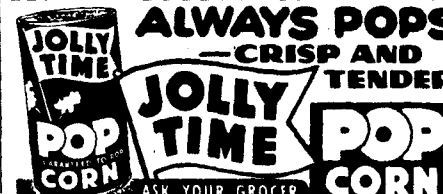
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Grandfather



Father



Husband

For the Men in Your Life

By BERT
BACHARACH

▲ WHEN it comes to giving, it's men who are caught with their pockets out. Women are generally on the receiving end. All Collier's wants to do in this Christmas article is quietly to nudge women into slight reciprocation.

Ladies, there are 120 gifts for men on these two pages. We've designed this chart to help you make up your mind, and this is how it works: The horizontal bands represent five different price ranges. Across the top of the page are all the men in your life—from Grandfather to the boy friend.

Suppose you decide to spend \$50 on men this year and \$8 of this is to be splurged on Father. Just follow him down to the \$5 to \$10 band. If he already owns the item, or wouldn't like it anyway, move left or right. If you have a precocious son and a young grandfather you might be able to switch gifts.

This chart saves you from wandering through stores groping for ideas. We've already done that part of the job. If you're still not sure, ask your favorite store for ideas.

Send your questions on the merchandise shown on these pages, with a self-addressed stamped envelope, to Men's Fashion Editor, Dept. MF, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Next week Tobe, Collier's Fashion Editor, will chart the Christmas Shopping course for the Women in Your Life.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY NICK LAZARNICK

\$5 to \$10	Gifts of a lasting nature, bringing warmth and comfort to the hearth	Skillet set and wicker wine baskets please the gourmet who likes to cook	These items are indispensable the man who likes to dress
\$25 to \$50	Pick Grandpa's favorite cigars—and this humidor to keep them fresh	Give him a silk robe for pure luxury, or a pure wool robe for extra warmth	A tie clasp, gold links and watch are adaptable to any man's taste



Uncle



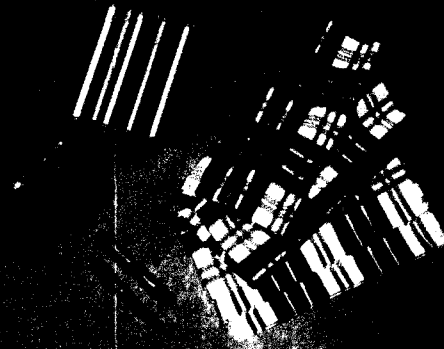
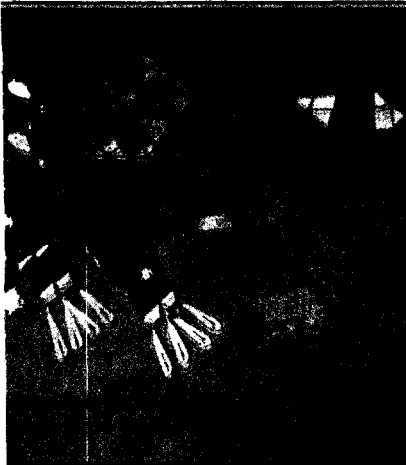
Brother



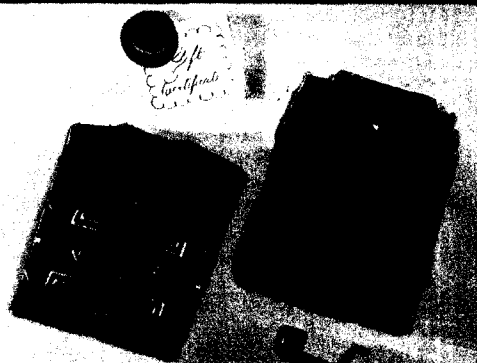
Son



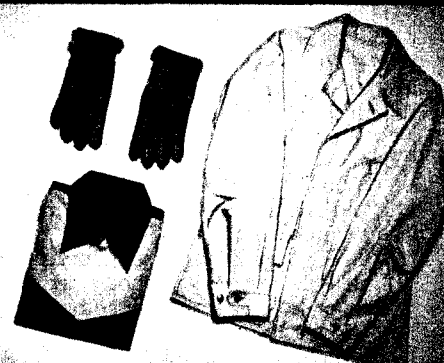
73
Boy Friend



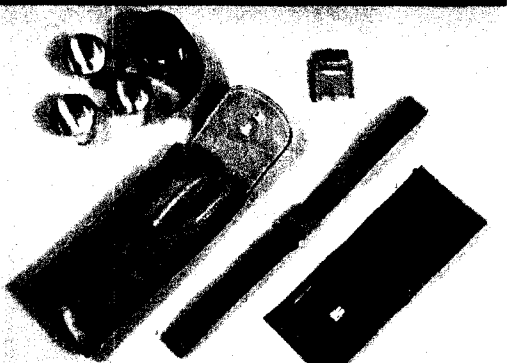
le-grained leather has ageless and
urious quality which appeals to men



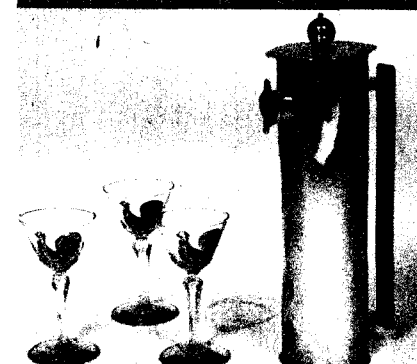
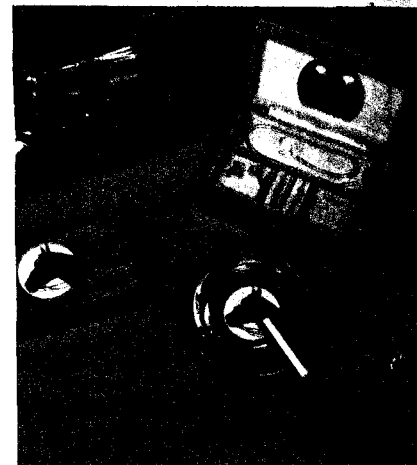
Send him a gift (or "by proxy," ski
sweater, wool shirt, a "chip sweater" pipe



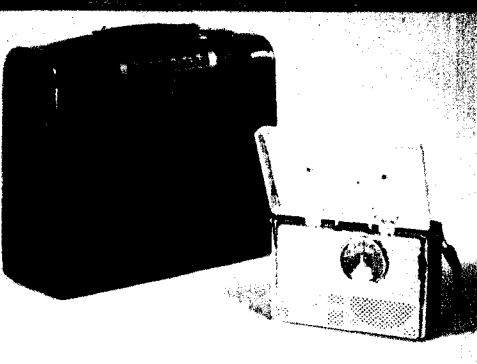
For the outdoor boy select this best
shirt and pair of socks



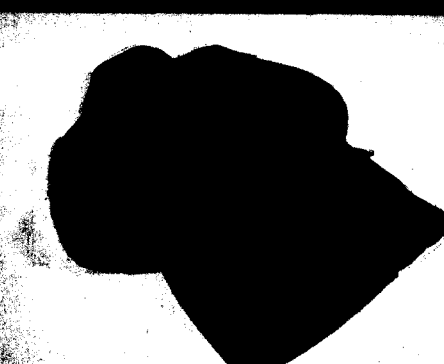
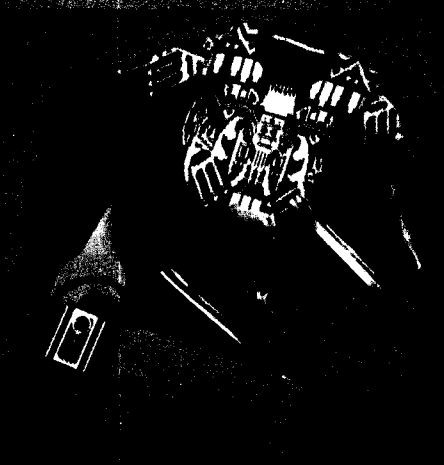
Shot cups, brush, lighter or initialed
belt and wallet set are popular gifts



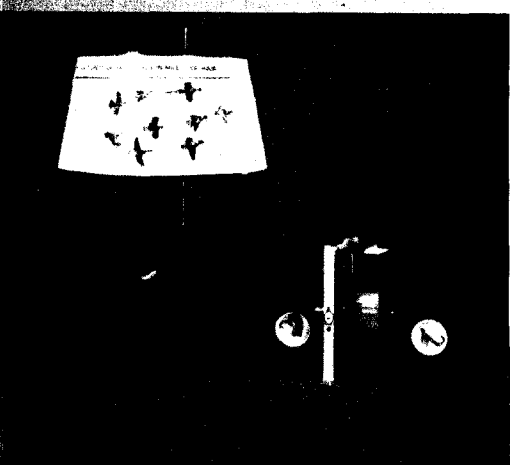
tail shaker or Martini mixer—it's
y. And the handle's easy to hold



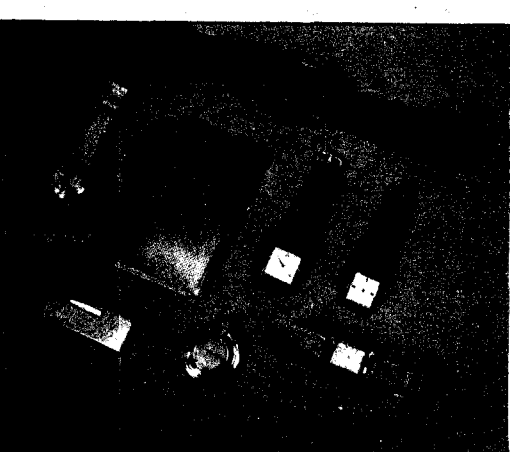
You and he can get music wherever you
go or the day's news on a portable radio

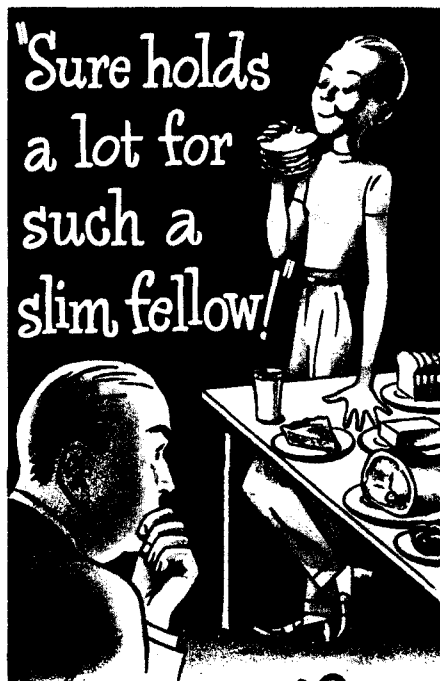


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TEACHER'S PET HATE

Continued from page 25

"A lout," she said, and slammed the door behind her.

The next day Rita, the secretary from the principal's office, came up with a note just before class was over. The note said Mr. Oppenheim wanted to see Miss Emmett at the earliest possible opportunity.

"I've been trying to see him," she told Rita. "All day."

"He's been at an important meeting," Rita said. "Uptown."

The class bell rang with violent enthusiasm, and there was a general riot in the direction of the door. Marge went up to the principal's office.

Mr. Oppenheim met her at the door of the office with a large and happy look.

"Come in, come in!" he said. "Come in and sit down."

"I only have a couple of minutes—" "You'll want to be sitting down," Mr. Oppenheim warned, with mock sternness. "Or else you might fall down."

He skittered to the other end of the office and turned around, pretending to see her for the first time.

"Well, hello!" he said. "Hello—Dean!"

"What?"

"You're the new Dean of Girls. It'll be announced next week."

"Me?" Miss Emmett said, incredulous. "But it's always somebody like Miss Kelly or Miss Evans, somebody older—"

"Aren't you pleased?"

She was pleased, all right. In the first place, it meant a lighter teaching load and considerably more money. More than that, it satisfied a private, aching ambition she had always had to be Dean of Girls.

The class bell screamed in the hall; she had forty Eager Young Minds upstairs for her. She got up.

"Well—" she said. "Well—golly, thanks."

"Did I understand Rita to say that you wanted to see me about something?"

"Oh." She took a long breath. It was hard to summon up her grievances against the beatification of John Andrew Finnegan now. It was hard to have a grievance at anybody. She was getting ahead in the world, and besides, in Hochstein's window there was a blue velvet formal, a thing cut clear down to here. All of a sudden she could afford it. "Well, just forget it," she said.

IT WAS after five when she got back to the rooming house. She climbed two floors through the smell of sauerkraut, and found a box in front of the door of her room. It was a big box; with one end on the floor, the top was against the doorknob. She let herself in, put the box on the bed, and opened it.

There were roses inside. There were enough roses to cover the bed, and on top of them was a white envelope. She pulled out the card.

Congratulations, the card read. Whatever it is that a Dean of Girls does, I'm sure you'll do it fine. What is a lout, anyhow?

Marge's color began to change as she stared at the card; she grew pink and then pinker. It might have been described as a blush, but a blush implies embarrassment. Marge Emmett wasn't embarrassed. She was mad.

The sky was blue-black and a few fat drops of rain were spotting the sidewalk as she hurried through the street, but Marge didn't even notice. And although it was only two blocks from her rooming house to the Empire Apartments, her indignation took her so fast that she was breathing hard as she manipulated the nude lady on the door of apartment 3-C. When Mr. Hamilton finally appeared, she was ready for him.

"Here!" she said, and bounced the box against his chest.

"Well, how nice!" he said. "For me?" "You know something?" she said. "I don't want your job. I don't like you, and I don't like the man you work for, and you can't buy me off."

"Why don't you come inside?" he said. "I wouldn't be Dean of Girls if Gregory Peck came with it as office boy."

"Have a chair," Mr. Hamilton suggested. He looked somewhat neater today; his tie was knotted properly, and he was wearing shoes.

"I didn't see through it at all, at first," she said. "Well, you tell your Mr. Stitcher—"

"Now wait a minute," Woody Hamilton said. He shook his head and smiled, as one who speaks to a slow-witted child. "Why would I bother to bribe you? I wouldn't want to sound unkind, but you're not worth bribing. You couldn't do any damage if you tried—and if you tried, you'd just get fired."

She blinked at him. "Then you didn't arrange for—"

"Well, I talked to a couple of guys." He dropped on the end of the couch. "I'm a man of simple mental processes. I meet a young and handsome woman. I like her. I want to do nice things for the people I like. So she's a schoolteacher, so I speak to a couple of guys. So she's richer and she's got roses to boot. So maybe she'll like me."

"Oh," she said. That's all she said for a moment. When she spoke again, she sounded almost angry: "Why can't you earn an honest living like other people do?" she said.

"I do," he said. "Didn't you know I'm

on the city pay roll as a leak-looker for the water department? When I walk I look for leaky water mains, and sometimes I find one."

"You know what's going to happen someday, don't you?" She was starting for the door. "Someday somebody with a good sense of smell and a lot of courage is going to come along, and he's going to blow your racket all apart."

"You going?" Woody said.

"Yes."

HE INCLINED his head toward the window. "Are you sure?" It was a blue-black world outside, and it was wet. The rain came down as if somebody upstairs had kicked over a bucket.

"I'm really very busy," she said. "It might last for hours. I'd be grateful for the loan of an umbrella."

He pointed to a raincoat thrown over the back of the sofa. "I have no umbrella. I consider them unmanly."

She picked it up and swung it around her shoulders. "You'll get it back in the morning. I'll leave it hanging on the doorknob."

"That's all right," Mr. Hamilton said. "I'm not going anywhere. My work is done for the day." He lifted a speculative eyebrow.

"I have papers to read," she said stonily. "Hundreds of them."

He held the door open for her. "The trouble with me is that I'm just nuts about pretty girls."

"Your chief trouble," she replied, pulling the coat over the top of her head, "is that you're dishonest, lazy and utterly corrupt."

She went home on the run. Inside the



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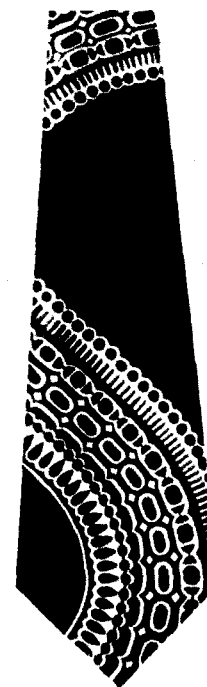
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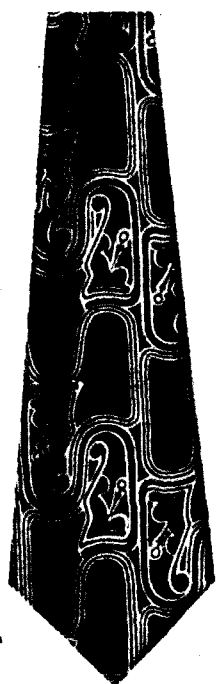
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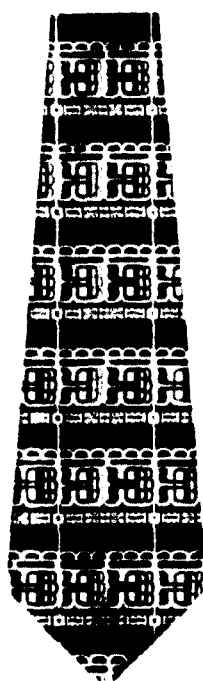
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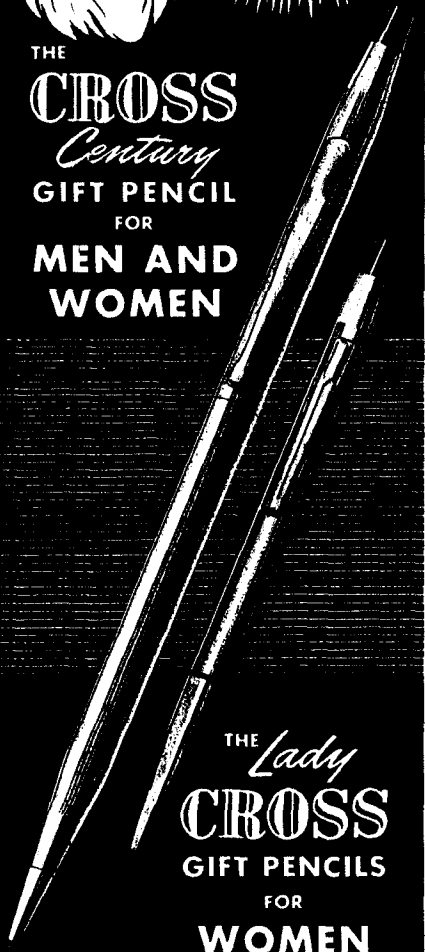
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AMERICA'S OLDEST PENCIL MANUFACTURER

hall of her own place, she tossed the raincoat over the rail and stooped to examine the damage to her skirt. Something hit the floor right in front of her with a little thump. It was a black notebook with a leather cover, small enough to fit in the pocket of the raincoat. It had fallen open, and a page heading jumped out at her: Swimming Pool. Below this there was a good deal of scratchy writing, and numerous figures. Big figures.

Wait a minute, she told herself. This is private property. It would hardly be fair—

Halfway up the stairs, she tripped and almost fell. This was because she wasn't looking where she was going. She wasn't watching where she was going because that confounded handwriting was so difficult to read.

HIS HONOR the Mayor, Mr. John Sticher, did not at all resemble a political boss—at least, not the ones that cartoonists draw for newspapers. He was a man of dignity and poise, and his hair was white—and white, as everybody knows, stands for purity.

His Honor loved many things—the poor, the downtrodden, old ladies, small dogs and children. He was busy loving children at the moment. Right in front of him, on the platform, was a big sheet of tin, and upon this a group of Boy Scouts were building a fire.

He glanced down the row of chairs beside him. It was a pleasant direction in which to look, because His Honor liked pretty girls, and there was a very pretty one sitting beside Woody Hamilton. On the other side of her was John Andrew Finnegan, the guest of honor. The Boy Scouts disappeared, and His Honor rose to the microphone of the public-address system.

"And so we come," he said, "to the guest of honor. But first, I want to introduce his teacher—Miss Marjorie Emmett."

His Honor laid a hand on Miss Emmett's arm and helped her to the microphone.

"There's just one thing," she said quietly into the machine. "John Finnegan is going to make a little speech of acceptance, and I hope you'll all pay attention and listen closely."

From the tail of his eye the mayor saw Woody Hamilton straighten in his folding chair and give a sharp, questioning look at the young woman as she returned to her place.

And now young Finnegan arose and advanced.

His Honor's presentation speech was short and punchy—he had learned long

ago the necessity for keeping things moving at a public meeting. Then he gave John Andrew Finnegan the gold-inlaid card and sat down. The applause was gratifying.

Young Finnegan stared at his audience with an intensely painful expression. For a moment he strained and said nothing.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he burst out finally, "fellow students!" There was another pause. Then the flood came again. "It's an honor and a privilege to be here. Now, I want to tell you about this swimming pool—"

Mr. Sticher nodded happily. He was impressed; the boy had gone to a good deal of trouble to commit all that to memory. He only hoped it wasn't too long; that laboring, mechanical voice would put them to sleep in a little while . . . then the realization came upon him that John Andrew Finnegan wasn't putting them to sleep at all. They were sitting up, wide-eyed. Some of them looked startled, a good many of them looked amused, and Woody Hamilton was about to jump out of his chair.

"The construction work on this swimming pool," Finnegan was saying, "was done by the—uh—by the Hurliee Building Corporation. Mr. Hurliee is a cousin of Mr. Sticher's wife. His bid was sixty thousand dollars higher than anybody else's, but he got the contract anyway." Here the young man paused and wrinkled his brow.

"The plumbing," prompted a dulcet voice, and His Honor turned to see Miss Emmett holding a small sheaf of notes and looking helpful.

"The plumbing," John said, freshly inspired, "was done by the George I. Meyers Plumbing Company. It cost twenty-seven thousand dollars, just the plumbing. George I. Meyers is a bookkeeper in the water department; he doesn't own any plumbing company. He's a dummy for Mr. Sticher."

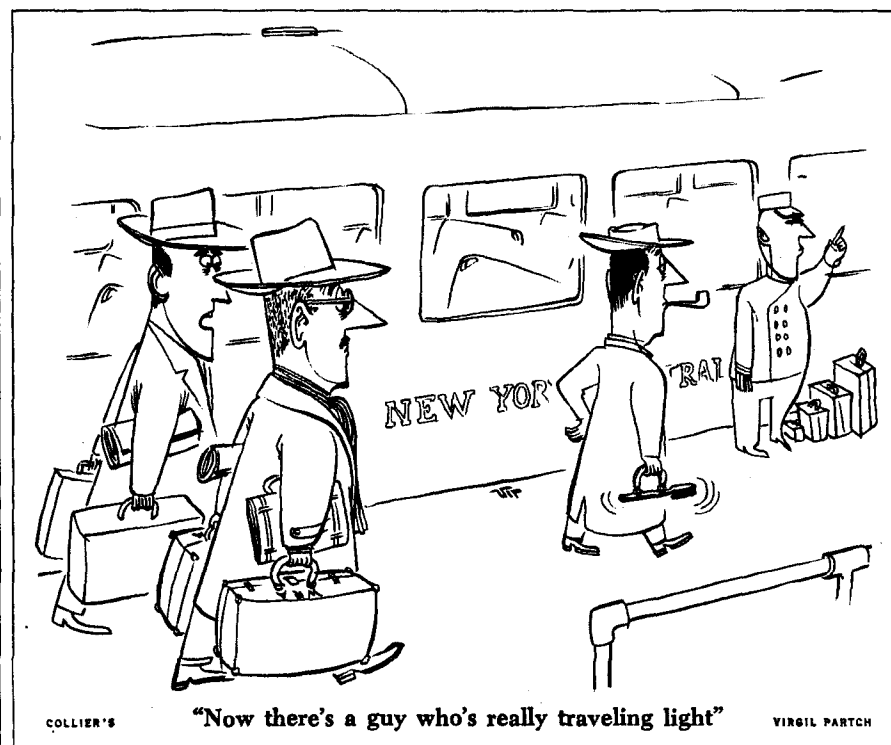
FOR some three minutes His Honor had been listening to this with the air of a man who has been hit with a heavy club, but now, finally, he got into action. He came up laughing.

"Thank you very much, son!" he boomed. "That was fine, very fine. And now, citizens—"

"Finish your speech, John!" Marge Emmett called.

"Let him finish!" some citizens in the front row said.

His Honor had hold of John Andrew Finnegan's elbow and was trying to tug him away from the microphone, but the young man had a grip on the throat of the thing and he held on. Mr. Sticher



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turned to the leader of the Transit System band.

"Play something!" he panted.

"So much for the swimming pool," John Finnegan said. He was getting into the spirit of the thing, shouting at the top of his lungs. "Now, about the new bridge which was built over Thimble Creek—"

Woody Hamilton had the good-looking young woman by the shoulders; he was talking vehemently to her. Most of the citizens in the audience were standing up. The confusion was considerable. The Transit System band finally stumbled into the first few bars of the Blue Danube Waltz. They were greeted with boos.

It was about this time that Mr. Stitcher began to move off the platform. He did not make a conspicuous exit; he sort of faded toward the rear. There were no steps at the back, and he jumped the three feet to the ground. Then he started walking, very briskly, toward the long black car that was parked at the edge of the drive. A chauffeur was sitting

flash-bulb boys haven't been around yet?"

"What?"

"They will be," he said. "For further details, see tomorrow's papers. Any papers, anywhere. You and Finnegan, the protectors of civic virtue." He shook his head. "The way you messed it up. You made it so much tougher."

"I don't know what you're talking about," she said.

"Stitcher tried to blow. They had to send troopers out to pick him up; much excitement, news bulletins, hoopla. We like to think we have dignity."

H HE DROPPED limply on the end of the sofa.

"And, of course," he went on, "I wasn't through. I spend eight months boring from within, I'm sneaky and artful and get the man's confidence—and then you spill it early, before it's ready, and there's considerable information we'll have to get the hard way."

Marge stared at him with a glint of discovery in her eye.

"You," she said, "are a government man!"

"No, no!" he said hastily. "I do a little work for the state, that's all. Nothing bloody. Mr. Stitcher was sloppy with his income tax. A quarter of a million bucks sloppy. That's all that interests us."

"You were on my side all the time." She sat down slowly. "I wasn't—very nice to you, was I?"

"You treated me like a dog. I got scars all over," he said. "Furthermore, if it ever gets back to the Bureau that I let my case notes fall into the hands of a casual citizen—"

"It won't," she said. "You can count on it. I suppose your work's finished here, isn't it? Do you leave now?"

"Like the man in the song," Woody Hamilton said, "I came to say good-bye."

He disconnected his feet from the coffee table. He got up, and came over and stood in front of her. Marge lifted her head, met his eyes for a moment, and then immediately looked at the floor.

"Of course," she said, "I suppose you'll be back, from time to time."

"I might," he said. "Maybe on week ends."

"Well," she said in a small voice, "goodbye."

"Look," Woody said, "since it's good-bye, would you mind if I just—" He sighed heavily. "Yes, I suppose you would."

"I suppose," she said. Then, suddenly, she stood up and looked straight at him. "But you at least might give me the privilege of making up my own mind, Mr. Hamilton."

Mr. Hamilton decided to stay a little longer.

When she finally came upstairs again, she was not paying much attention to where she walked. One knee hit the card table, and the pile of papers, brought from school, slid off to the floor. When she stooped to pick them up, she found a small pink slip among them.

Printed across the top of the slip were the words Eligibility for Athletics and, rubber-stamped under that, Baseball. Written below this was the name of John A. Finnegan. Marge reached for her pen.

"After all," she said to no one in particular, "it was all for the sake of law and order."

In the square opposite the word Civics she printed a big B.



Ungracious Hostess

Guests should leave
At an hour auspicious
Or stay and help us
Do the dishes.

—ETHEL JACOBSON

on the fender, dragging at a cigarette. When he saw His Honor, he leaped to his feet.

"Never mind," Mr. Stitcher said. "I'll drive it myself."

SHE couldn't get her mind on her work; she tried, but she couldn't. The events of the day had been too much for her. There was a pile of papers, as always, on the card table. She read, but her mind was elsewhere, full of a variety of thoughts.

Mrs. Schulz, the landlady, opened the door without knocking.

"A man in the parlor," she said.

"Who is it?"

"I wouldn't know," Mrs. Schulz said. "But I can tell you he'd be a lot better looking if he combed his hair."

Marge found Woody leaning against the gas-burner fireplace with his hands in his pockets. "I came for my raincoat. And everything that goes with it."

"I'm sorry," Marge said. "I mean I'm not really sorry, because I just did my duty as a citizen, but—it's too bad you had to lose your job." Mr. Hamilton didn't say anything.

"After all, you practically forced that thing on me. If you were careless enough to carry the bookkeeping for a crowd like that in your pocket—" He spoke not a word.

"You don't need to act so abused," she added, raising her voice a little. "Remember, I'm getting fired, too."

"Ha!" he snorted. "You mean the

Collier's for December 4, 1948

Man of Letters

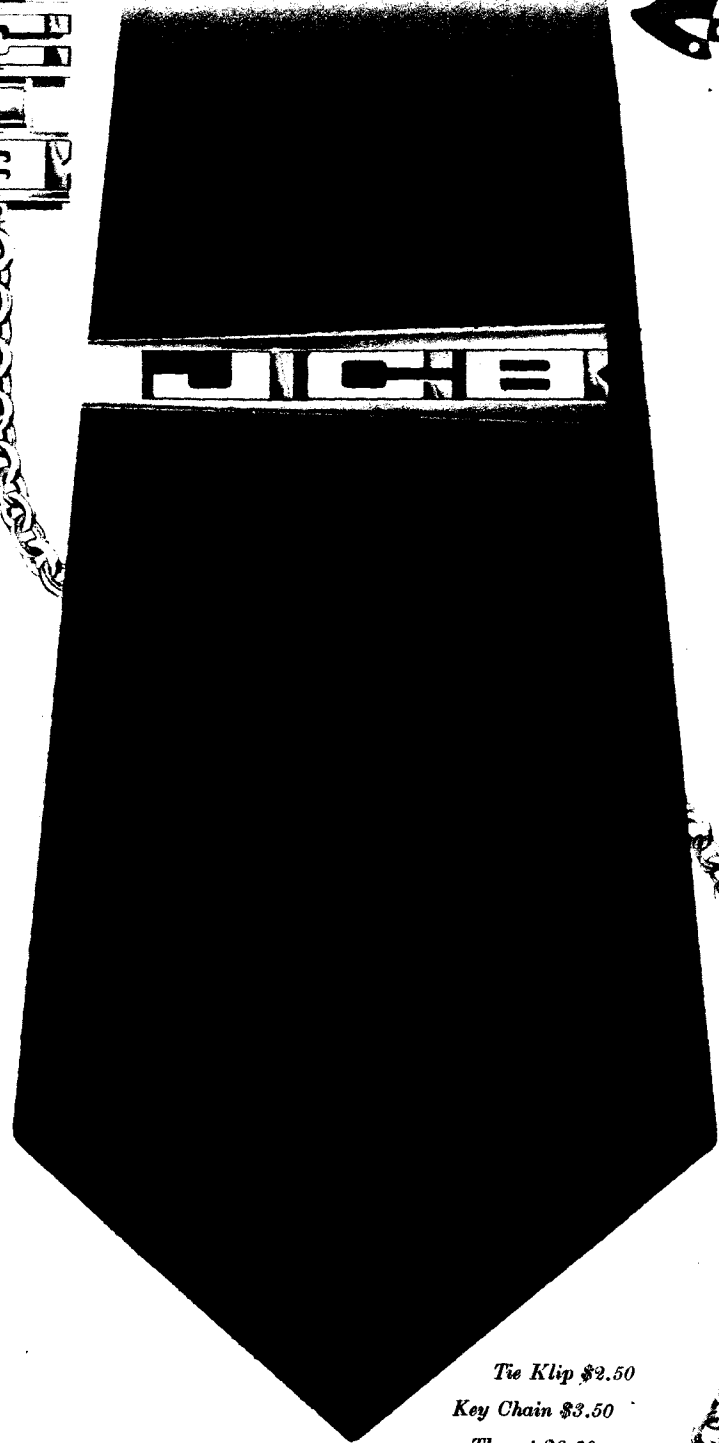
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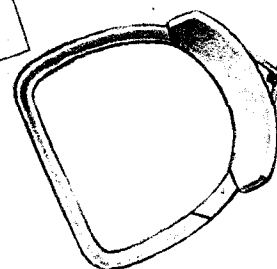
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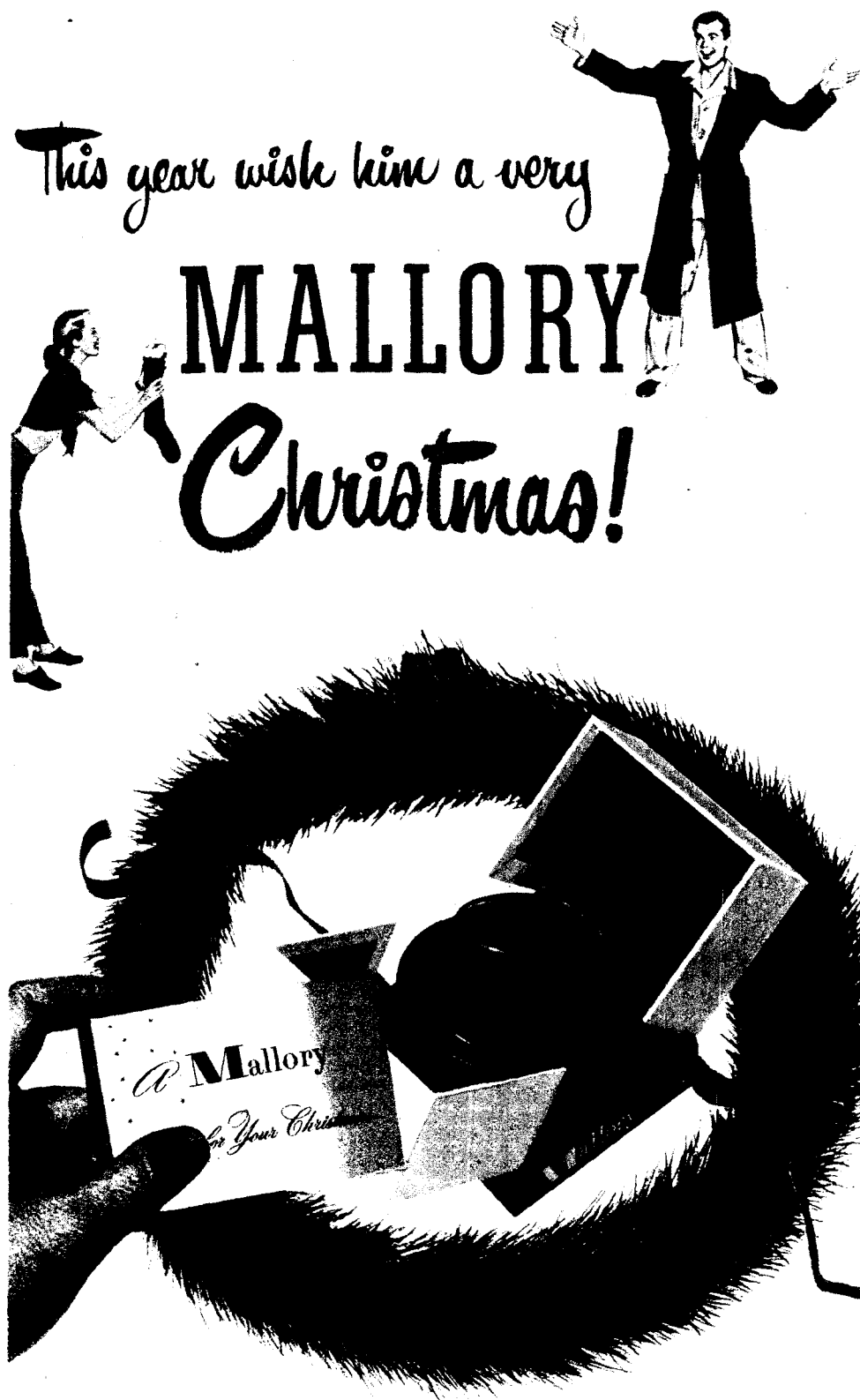


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SEX IN OUR HIGH SCHOOLS

Continued from page 13



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MALLORY hats



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get rid of the child because it was mentally defective. They had bought it in a black-market deal from the man who befriended Jane.

Olga got help—but not soon enough. In March of her senior year, she discovered that she was pregnant. She finished school, graduated, and made plans to attend a vocational school in New York the following September. To conceal her condition, all through that long hot summer, she bound her abdomen tightly with layer upon layer of adhesive tape. She never took it off, even at night. She went swimming with her brothers, and still no one suspected.

The Last Act of a Tragedy

When she presented herself, at last, at the maternity-home division of Misericordia Hospital, New York, she said she was in the eighth month of pregnancy. The doctors thought she must be mistaken. Her condition didn't show at all. "I used a little tape," she explained.

As a doctor removed the tape, she fainted twice from the pain. Both she and her baby died in childbirth.

The differences in the handling of these three cases were based on just one thing: the quality of advice each girl got—or failed to get—from older people.

Nobody knows how many young women give birth to illegitimate children in this nation each year, but the Vital Statistics office in Washington has records on 95,000 such births in 1945. Later figures, not yet completely tabulated, show that since the war's end the number is slowly increasing, not decreasing, as authorities expected it would.

Welfare authorities know that the statistics reflect only a small part of the problem. Many birth records are falsified, and 14 states do not now report illegitimate births, in order not to place a stigma on the child. You could double the official figure, or triple it, and be nearer the truth.

Almost half of these births occur among girls under nineteen years of age, girls of high-school age or younger.

From scattered evidence throughout the country it would seem that the incidence of these cases among younger girls is increasing out of proportion to the total increase.

Sister Baptista, in charge of St. Mary's Shelter of New York Foundling Hospital, says, "Each year we get more and more younger girls. Last year we admitted 69 who had been attending elementary school or high school. This year we've had more than that. Last month we took in six high-school students."

Sister Baptista doesn't think we can blame this trend on the war. "These girls were too young to be much affected by war conditions," she said.

This Catholic sister, who is also a social worker, thinks that parents should be wary about baby-sitting jobs for their daughters. "So many of our girls became pregnant while they were baby-sitting. The girl's boy friend came to keep her company and that's when it happened." Another sizable group at her shelter consists of girls whose mothers work, leaving their daughters alone in the house in the afternoon.

In Washington, D.C., in a recent year, the Council of Social Agencies found that 133 girls were absent from school either because they were pregnant or caring for infants born out of wedlock.

So widespread is this problem that public-school systems in some localities have assigned teachers who conduct regular classes among schoolgirls living in maternity homes. At least two states, Michigan and Minnesota, and one city, Toledo, Ohio, follow this practice.

The girls and boys who create this tragic problem for themselves come from no one social group. Some are intelligent, some stupid. Some are from families with good incomes, some from poor homes. Whatever parents like to think about the immunity of their own children, this calamity can strike anywhere—and does.

Yet, in spite of the prevalence of the problem, the public generally averts its eyes, and refuses to support wholeheartedly measures to correct the causes, or to deal with the consequences in a humane and ultimately self-protective way.

For these babies must be cared for somehow, by somebody, and these too-young mothers must go on living, somehow.

Anna Kempshall, executive with the Community Service Society, an established and respected New York social agency, says, "It is to the self-interest of society to protect and give a fair chance

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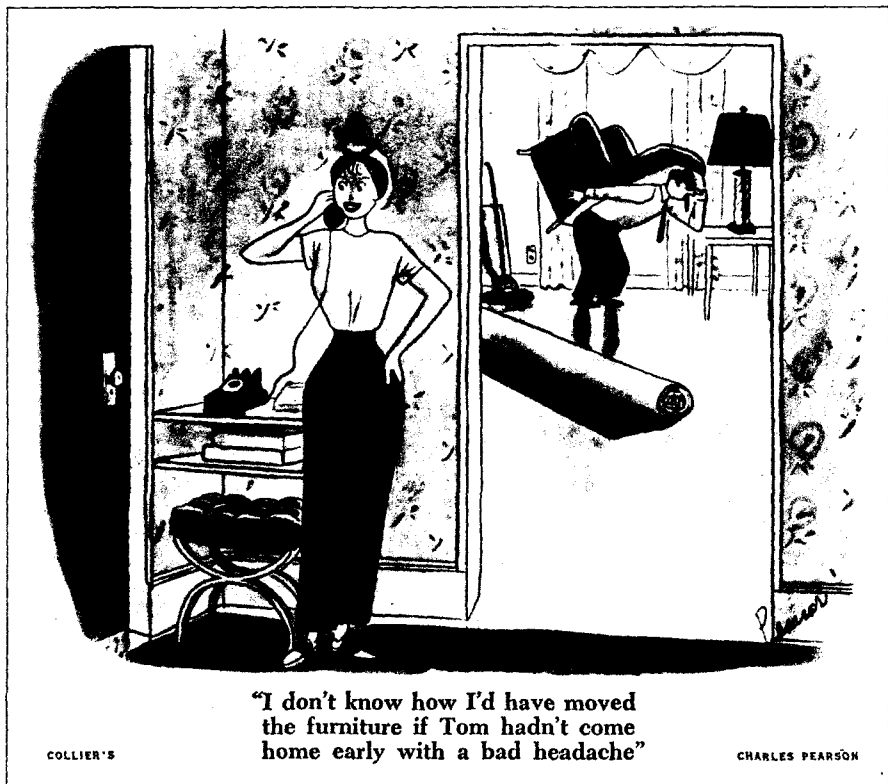
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WARNER PATHE NEWS

Collier's for December 4, 1948



to the illegitimate child, whether his mother keeps him or he is given out for adoption; and to see the illegitimate mother through her experience, with as little damage to her as possible, so that she can return to a normal life, and marriage and legitimate motherhood."

Yet the public generally still regards this subject as it used to regard venereal disease—as something not to be spoken of aloud, or as something to be ignored as not important. "After all, my girl is a good girl, and as for those bad girls, well they made their bed—"

Actually, the girls who give birth to illegitimate babies seldom are "bad" in the technical sense. They are not the girls of the wild high-school parties, not the promiscuous girls who are heading for delinquency, or perhaps for prostitution. The wild party girls usually are wise about avoiding pregnancy, or about finding an abortionist.

But the good girls who get "into trouble," the girls who go ahead and have their babies, have a very hard row to hoe.

With all the many agencies of good will, unmarried mothers, as a group, get very little care. It is true there are maternity homes for them—some 200 scattered through the country.

Began as "Rescue" Homes

The Salvation Army's system of up-to-date homes and hospitals is the outgrowth of the old "rescue" homes, started in the 1890s, often against public criticism, to befriend and reform the "fallen" woman.

The Florence Crittenton League, Inc., was started at about the same time.

Both these groups now have a nationwide network of homes. The Salvation Army has 35 centers, usually called Booth Memorial Homes or Hospitals. The Florence Crittenton League has 48 homes enrolled in its membership.

Catholic groups throughout the country maintain homes, usually in connection with or under auspices of Catholic charities.

These and other homes, with an average capacity of about 30, account for the care before, during and after pregnancy of some 18,000 mothers each year. But that is pitifully inadequate when compared with the figure of not less than 100,000 illegitimately pregnant women of whom almost 50,000 are high-school girls.

Amplifying the work of the homes, many social agencies, public and private, function on a case-work basis. To such agencies, each girl is an individual whose

circumstances must be worked out as a totally new problem.

A "home" may or may not be the best place for her during this painful period, depending on her resources, her independence and her wishes. And if a case-work agency does place a girl in a home, it will want one of its workers to keep in touch with her, by weekly interviews, throughout the period.

A trained social worker will not have cut-and-dried answers to all the questions that beset the illegitimately pregnant girls:

Shall the father of the child be called upon to bear his share of the responsibility? That depends. Although some states require court action against the father before the mother can receive public funds, the action seldom results in real or lasting support for the child.

"The hearings are ghastly," says Maude Morlock, consultant with the Children's Bureau, "and the little money the state collects by such action is more than offset by the extra misery imposed on the unhappy, frightened mother—usually an unwilling witness in court."

Shall the mother keep the baby, or surrender him for adoption? To this, too, there is no sure answer. The earlier religious groups who dealt with the problem were in favor of the girl's keeping her baby, no matter what—and insisted that the girl nurse the baby and care for him for from three to six months even if she intended placing him for adoption.

The trend now is to remove arbitrary rules, and to try to discover what the mother really wants, and what, in fact, would be best for both mother and child.

The social worker must try to determine whether the girl knows her own mind on this subject, and if not, how she can be strengthened and helped to make a decision that is wise for herself, for the baby, for the community.

Dr. Viola Bernard, psychiatrist who has worked with many unmarried mothers, says the girl usually is bewildered at what has happened, because her actions served some need in her life of which she herself was not aware. Perhaps her parents were so severe with her that she felt herself unloved—and reached out for love away from home. Perhaps she wanted to have a baby to distress a father who deserted or neglected her. Perhaps she hated her mother, and unconsciously wanted to have the embarrassing illegitimate baby to "get even."

With adolescent unmarried mothers, case workers almost invariably find that the home background was in some way unhappy. Either the father or the mother

Westminsters

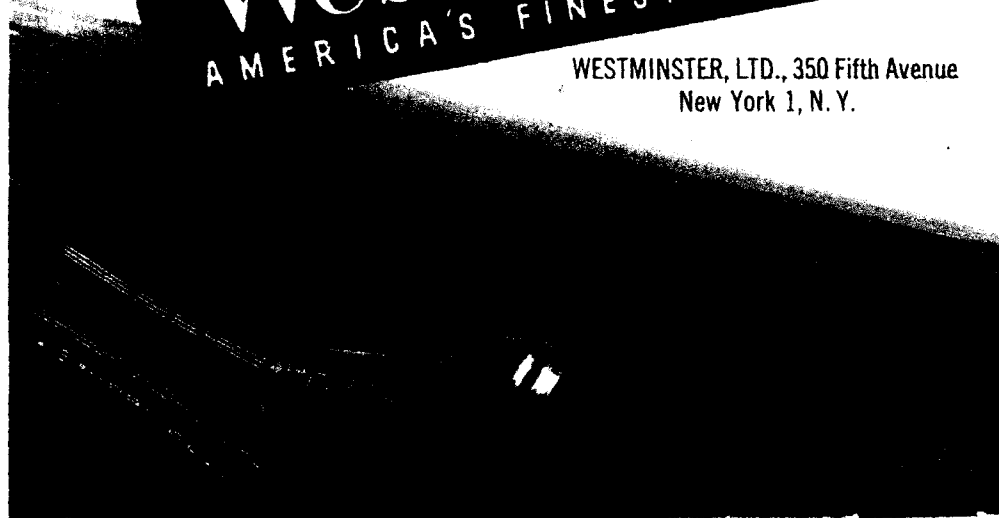
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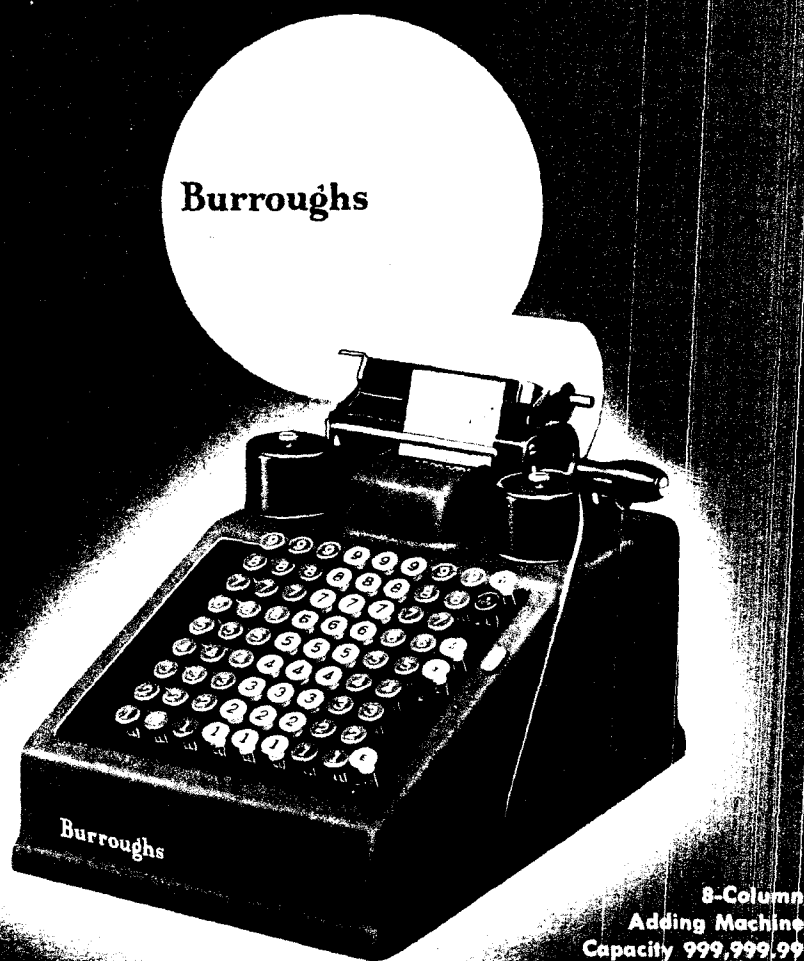
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or both had failed to supply the girl's need for love and understanding.

Dr. Bernard cites a case in which the home background would appear at a first casual glance to be good but which actually was a breeding ground for trouble.

"Mary and her twin sister are the youngest of a large, hard-working family who have lately had difficulty managing their business. The father was a stern disciplinarian, the mother a demanding invalid. As the older brothers and sisters scattered, more responsibilities around the home fell to the twins.

"Although Mary was attractive, popular and a leader in school, she felt outstripped in these realms by her sister.

"A compliant, affectionate youngster, Mary enjoyed helping at home, but felt hurt by her father's apparent coldness. He seemed to her old-fashioned and too prohibitive in regard to the boy-girl recreations of her group. She felt entitled to more freedom and recognition as an adult, since she was meeting adult work responsibilities that her father was imposing. Her parents' disapproval of her high-school sweetheart, Jim, only inspired her to see him in secret, and to experiment with love-making.

"She became pregnant when she was fifteen years, eight months old. Jim was too weak and frightened to acknowledge responsibility. To spare herself and her family the critical scrutiny of a small community, she came to New York—the first time she had been away from home.

"Mary responded favorably to help by a social worker throughout the entire period, through the delivery of a normal girl, and for the several months that followed until she made up her mind to surrender the baby for adoption. She worked as a mother's helper in the home of a sympathetic family during much of this period, and attended night school so as to keep up with her class.

"Mary showed a basically healthy personality and a great deal of maternal

feeling. Without treatment, however, it is most likely that this experience would have blocked her further development."

A bad girl? Nobody could possibly think so if they met Mary today, a college graduate now working in a field she likes, and about to be married to a suitable young man.

Her baby has been adopted by parents who were able to give it all that Mary could not possibly have managed at her teen-age stage.

But to establish such personalized service to unmarried mothers on a community-wide and state-wide basis requires the co-ordinated planning of many groups.

In Chicago, the Women's Service Division of United Charities is successfully operating as a clearinghouse for all information in regard to unmarried motherhood, besides giving direct service itself. In San Diego, Atlanta, San Francisco, Denver, Detroit and Cleveland good starts have been made in the same direction.

In most cities, it is possible to call the Council of Social Agencies, or the Department of Welfare, to learn what services are available.

As to rural areas, Miss Morlock of the Children's Bureau says, "The logical person from whom to seek help is the child-welfare worker, but unfortunately not all counties have such workers. In that case, the girl's family should write to the state Department of Welfare for information as to where she may get help through either a public or a private agency. The thought that should motivate all in contact with the girl is that what happened to her need not be a destructive experience, as it is too often accepted that it must be."

One girl who was helped through a bad period wrote to a Community Service case worker: "Tragic as my experience might have been, it has actually made me a much better wife and mother."

HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER

Continued from page 50

it isn't the number of people. It's the quality that counts. Those customers out there are very high-quality people. They're buying wine and there's a big profit in it."

Eddie has remembered this advice through all his years of charity work. Sometimes appealing for a few minutes to a dozen men in a room will bring in more than talking to a thousand people for hours.

Perhaps Cantor's proudest personal achievement in the field of fund raising is the part he played in originating the March of Dimes.

In 1938, J. F. T. O'Connor, formerly comptroller of the currency, now a judge in California, came to Eddie at the request of President Roosevelt and asked how to help on the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. The plan was to get a million people to contribute a dollar a year to help support the Foundation at Warm Springs, Georgia.

Eddie suggested that they might have a better chance if they asked the whole nation to send ten cents each to President Roosevelt, White House, Washington. The President agreed. Cantor continued: "I can see millions and millions of people from every state, city and town in the union. You can't tell, Mr. President, one day we might lick infantile paralysis altogether with this march of dimes." And so the great slogan was born.

Eddie is particularly interested in the campaign to provide gifts for veterans. In 1945, while entertaining wounded veterans in Army and Navy hospitals, it occurred to him how lonely they must be, especially around Christmastime. He

asked his radio sponsor to permit him to make eight or ten announcements on the air before Christmas, with the plea that we ought to "give a gift to a Yank who gave."

With the help of veteran organizations and the National Retail Dry Goods Association, the public has for the past three years contributed between fifteen and sixteen million dollars for the largest Christmas party in the world.

But if Eddie feels that charity should begin at home, he does not intend that it should stay there. In 1938, he traveled 12,000 miles to raise enough money to remove 1,500 children from the Hitler-dominated countries and send them to Palestine. He left California and went to England, speaking in London, Sheffield, Leeds, Manchester, Newcastle and Glasgow. He collected some \$560,000 in ten days—and the 1,500 children were saved.

But though that was his longest fund-raising trip, it was outclassed for sheer endurance by his performance in the San Francisco Bond Drive during the war. At that time he spoke, told stories and sang songs for 24 hours straight over station KPO. When he quit, purchases totaled \$43,000,000. He went to bed, worn but happy, having first wired Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau the good news.

When he awoke there was a reply waiting for him: "THANK YOU FOR THE SPLENDID JOB YOU HAVE JUST DONE IN SAN FRANCISCO. NOW GET A GOOD REST. WARMEST REGARDS." It was signed "FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT."

Collier's for December 4, 1948

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a quiz without studying? Give me a cigarette."

When we finally got back to Gretchen's dormitory, the housemother was locking the doors. . . .

The quiz was one of those straight from purgatory. Out of twenty questions I answered three, which took me half an hour. For another hour and a half I sat staring through the window. Gretchen entered the room as fresh and smooth as ever, wrote furiously for forty-five minutes and then turned in her paper. She was the first to leave, looking neither to the right nor to the left. She made ninety-seven and I made twenty.

"Gretchen," I said, a couple nights later, "I don't want you to think we're not the same as we always were. But I think it would be a good idea if we didn't see each other quite so often. The fact is, I'm about to flunk out of school."

"Study then," she said. "This place is full of men."

THAT was the last date we ever had together. The next four times I called her, she had other plans. The fifth time, her roommate answered the telephone. "Gretchen's not in school any more," she explained. "She got kicked out for cheating."

As the first pains of shock wore off, I began to regain an interest in journalism. Then I sought escape through hard work. For several weeks I hardly spoke to a girl. When I did speak, it was with an effort. About that time I decided to dedicate my life to a newspaper career of muckraking and crusading, a career devoid of women.

Soon afterward, I wrote the story for the school paper that got a professor fired for embezzling funds from the Chi Chi Club. It was the biggest scandal the campus had seen in many years, and from then on there was little question as to my ability as a newspaper reporter.

"So that's why you hate women," Mopsy said. "You're still in love with that girl."

"I am not."

"Yes you are, too. You wouldn't have told me about her if you weren't."

"You asked me to tell you," I said. Mopsy's face lighted up. "Look," she said, "why don't you come to the picnic the Willing Workers are giving tonight? The Willing Workers are a Y.W.C.A. girls' club. I'm president."

"Count me in," I said.

I stopped at Mopsy's house at 5:30 and we walked seven blocks to the Y.W.C.A. We were the first ones there, since Mopsy was president and therefore in charge of arrangements. The next hour I spent moving benches and tables out onto the back lawn where the picnic was to be. Finally, when everybody had finished eating and wandered away, Mopsy and I cleaned up the mess. Then we walked back to her home and sat on the doorstep.

"Mopsy," I said, "I think you are the nicest girl I ever met."

"That's quite a compliment from a woman hater."

"Mopsy, what I like about you is that you're so—so community conscious. You're so wholesome and friendly. The world needs more people like you. People who try to make life better. You'd be surprised to know how much back-biting and scheming and crookedness there is in the world."

"You're so smart," she whispered.

"People are uninformed, Mopsy. That is why we have poverty. The honest are the prey of the dishonest. And that is what I have dedicated my life to wiping out."

We sat in silence for something like five minutes. Then she spoke as calmly as if she were talking about a dress pattern. "I know something you can write about," she said.

"What?"

THE MEANEST CROOKS ON EARTH

By MORTON SONTHEIMER

The inside story of
America's 100 million dollar
fake charity racket

In Collier's next week

"There's a trailer parked downtown with an iron lung in it. They charge admission to see the girl in the lung. They tell you she is an invalid and that she has lived in the lung for seven years."

"But that's a sob story, Mopsy."

"Wait till I finish," she said. "The girl is not an invalid. I saw her walking down the street yesterday."

"Mopsy"—I squeezed her hand—"if that's right, it'll be the biggest story that's hit Bakerton in years. It'll be spread all over the front page. Why, I'll write a story that will burn her ears off. I will get her jailed so fast she won't know what happened. They ought to confiscate that iron lung, too. Mopsy, you're a gem."

Next morning I arose early and walked down to Fourth and Main Streets where the iron lung was located in a large white house trailer. On the side, in big red letters, was a sign reading: IRMA GAY—IRON LUNG PATIENT FOR SEVEN YEARS.

A loud-speaker amplified the wheezing sounds of the lung. On the outside was a man dressed in white who was talking over another loud-speaker, selling tickets. He was also selling pamphlets that told the complete history of Irma Gay's life. I handed him fifty cents for a ticket and pamphlet and walked in. The big lung lay like a casket in the middle of the trailer.

I peered down at the head sticking out of the end of the iron lung, and I suddenly turned three shades whiter. There she lay, like a ghost. It was Gretchen.

My stomach cut flips as I gasped at her, "Gretchen, what in the name of holy jumping catfish are you doing in this contrivance?" and immediately began to loose polished gadgets from about her.

"Got a cigarette?" Gretchen said, now resting on one elbow.

The door was darkened by the ticket agent, who had heard us talking. He

was a red-bearded man slightly larger than myself and somewhat older. Stepping toward us, he snapped, "Gretchen, you know you're not supposed to get out of that lung."

"It's okay, Strutts," she said. "This kid's harmless. Used to know him in school. Strutts, meet Morris."

"What kind of work do you do?" asked Strutts.

"Newspaper reporter," I said. "Newspaper reporter?" he gasped.

"Gretchen, you little fool." He slammed the door and locked it.

"So what," Gretchen shrugged, unperturbed. "I told you the kid's harmless."

"Harmless, am I?" I sneered. "Just wait till you read the story I'm going to write."

Gretchen exploded. "Now, listen, you little cross-grained, hidebound jerk," she said, slapping the pencil and pad from my hands. "Who do you think you are?"

Strutts was moving toward me with a long, switch-blade knife that opened with a ping.

"So you're going to write us up, are you?" he mumbled. Suddenly, he brought the knife up to a striking position and rushed at me. I leaped backward, catching my heel on a small stool behind me.

WHEN I came to, I was lying where I had fallen. I groped for my hat and glasses and then looked up cautiously. Gretchen was brushing her hair. Strutts was seated calmly at the other end of the room, drawing stick men on my writing pad.

"Well, kid?" Gretchen said.

Strutts laid his pencil on a shelf and picked up his knife. "Morris, you are not writing one word of this in the newspaper, understand? And you are not telling anything to anybody. If you do, I'll see that you get the same treatment that other nosy reporter got."

"Is that clear, kid?" Gretchen asked, holding the door open for me.

I nodded silently and stumbled out of the trailer and went for a long walk. I was still shuddering when Mopsy rounded the corner and met me face to face in front of Goodman's Haberdashery. She bubbled with excitement. "Did you write the story yet?" she asked.

"No," I answered, hoarsely. "That is, not yet. It's—it's more complicated than I thought."

"Horace, why are you so pale?"

"It's the shade. The shade always makes me this way."

When we parted, I went to the men's room in Joe's Restaurant and washed my face and hands and feet in cold water. There was only one thing to do—write the story in the paper and let the chips fall. I went back to the office



"Must be the one for my fur coat"

HERB WILLIAMS

Collier's for December 4, 1948

THE STORY OF The World's Most Honored Watch

The makers of Longines watches have never rested on past laurels. Longines won its first World's Fair award at Paris in 1867, only one year after the company was founded. Recently, Longines' wrist watches triumphed in the accuracy trials of three great Government Observatories. The intervening years were filled with a constant succession of awards that acknowledged Longines' progress in ever-finer achievement.

AT THE WORLD'S FAIRS

At every one of the 38 World's Fair competitions which Longines has entered within the past 81 years, it has won highest awards. The winners were chosen by impartial international juries of experts, on the basis of watches regularly produced. In all, Longines has won 10 Grand Prizes and 28 Gold Medals.

AND AT THE OBSERVATORIES

More than half a century ago Longines made history by producing the first factory-made marine chronometer ever to win a First Prize in a Government Observatory contest. Since then, Longines watches of all categories—chronometers, deck watches, pocket watches and wrist watches—have won innumerable prizes and awards in such accuracy trials. Only this past year, Longines entered its wrist watches in the chronometric trials conducted by the Government Observatories of Neuchâtel, Geneva and Kew-Teddington. At each Observatory, Longines wrist watches won First Prize.

TRIUMPH IN THE AIR

The great pioneer aviators who blazed the sky trails across the seven seas used Longines watches for essential navigation. The list reads like the "who's who" of aviation pioneers: Boardman, Chamberlin, De Pinedo, Gatty, Hughes, Kingsford-Smith, Lindbergh, Mattern, Pangborn, Williams, etc. The science of air navigation was literally built around Longines technical aviation watches.

OVER UNCHARTED LANDS

At the North Pole and the South Pole and over the far-flung lands between, Longines navigational watches have accompanied the great modern scientific explorers. Since the first flight over the North Pole, Admiral Byrd has relied on Longines watches for navigation. And so with Amundsen, Wilkins and many others. Today, Longines is still preferred by daring scientific adventurers.

IN SPORTS TIMING

Sports officials well know that a record is only as good as the watch that times it. The principal championship track and swimming meets are timed by Longines. The 1948 U. S. Olympic Committee selected Longines as Official Watch. Longines timed the International Sweepstakes, President's Cup and Gold Cup Regattas as well as the National Air Races. More than 100 colleges this year used Longines watches for official football timing; as did the National and All-American professional Leagues. The New Year's day Bowl games are also Longines-timed.

A UNIQUE REPUTATION

In all fields of precise timing—aviation, exploration, sports, science—the position of Longines watches is unique; the underlying reason—for 82 years Longines watches have been made better and better. And in this development Longines wrist watches for ladies and gentlemen have shared in full measure. It is true today, as yesterday, that throughout the world, no other name on a watch means so much as Longines, the world's most honored watch, product of the Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company.



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Longines

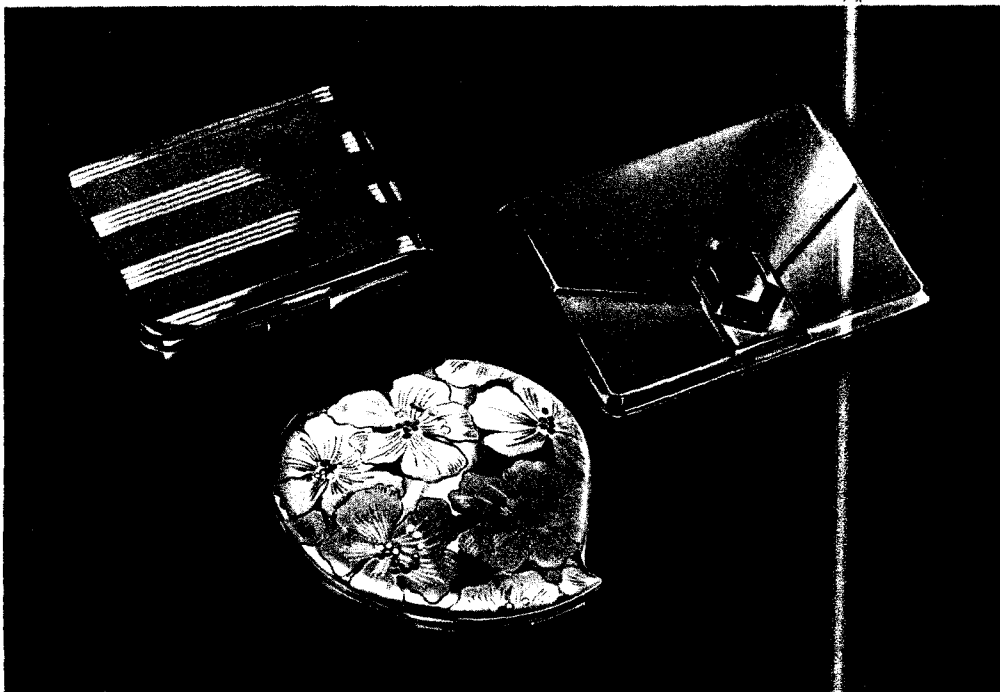
The World's Most Honored Gift

Throughout the world, no other name on a Christmas gift watch means so much as Longines... winner of 10 world's fair grand prizes and 28 gold medals... recipient of countless prizes and awards in fields of precise timing... honored as official timepiece by sports and contest associations all over the globe... sold and serviced by leading jewelers in the 77 civilized countries. To own a Longines watch is a source of personal pride and satisfaction.

Product of Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company

*Except two hand-made watches selling at approximately three times Longines prices.

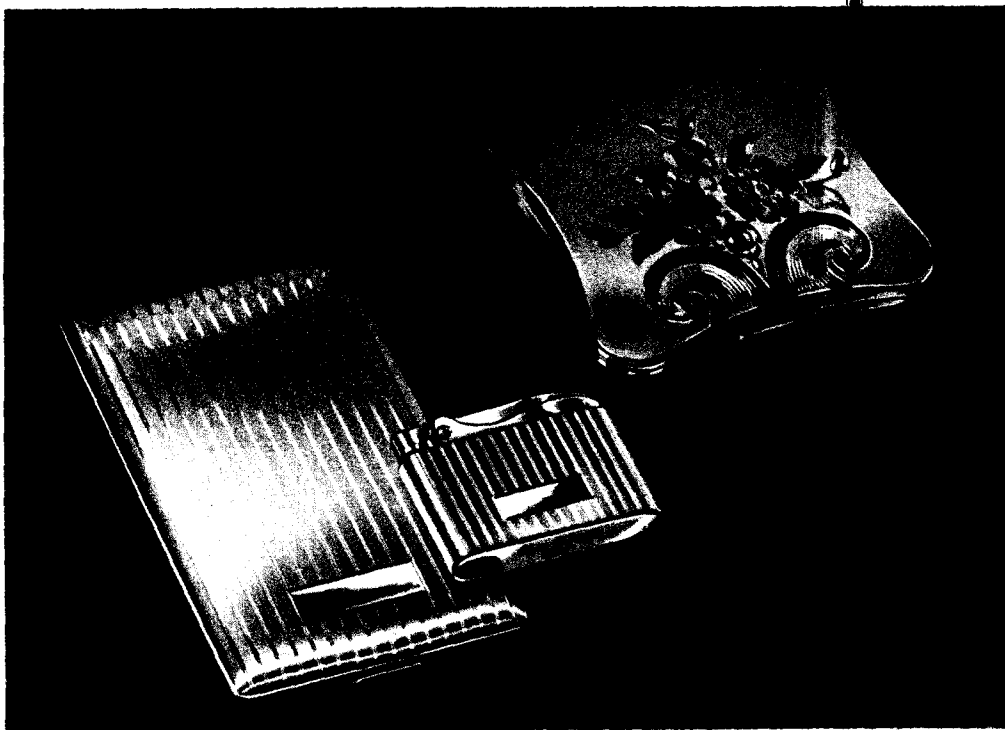
Christmas



"Bon Ton", jeweler's bronze, \$5.95 • "Nosegay", jeweler's bronze, silver finish, \$9.95 • "Topaz", jeweler's bronze

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Gifts.. by Elgin American



"Sleek", sterling silver cigarette case and lighter, \$47.50 the set* • "Silhouette", three-toned jeweler's bronze, \$9.95
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CIGARETTE CASES
DRESSER SETS

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"We're not listing any new apartments until our Renting Agent gets out of jail"

COLLIER'S

DOROTHY MCKAY

and for three hours I sweated over the biggest story of the year. When I was through, I turned it in to the city editor.

"We don't run stuff like this in the Chronicle," he said. "We print facts, not fiction. Besides, it's as libelous as hell. Where'd you get this stuff about the police being bribed? Where did you get the whole damned thing, as a matter of fact?"

"I just dug it up," I said weakly.

"Maybe you'd better not dig so deep next time. How much of this can you prove?"

"Nothing," I said. "I can't prove anything right now."

"When you can prove it, we'll run it," he said.

THAT night I told Mopsy everything that had happened, while she sat on my knee in her living room.

"There's no justice, Mopsy," I said. "Every way you turn, you get slapped in the face. I should have been like you, Mopsy. You don't know how lucky you are, just being a nice little American girl, untouched by the prodding anxieties of higher education. That's what I like in you. Your purity, your simplicity."

"Is that so?" she said.

The next night, Mopsy had a date with someone else and I went to the movies, alone. Then on Thursday morning, just as the clock on the church struck eight, my telephone rang. It was Mopsy.

"I want to talk to you," she said in a very businesslike voice. "Meet me in thirty minutes at the Swanee Drugstore."

When I walked into the drugstore, Mopsy was seated in the first booth.

"Look," she said to me even before I sat down. "You are going to crack this racket yet. I have found out a few things, and I have a plan. You are going to write a story that will put Gretchen Grosbeak and Malcolm Strutts in jail."

"How did you know Strutts' first name?" I said.

"I dated him last night," she answered.

"Mopsy, not that murderer. He didn't hurt you, did he? I mean—"

"No, silly, he didn't hurt me. But he did steal three dollars from my purse."

"I'd like to break his neck!"

"You're too little," she said. Mopsy pulled some papers from her purse and laid them on the table. There were charts, typewritten lists and pictures.

"Now," she said, all business. "This is my plan. This afternoon the Willing Workers Club will give a present to the girl in the iron lung. It will be part of our program of aid to the sick and shut-ins. I will arrange to have a policeman there and you will be there with a photographer. We will line up around the lung like this." She placed X marks on the floor plan of the trailer.

When she had finished telling me her plan, I looked at her in amazement. "Mopsy," I said, "this will make me the star reporter."

At two o'clock, Mopsy and three Willing Workers showed up at the lung with a large package, a gift for the invalid girl. A cop stood on the sidewalk near by. The photographer and I stepped into the trailer to get a picture of the girls presenting the gift. Strutts glared at me as I walked in.

At two thirteen, one of the girls addressed Gretchen, who was lying in the lung, a perfect specimen of helplessness.

"On behalf of the sick and shut-in committee of the Willing Workers of the Y.W.C.A.," the girl said, "we want to present a gift to you. It is a policy of the Willing Workers to give presents to less fortunate girls. . . ."

Mopsy, who was standing at the opposite side of the lung, was pouring a forty-nine-cent can of itch powder into a valve, according to plan.

The itch powder had seeped up through Gretchen's gown and she was twitching like a cat with fleas. The girl talked for a while longer before I unlatched the top of the lung. Gretchen jumped three feet into the air, scratching and cursing. Two Willing Workers put their fingers in their ears.

Strutts, who had just stepped to the door from his post outside, saw Gretchen dancing about the room. He rushed toward her. Mopsy called the policeman. He came in and at Mopsy's directions, snapped handcuffs on Miss Grosbeak and Mr. Strutts just as the photographer's flash bulb went off.

The next day the Chronicle's front page blazed away in 120-point blackface type: COUPLE ARRESTED ON FALSE PRETENSE—IRON LUNG CONFISCATED FOR HOSPITAL—Reporter and Girl Friend Solve Racket.

IN COURT, it turned out that Strutts was wanted in five states for forgery. Gretchen fared better, since there was an all-male jury. She got off with a fifty-dollar fine. The last I heard, she was singing in a New York night club.

But you ought to see the inside of our trailer. It is quite spacious without the iron lung in it. Mopsy has hung curtains over the windows and decorated the whole thing until it's just about the finest trailer on the Doss campus.

I was afraid she wouldn't like college life, but I was wrong again. She loves it. Of course she's only a freshman, and still has a lot to learn. But I keep teaching her little things like how to smoke and rumba and how one should feel about various political situations. She says I'm as good a husband as I am a reporter.

Collier's for December 4, 1948

THROUGH HELL AND HIGH BRASS

Continued from page 28

wide boulevards like Kerepesi Ut or Andrássy Ut. Altogether, it was Budapest's toughest week on fenders, nerves and cricked necks. Rumors spread that certain renowned *szamorodni Tokaj* addicts had been observed waving their umbrellas and shouting, "Taxi!" after him.

Doolittle's extracurricular and self-imposed crusade was simple. In whatever country he visited, government and military big shots and professional airmen could witness his official demonstrations at the airfields, but many ordinary people had neither time nor opportunity to do so—and he aimed to give all the folks everywhere a chance to see American flying.

Budapest's million had never seen its like before. The stunting, and the grinning little man who did it, appealed to the recklessness and gay fatalism of their Magyar blood. Doolittle became the city's hero—and sensation.

And that was precisely what "was eating" the British ambassador. "This sort of thing," his letter concluded, in effect, "is jolly bad for the reputation of all foreigners here, you know."

Yankee "Push" Irked Britons

But the ambassador's true concern was not for the general reputation of foreigners; only for that of Englishmen. Britain wanted to sell planes to Hungary, too; which, in those last throes of her Continental balance-of-power game, Britain regarded as within her exclusive and historic sphere of influence. In the eyes of her ambassador, therefore, it was crude and insolent Yankee "push" for Doolittle to be capering in Hungarian skies in a more spectacular (and sales-wise) manner than any British flier had ever done.

The present "cold war" isn't the first one, although, in the bewildering fullness of the years that have intervened, it's easy to forget the "honey" that raged through more than a decade before World War II. Unlike today's, it had two faces.

One face was no menace to peace. All the great foreign nations engaged had a common purpose: the paring down of United States world air supremacy and leadership. But England and France,

lacking domestic aviation business sufficient to maintain a vitally strong home aeronautical industry, fought merely for air-line rights and military and commercial plane contracts abroad.

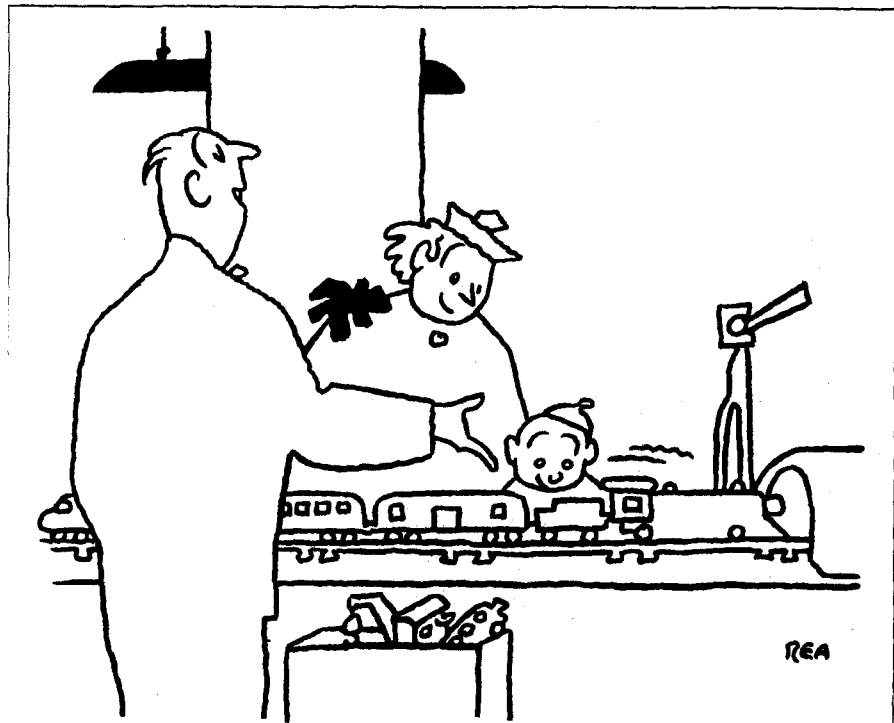
The other face, however, resembled today's—a prestige and propaganda struggle, with the lurking threat of air power as its chief weapon. Fascists and Nazis fought less to sell their aircraft overseas than to scatter infiltrating political and espionage agents in other lands, and peddle their ideological patent medicine together with hatred of the United States.

The first and hottest battleground was South America, particularly favorable ground for the Axis powers because nowhere else did they have intact, prosperous and unabsorbed racial settler blocs more fiercely loyal to their fatherlands. And nowhere else had "dollar diplomacy" methods of the past bred so much suspicion and dislike of the United States.

Jim Doolittle fought in that cold war. In fact, his contribution was the greatest made by any single semiofficial individual. Twice, through arrangement of the State, War and Commerce Departments, he was furloughed by the Army to demonstrate military aircraft in South America for the Curtiss Aeroplane and Motor Company; twice, to do the same thing in Europe and the Orient, he was released by the Shell Oil Company.

It is generally agreed in Washington that admiration and friendliness aroused by Doolittle's personality, and esteem for American fliers and planes established by his superb and daring airmanship, during his ramblings in South America, were immeasurably important stones in the foundation of the Good Neighbor Policy that came later to revitalize our relations with the South American republics and to enhance Western security.

In typical Doolittle fashion, the first South American assignment in 1926 began with an unexpected wallop that endeared and glamorized him to South Americans before any had actually seen him fly. While Boyd Sherman, Curtiss mechanic, was assembling his plane—a standard Army pursuit of that era—at El Bosque, military field of Santiago de Chile, Doolittle was tendered a blowout



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COLLIER'S

GARDNER REA

Collier's for December 4, 1948



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one night at the officers' club by the hospitable and feast-loving Chileans.

Jim does not smoke and, although he is not exactly a teetotaler, he knows that snakewater doesn't mix with flying any better than it does with driving. Similarly, he doesn't consider booze essential to a good time. In the liveliest cocktail party Jim can be the outstanding madcap on orange juice.

Since, therefore, the first demonstration flight, before the Chilean Naval Ministry, was scheduled for the second day following, he was not bending his elbows for glass-hoisting that evening. Instead, he used them for another favorite amusement—standing on his hands on the sill of a large open window and performing one-arm levers.

Suddenly the old sandstone ledge crumbled, throwing him off balance so that he tumbled outward. He barely caught the sill with both hands, but as the stone continued to powder, his efforts to climb back were thwarted. Several guests wobbled over to peer mistily out and debate whether he needed help. Before a decision was reached, the sill let go entirely. Jim fell two stories, and broke his ankles.

A local doctor put them in plaster casts, whereupon Doolittle announced there would be no postponement of the demonstration. There was, besides severe pain and shock, a technical difficulty. The casts extended above his knees, making it impossible to flex them and thus impossible to fly. Jim hack-sawed the casts off to below his knees.

At the scheduled hour he was carried to the airport and lifted into the cockpit.

The hard foot pressure on the rudder bar that is required for slow rolls and snap rolls and spins broke the right cast. There was no time to get a new one. Next day the show would be repeated for the Chilean army. Unable now to exert rudder force with his right foot Doolittle did all stunts to the left—which, of course, broke that cast, too.

The surgeon refused to have anything more to do with such a madman.

Special Leg Casts for Flying

Doolittle summoned a noted German maker of artificial legs in Santiago, who made for him a pair of shin-length casts reinforced with steel corset stays. To prevent the clumsy and bulky casts from slippage on the rudder bar during precision maneuvers, Jim instructed his mechanic to fix a metal plate on the sole of each, with bolts for securing it to the rudder bar. Now, with a pair of crutches, he was ready to go on with the whole tour, smiling and wisecracking to conceal his pain.

The tense spectacle of the small and slight *norteamericano* hobbling to the plane on crutches, swinging himself into the cockpit, stowing the crutches in the spaces normally meant for machine-gun installation, and bending down to bolt himself to the rudder bar—knowing that in an emergency he probably could not unbolt himself in time to escape—profoundly impressed the emotional South Americans.

Then, in this already theatric setting, outright melodrama exploded when Jim provoked a memorable duel in the sky, complete with everything save live ammunition. Even without bullets, it nearly spelled death. In the opinion of expert witnesses, including Chilean airmen and the air attachés of virtually every foreign nation, it was the most realistic and heart-blistering air fight they had ever seen in peacetime.

Although it would be seven years before Hitler throttled the Reich, South America was by now fairly crawling with party fanatics, blustering and cocky as they clawed especially into the air ministries of the various republics.

When Jim Doolittle reached Santiago he found there ahead of him a mission

from Dornier, a foremost German manufacturer, seeking the contract for pursuits from the Chilean government. The aggressive Dornier agent openly gloated over Jim's accident, boasting he would seal the contract before Doolittle was in shape to go on. It was this situation, more than merely gritty heroics, that had filled Jim with determination not to delay his own show one minute, whatever the cost in discomfort and handicaps.

Dornier's chief pilot was Von Schonebeck, a tough and battle-seared ace of World War I. Von Schonebeck had flown in the squadron of Germany's celebrated "Red Knight," Baron Manfred von Richtofen whose second in command was Hermann Goering.

Doolittle and Von Schonebeck had to use the same field and demonstrate before the same officials. Jim recognized a weakness in his own selling position. Von Schonebeck's war record had been thoroughly publicized in the Chilean press; while the Dornier crowd made subtle use of Jim's lack of one. Clearly, there was need of drastic sales action.

Jim, sitting with his crutches beside an official group watching Von Schonebeck perform, studied him closely for a while, then abruptly ordered his mechanic, loudly and deliberately so that the implication would not be missed by the Chileans, to "Get my ship ready!"

While the big crowd stirred and gossiped expectantly, Jim was lifted into the plane, and bolted. He made a purposely flashy take-off, climbed swiftly after Von Schonebeck, and made passes at him. Von Schonebeck instantly took up the gauntlet.

A *Jagdflieger* (hunter pilot) had to be good to survive the western front, and Von Schonebeck was superlatively good, with the advantage of cold and deadly fighting knowledge. Doolittle was cool, nerveless, measured—and rejoicing in this chance to work off a wartime frustration. On the ground there was spell-bound fascination among experts and civilians alike as each flier spun, dived, looped, spiraled, peeled and rolled madly to get on the other's tail—an accepted sign an opponent is in the "sights" and theoretically cooked.

Not once did Von Schonebeck manage this. But Jim tailed him several times. Stung by pride, Von Schonebeck grew more reckless and desperate. The planes now seemed passing close enough

to dust each other's wings. Jim could play the brushing game, too. Abruptly he climbed straight up, then headed down in a screeching dive at the German. The onlookers gasped.

To them it appeared that Doolittle's wheels, as he pulled out of the dive, had actually hit Von Schonebeck's upper wing, and that the Dornier had wavered momentarily from the impact.

One German Was a Bad Loser

In any event, Von Schonebeck broke off combat and landed, and Jim rolled happily over the field. Von Schonebeck was a good sport; he and Jim later discussed the affair with professional objectivity, and each denied the planes had actually touched. But the Dornier agent was a different fish. Red-faced and raging he accused Jim of a plot to ruin his demonstration. His temper was not improved by the fact that, plain for all to see, there were two big rips across the upper wing of the German craft. Nor was his blood pressure lessened when the prized Chilean contract went to the United States firm.

The story of the merry little flier with the broken legs, and how he vanquished the formidable German ace, washed over all South America, rousing adulation usually reserved for star bullfighters. From Santiago to Rio there were cartoons about the furious rug-chewing caused in Munich's "Brown House"; and café gibes about the furtive giggling in Rome's Palazzo Venezia.

There was an anticipatory wave of romantic interest and sympathy in every republic in which Doolittle was scheduled to appear. This really crested into hero worship when Jim, upon leaving Chile, scorned safer travel and tackled the fearsome Andes Mountains alone in his little pursuit ship.

Crossing the Andes for passengers in warm and pressurized modern air liners, on the 700-mile run from Santiago to Buenos Aires, is always breath-taking, frequently disconcerting, and sometimes harrowing. But it can only faintly suggest Doolittle's experience that September day nearly a quarter of a century ago, bolted to the rudder bar of a one-engine plane with an open cockpit and no oxygen equipment.

The Andes are narrow but savagely abrupt here, the time for their passage,

"Hey, listen to this! 'For rent, 6-room apartment, completely redecorated, \$45 a month' ... or this ..."

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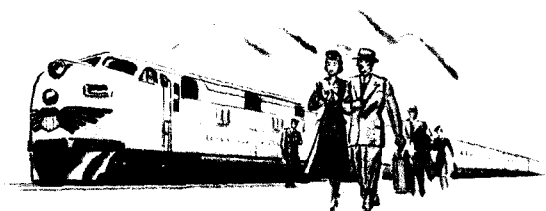
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following the Uspallata Pass, comparatively short. But that short time gives a sense of having left this planet.

The pass itself is two and a half miles above sea level, and flight is normally made thousands of feet above that, to avoid the grip of the constant gales that swirl off the frozen shoulders of Mount Aconcagua—highest peak outside of Asia—and roar down into sheer and bottomless chasms of naked black rock as into caldrons. This is one place where seat belts are *always* kept fastened, because one moment stomachs and heads seem telescoped into each other and the next moment they feel a mile apart.

Doolittle was the first North American ever to fly over the Andes; the first man of any nationality to do it in a standard fighter plane. And indisputably the first to do it with two broken ankles in casts! On account of its unusual circumstances, Jim's flight is still regarded by international airmen as one of the real epics of air history.

Parachute Seemed Too Risky

Doctors had told him that further injury to the ankles before they were completely healed would prevent his ever walking again. So, even though he might unbolt himself in time to parachute, a leap into that jagged wilderness would mean certain refracturing of his ankles, followed by, at worst, helpless death in the snow and cold; at best, by permanent crippling and the end of his piloting career. Jim weighed the chances—then didn't bother to wear a chute. He'd ride the plane down, come what might.

All that did come, fortunately, was the birth of Doolittle's world-wide reputation; frenzied greetings by worried Argentinian pilots awaiting him at Mendoza on the eastern side of the mountains; triumphant receptions and demonstrations from Buenos Aires to Rio de Janeiro; a long spell in the Army's Walter Reed Hospital to reset his ankles when he got back to Washington—and a dire suspicion that if he were assigned to another such tour he might be ordered to break his neck or arms on purpose, for the publicity value!

Doolittle's primary European assignment in 1930 was not a one-man show, but a large-scale air mission, the first American one of its kind, with a variety of plane types, including civilian, to demonstrate. Melvin Hall (later a colonel on General Brereton's staff in World War II) ran the business end. Jim was chief pilot of the mission, which included a civilian flier, William F. Goulding of Curtiss, and two crack Army fliers, Captain John K. ("Uncle Joe") Cannon and James Parker.

The latter, as a major general, was lost

in the Pacific in World War II. Cannon, as brigadier general, commanded the tactical component of Doolittle's 12th Air Force in the North African invasion. Today, a lieutenant general, he is the senior American airman in Germany, in charge, among other responsibilities, of "Operation Vittles," the Berlin air lift. Each man was tops in his specialty, and skilled in noting, evaluating and reporting what he saw to the right place and in the most useful terms.

The junket gave thorough and particular attention to the Balkans and Turkey, where the Nazis were bearing down hardest on American diplomacy and trade. Then it crisscrossed Europe demonstrating in every country and capital from Latvia to London, with three separate jaunts into Germany. Aside from its serious work, the mission was constantly embroiled in the riot of social, physical and comical adventures that Doolittle inevitably attracts.

In Belgrade it was given a cocktail party by the Yugoslav government, at which a dark-eyed humdinger suggested to Jim that there was a nice view from the veranda. But he didn't have time to enjoy the view because a Jug officer, bigger than an Oklahoma basketball player, charged out and shouted the native equivalent of "You stole my gal!"

The Jug swung. So did Jim, somewhat more precisely, and the veranda was suddenly full of Yugoslav teeth. The officer picked them up neatly, held them in his left hand, bowed from the waist, extended his right hand to shake Jim's, and apologized profusely for his mistake—without specifying whether his mistake had been in accusing or swinging.

In flying on to Bucharest the mission had to pass through the notorious "Iron Gate," the deep gorge cut in the south Carpathian Mountains by the Danube River between Yugoslavia and Rumania. It was almost zero visibility when Jim, leading, started through. The others circled to wait, fearing he might turn and they would collide with him. When Jim reached the far side, and missed his mates, he was afraid to go back, for the same reason. Leader at one end, mission at the other spent a night of deep anxiety for each other's fate.

On that European mission, and on trips he made privately in later years, Jim Doolittle took unannounced and unscheduled side excursions at every opportunity; practicing landings and take-offs from highways and farm lots, sizing up people, topography, weather, industry.

He came to know Europe's terrain as well as that of his own country, and stored up firsthand knowledge that was to be of incalculable value when, under his war leadership, the 12th, 15th and 8th



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"Actually I'm very well read,
but I always forget what I read"

COLLIER'S

MISCHA RICHTER

United States Air Forces scoured many of these same peoples and lands, and wiped some of these same cities from the atlas.

When Doolittle and his mission returned to New York they received the full "Lower Broadway Treatment," including Grover Whalen in a silk plug hat at Quarantine, a confetti parade with siren-cop escort up Broadway, a welcome-home speech by Jimmy Walker on the steps of City Hall and a gilt cardboard Key to the City.

In the Orient in 1933, on the last of his "arranged" demonstrations, Jim studied and retained much information that was lifesaving when, after the Tokyo raid, he and his men had to bail out in the blackness of a stormy night.

En route to China by steamer, he made a stopover in Tokyo where, nine years later almost to the day, he would make a nonstop and even less welcome visit. Jap intelligence agents with their Sunday-best hissing dogged him endlessly—and got nothing but the Doolittle grin. Jim, in turn, got from the Japs during his demonstrations in China the one thing that can add the most uncertainty to the risks of flying—sabotage.

Despite heavy guarding of his plane he had several close shaves. Once, as he stunted, the engine cowlings flew off and smashed the propeller; another time his fuel pump failed, and then his carburetor. On each occasion sabotage was clear, for the Japanese were inept, worked hastily with improper tools and left stupid marks.

A Good-Will Visit to Java

Doolittle's traits of honesty and blunt self-criticism both pleased and startled the Javanese Dutch, and won more friendships for himself and his plane. The Dutch East Indies commander asked him to fly one of the planes his force had previously acquired from Curtiss. Jim said, "I'm sure there isn't anything I can do with it that you can't."

The commander replied, "We'll be glad if that's true; but perhaps we can improve ourselves by seeing whether there is something more in the way of performance that you can get out of the ship."

It was a considerably heavier craft than the one Doolittle was currently demonstrating. He knew it had different pull-out characteristics. He also knew that here, on the equator, the atmosphere was lighter and trickier than in the temperate zone. Even so, he misjudged the first vertical dive he made at the field and his wheels kicked up a cloud of dust as he pulled out. He did not know what damage the jar had done, so he maneuvered to get the plane's shadow on the ground at such an angle that he could

"inspect" the landing gear. It seemed okay, and he proceeded to put on his fanciest and most intricate aerobatics.

When he landed, and the Dutch air-men crowded around him, the commander remarked, "That was the most delicate piece of flying I have ever seen."

Jim snorted in disgust, "That was not delicate flying. That was dumb flying!"

The commander said quietly, "We knew it. But we just wanted to see if you would admit it."

Such things, small and large, made up the tangible and intangible results of Jim Doolittle's "Rover Boys" and "Good Will Ambassador" years. Whatever his share, South America did not produce the stab in the back for the U.S., that Hitler and Mussolini had hoped it would.

And lineal descendants of the American military planes that Doolittle popularized abroad were on hand in many areas and were enormously helpful to our Allies when the Axis struck. The Curtiss P-40 was a backbone for the delaying actions of the Dutch in Java, and it armed General Chennault's "Flying Tigers" in China. But it was Doolittle's labors in Germany, perhaps, that proved of greatest usefulness to him, and to our nation.

In the period when Goering's *Luftwaffe* was a-building, Doolittle came to know well the men and methods behind it. The Germans, ever worshipful of science, looked upon him as a scientist more than as an eminent pilot. His numerous technical papers were as familiar, as widely utilized in German air circles as in American and British. The Germans knew he never voiced his political opinions, at home or abroad; and they didn't try on him the "useful visitor" propaganda doses that so many distinguished fliers got.

He was freely welcomed into German factories and *Luftwaffe* bases; and often invited to fly the latest German planes—until his last visit, in 1939, when on all sides he met evasiveness. Even his old acquaintances, like Ernst Udet, had clammed up then. Upon his return to the United States that time, Doolittle went straight to Washington to see General Arnold, the Air Force chief.

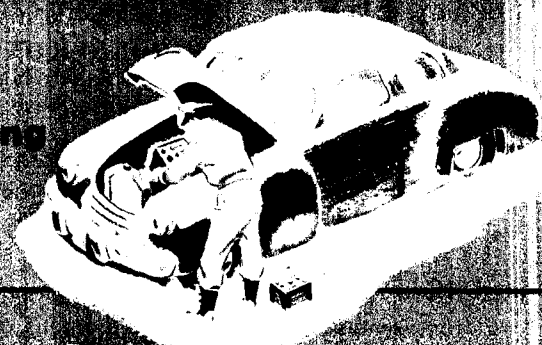
"War's coming soon, Hap!" he said. "I want to get back into the service."

Doolittle's raid on Tokyo was the most glamorous and romantic single exploit in World War II. In the next installment it is told for the first time from the High Command's point of view. Many facts hitherto unknown are revealed: whose idea the raid was; how Doolittle got command of it; why the Mikado's palace was not bombed; how Chiang Kai-shek tried desperately to stop the raid; and how the Russians got the best pictures of it. Don't miss this installment next week.

Collier's for December 4, 1948



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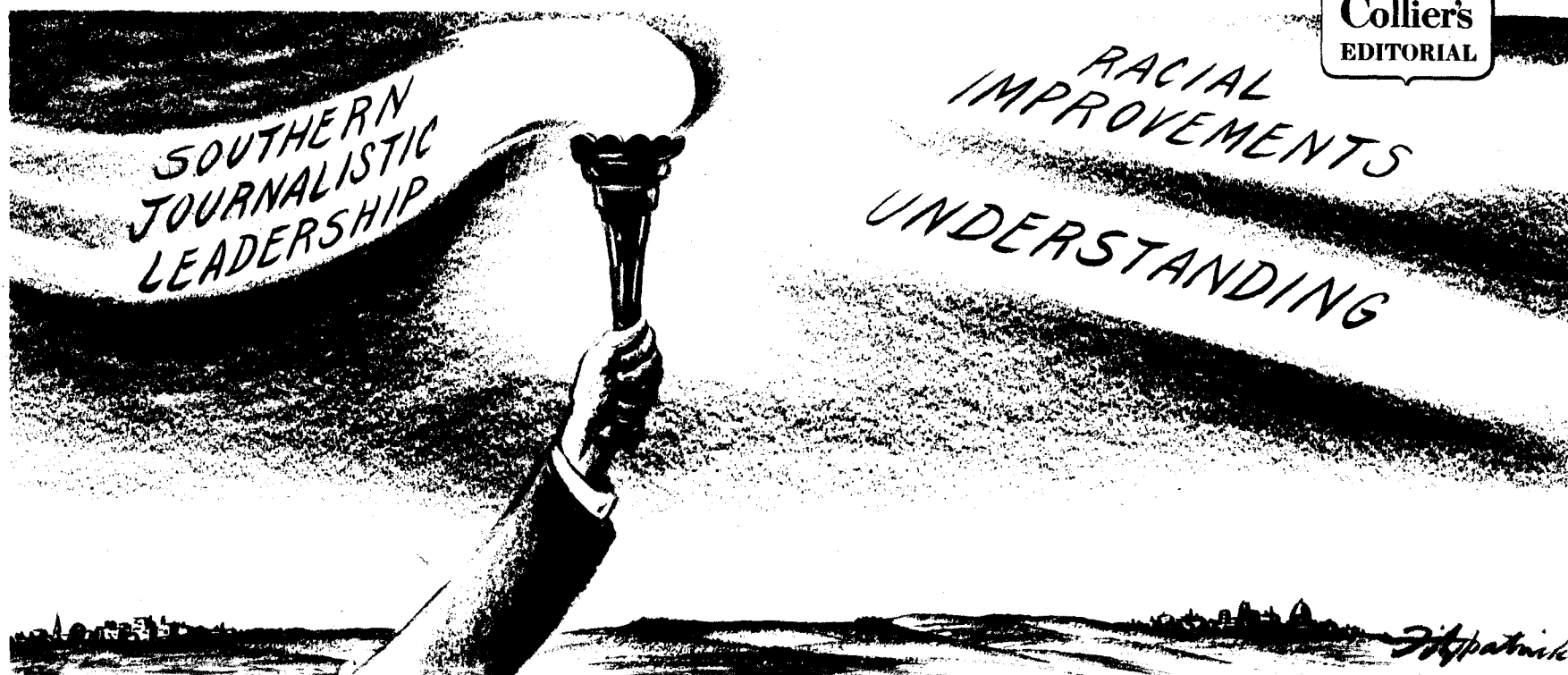
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DIXIE HAS NO CORNER ON BIGOTRY: NORTHERN talk about Southern bigotry is mostly mistaken. Political opinion in Dixie appears to be divided about as it is elsewhere. Radicals such as Senator Pepper of Florida, conservatives such as Senator Byrd of Virginia or Senator George of Georgia are quite as representative of their constituencies as are the Talmadges of Georgia or the Longs of Louisiana.

This past campaign was a good test of Southern sentiment. What it proved among other things is the fine quality of journalistic leadership in the South. Newspapers do not swing elections, South, West or North, but newspapers can, and often do, express the ideas that ultimately prevail. The entire nation can take comfort in the character of the journalistic leadership provided by the larger Southern papers this past six months.

The peculiar issue presented in the South this year arose out of President Truman's civil rights program. Southerners generally opposed that. The politicians organized the Dixiecrat party and many violent and ill-considered statements were made in the course of the campaign. But not by the important newspapers.

Take Georgia, for instance. Atlanta has two newspapers. The Constitution in the morning and the Journal in the afternoon. Both are liberal, intelligent influences. The opposition to President Truman's civil rights program was very strong in Georgia and the Ku Klux Klan is not dead. Neither Dixiecrats nor Klan—not that they are the same—got any help from the Atlanta papers, nor from the larger papers elsewhere in the South.

The policy of these Southern journalists is to advocate the improvement of the facilities made available to Negroes. Their goal is equal treatment but not a mingling or merging of the races. Actually not many people, white or colored, favor a mixture of races. Certainly the Californians do not advo-

cate intermarriage between the Japanese and Chinese and the American stock. Nor do the Japanese and the Chinese. Some intermarriage occurs in California and some intermingling occurs in the South. But in neither region is racial mixture an announced objective of any important political group.

That point marks a difference between Northern and Middle Western policy and Southern policy. Southerners think the issue practical and immediate. In much of the North and West it is remote and unreal. The intelligent Southerners urge the removal of any vestiges of discrimination. Wright Bryan of the Atlanta Journal recounts with pride the success of the local board of education in improving Negro schools and Negro teacher salaries.

Atlanta and Richmond, Virginia, newspapers, among others, opposed the formation of a political policy merely to oppose President Truman's civil rights program. Ralph McGill, editor of the Atlanta Constitution, called it "the Dixiecrats' dead-end street." Not that he and many other liberal leaders, South, West or North, oppose a new emphasis on State rights. State and local self-government is sought by many of the most intelligent liberals everywhere. The Southerners do not want to confuse State rights with racial bigotry.

For example, the Richmond, Virginia, Times-Dispatch edited by the liberal Virginius Dabney had this to say while the election was still to be voted: "Unfortunately many of those inclined to vote for Thurmond in protest against Mr. Truman's proposed invasion of State rights will be dissuaded from doing so because they do not wish to add their vote to a total that will be regarded by Northerners as an accurate index of racial bigotry in the South."

Douglas S. Freeman, editor of the Richmond News-Leader, and the famous biographer of the Confederate idol, Robert E. Lee, was quite as outspoken in opposing the Dixiecrats. So far as the

newspapers are concerned nobody of influence in the South is trading on racial prejudice.

Politicians, however, frequently rush in where editors scorn to tread and the South has its quota of those who fish in troubled waters.

Yes, the Talmadges have a gift for getting themselves elected in Georgia. The late Huey Long's family can still amass votes in Louisiana. None of the politicians, however, is any more nimble than James Curley of Boston or Frank Hague of Jersey City.

You would not think of Mayor Curley, or Congressman Curley (the former Governor Curley got himself both offices at the same time), as the perfect spokesman for Massachusetts. Nor would Frank Hague be considered a fair reflection of the mind and character of New Jersey. No more is Herman Talmadge typical of present-day Georgia. Nor do Earl Long and his nephew, Huey's son, tell the visitor much about the ideas, ideals or faith that Louisianians hold.

The fact is, as so often happens, the successful politicians do not reflect the ideas that are now, by leaders of thought, approved in Southern states. There is usually a lag between a new public opinion and elections.

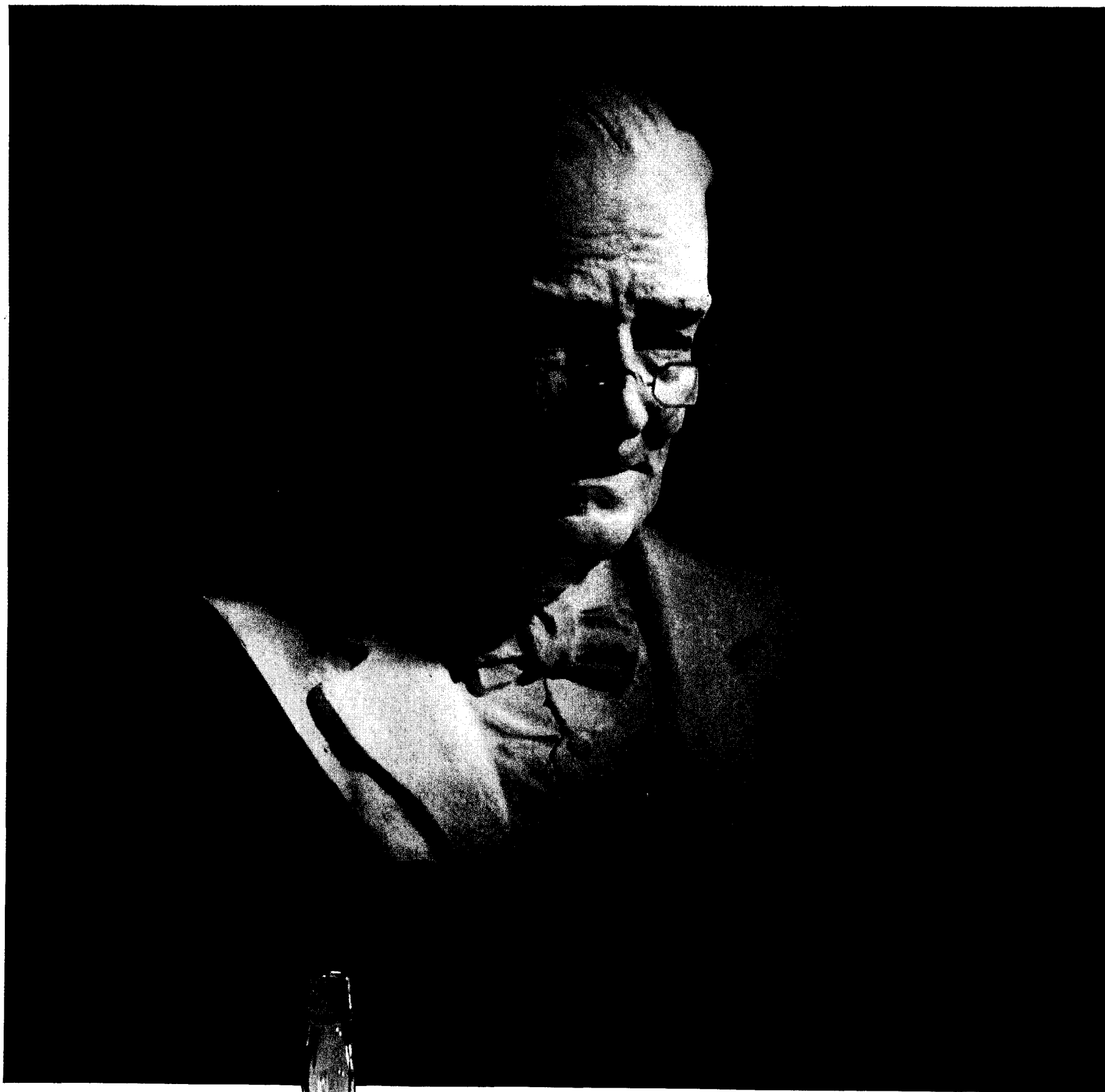
What the liberal leaders in the South need most from the North and West is understanding. Economically the South is rich and prospering. Educationally it is alert and well organized as the students of football scores will tell everybody. Politically it is ripe for an abandonment of the cleavages that were set by reconstruction policies 80-odd years ago.

Of course the North has the right to criticize the South and the East has the right to criticize the West and the West has the right to speak contemptuously of all other sections. For the present, however, we shall do well to seek understanding and to find ways of solving common problems in sympathy rather than in anger. . . .

W. L. C.

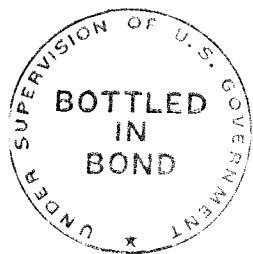
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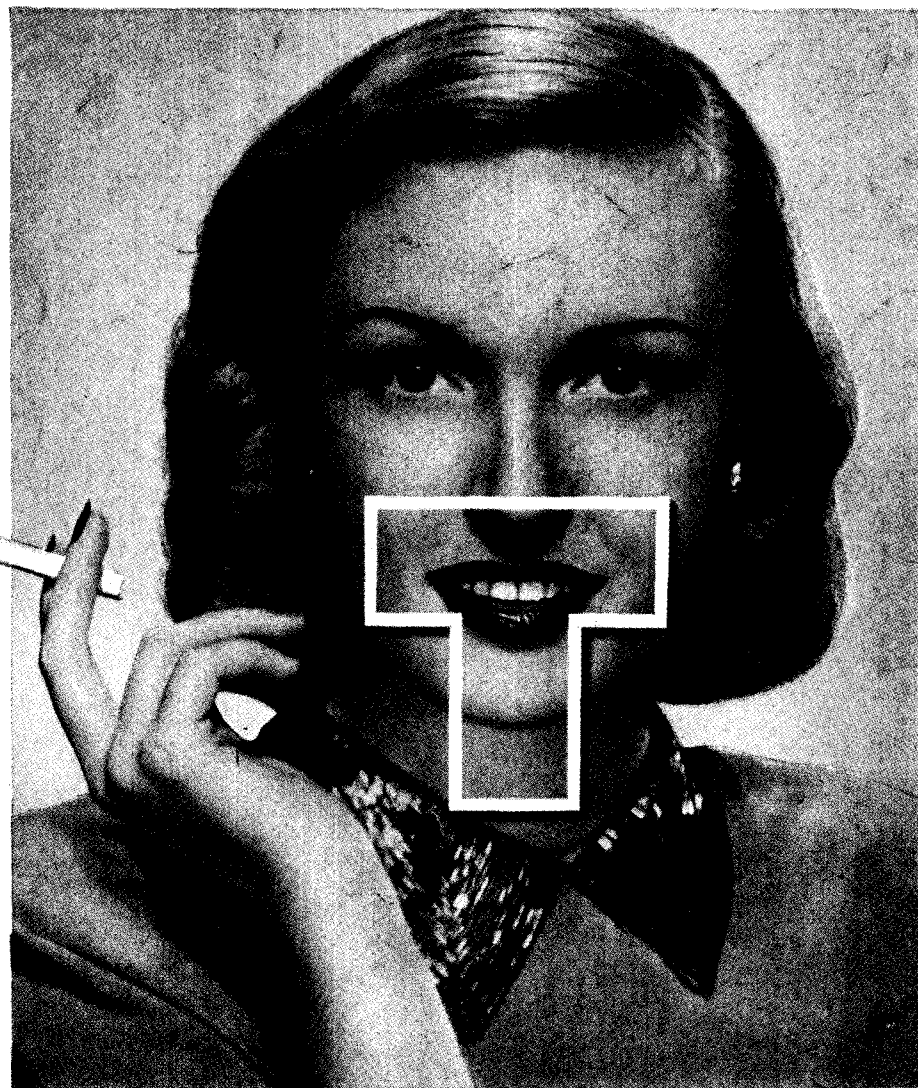
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